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REV. THOMAS POAGE HUNT.

LIFE

AND

THOUGHTS

OF

REV. THOMAS P. HUNT.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

“ABSTAIN FROM ALL APPEARANCE OF EVIL.”—*Bible.*

1901.

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BY

S. C. HUNT.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE following pages were found among my Father's papers at his death, and it became my pleasant task to revise them for the Press. They were written at intervals of leisure and entirely from memory. This will account for the want of chronological accuracy in some instances. With the exception of a few pages, this manuscript was completed about eight years before he ended all earthly labors. During these years he did not lay the armor down, but continued preaching the Gospel and lecturing on Temperance, at home and abroad, until within a few weeks of his departure to the Heavenly Rest.

In an Appendix I have endeavored to touch upon some of the events in his history during that period, and here return thanks to his friends who have kindly aided me, by means of their letters.

In submitting this Autobiography to the public, my wish, united with that of my sainted Father, is, that some words therein contained may be blessed to the good of souls and that thus the "cause of Truth and Righteousness and Temperance" may be promoted.

S. C. HUNT.

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DEDICATION.

This book is especially recommended to the attention
of

LIQUOR SELLERS ;

and those who sustain and defend them,

MODERATE DRINKERS,

and all other

“ Mistaken souls who dream of Heaven
And make their own destruction sure,”

With the sincere desire that they may see and forsake
the error of their ways and rejoice in that fullness of
blessing, which can only be obtained by those

Who obey God's wisdom and
“ Abstain from all appearance of evil.”

March, 1867.

T. P. HUNT.

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CHAPTER I.

ANCESTRY. MINISTERS' CHILDREN. TRUTH AND EDUCATION. PREACHING WITHOUT NOTES. TOM THACKER. EARLY LABORS IN THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

WERY urgent requests have been made to me, to write a history of my life. Heretofore I have declined doing so, because I dislike to publish anything like my life. If I were to write the whole of it, my friends will feel as I do, that the most of it ought to be blotted out, forgotten, covered over, and remembered no more. It is awful to gather up the foibles and failings, the errors and blunders, the sins and shames that may mainly fill a life of upwards of three score years and ten. If they could only be erased from the Book of Judgment and forgiven by a gracious Father, I would be more than willing to sleep in a grave forgotten and unknown, by those among whom I lived to so little purpose. And yet it may be that some things may deserve record, if only to show how the wise and holy God may make even the worthless to show forth His glory and His praise. If God be exalted and glorified I will be willing to suffer for my worthlessness and unprofitableness in His service.

It is not to keep my memory alive among men, that I write, but I think that I may so intermingle observations and remarks in connection with some incidents of my life, as to promote the cause of truth, righteousness and temperance among men.

I am descended from a long line of God-fearing and God-loving ancestors. So far as it can be traced in this country it commenced with "The good Chaplain Hunt," who came to this country with Capt. J. Smith, among the first settlers of Virginia. He returned to England; but his sons were warm friends of Charles, and had to flee from the mighty sword of Cromwell. One of them came to Virginia, bringing with him three sons. The father and one son remained in Virginia. One son removed to New Jersey and one went South. Huntsville, Alabama, bears the name of this branch. I am descended from the Virginia settlers. So far as I can ascertain all, every one of them have professed conversion and been respectable members of Christ's body. My great-grandfather, James Hunt, was one of the first three Presbyterians in Virginia. They stood up manfully for the faith even at the risk of imprisonment, confiscation and death. They were members of the Established Episcopal Church and had no intention of leaving it. But they were dissatisfied with the habits and preaching of the priests, and spent the Lord's day at each other's houses, reading the prayer book and such religious works as they could obtain. Numbers joined with them in these services, until the priest's services were almost deserted. He had them arrested for *non-conformity*. They were carried to Williamsburg, then the Capital of Virginia. There they met with a Scotch merchant who loaned them the Confession of Faith of the Presbyterian Church. They had never seen the book before, and occupied the whole night in reading it. They were greatly delighted with it; and the next day when arraigned before the Governor and Counsel, presented that book as containing their faith.

The Governor, who was a Scotchman, was disposed to dismiss them. But the counsellors were determined to fine and punish them in the stocks. While they were contending on the subject, a most violent thunderstorm burst over the city and shook the building in which they were deliberating, to its foundations. Thunder and lightning, darkness and wind combined to make every heart quail. When the storm subsided, the prisoners were ordered to return home and behave themselves. They returned, praising God. Shortly after a missionary from New Jersey visited them. On leaving them, they presented him with a sum of money as an evidence of their regard for him. He refused to take it. They slipped the money into his saddle-bags. When he took them up, their weight attracted his attention. Opening them he found the money. He offered to return it to them. They refused to receive it. Finally it was settled that he should take the money to a young man, who was preparing for the ministry, to aid him in his support. That young man was Samuel Davies, whose labors were so greatly blessed in Virginia to both whites and blacks. Mr. Davies was President of Princeton College when he died.

James Hunt, my grandfather, was a minister of no ordinary standing. He died in 1793, aged 62 years, pastor of Cabin John Church, Montgomery, Maryland. William Wirt received his education under him and studied law under my father, William P. Hunt. My father was a graduate of Princeton and a tutor there before he studied law. He early made a profession of religion and intended to exchange the practice of law for the preaching of the Gospel. But getting overheated in

assisting to extinguish a fire in Fredericksburg, Virginia, he caught a cold which settled on his lungs and consumption soon laid him in the tomb. My grandfather's other son, James Green Hunt, removed to South Carolina, and was Chancellor of that state at his death. He also served God from his youth and died a most rapturous death. My mother was the daughter of Col. Joel Watkins of Charlotte, Virginia, of whom John Randolph said, "He grew rich without handling a dirty penny." But few women excelled her in vigor of intellect, and industry in its cultivation. Her piety was remarkable. Her devoted habits, her untiring zeal and labor in the cause of Christ resulted from a deep and sincere love of Jesus, whom unseen she loved. After the death of my father she married the Rev. Dr. Moses Hoge, perhaps the most humble, brave, pious, eloquent, generous, laborious preacher of his age. Some people condemn second marriages. But eternity will not be too long, for me to thank God for such a second father as I found in Dr. Hoge. No man could have been more faithful, attentive, kind, watchful and just to his own children than he was to me. Besides his instruction and example, his position and reputation made his house the retreat of the most distinguished gentlemen and Divines of his day. Alexander, Baxter, Speece, Lacey, McIlveney, Herndron, Hill, Glass, Williamson, Lyle, Reed, Turner, Matthews and many others were frequent visitors. I was brought daily into such society. There were Elijahs, and Elishas, Johns, Pauls, Peters and Timothys in those days. I trust I did profit from them. They preached Christ's Cross as I have never heard it preached since, and lived Christ's life, as but few live it now. Were it not that the

sinner has a hiding place in Christ, I would have to call on the rocks and the mountains to hide me from my judges for the poor improvement I made, under such superior advantages.

Dr. Hoge was a self-made man. He never graduated at any college. But he died President of Hampden Sidney College and Professor of Theology in the Union Theological Institute of Virginia and North Carolina. He had but few equals in languages, arts and science. In theology he ranked with the highest. In eloquence, according to the testimony of John Randolph of Roanoke, he had no equal. Perhaps his most remarkable traits were his humility and faith. He had so little confidence in himself that he destroyed all of his writings, believing them unfit for publication. Among them were some works on Metaphysics and Moral Science, said by those who saw them to be the most valuable on those subjects. He rarely ever finished a discourse, writing and re-writing portions of them and then casting them aside. After preaching some of his most powerful and eloquent sermons, I have known him to spend the night in tears and groans and anguish, prostrate on the floor, praying and pleading with his Heavenly Father to forgive his poor, unworthy and worthless service in His name. I used to peep through the key-hole and wonder at the scene. I think I know something of the reason now. I did not then. Dr. Hoge's faith was living and active. He did not hesitate one moment to do his duty, on account of any difficulty or darkness in the way. Satisfied that God ordered it, he did it and left the result with Him who does all things well. Once he was elected to go to the General Assembly. He had only twenty-five cents and

the journey was to be on horseback. He was satisfied that it was his duty to go. He felt that the Lord would provide. As he passed a post-office, the postmaster hailed him and informed him that there was a letter in the office for him. He opened it. It contained fifty dollars. He never knew while on earth from whence it came. It may be that since he is admitted as an heir of God, and joint heir with Jesus Christ, that he has found in God's secret book of Providence, who it was that He ordered thus to supply the need of His servant.

There was a Rev. Mr. Stuart traveling from one of the Eastern States to Florida in pursuit of health, who stopped at Dr. Hoge's for a while. Stuart was a deeply interesting man. Yet there was sometimes a shade of sadness stealing over him, that could not be accounted for. Dr. Hoge came to the conclusion that it was caused by a want of money to prosecute his journey. He determined to give him ten dollars. It was the doctor's habit to estimate his year's expenses and reserving enough out of his salary to meet them, to give all the rest to charitable purposes. He had expended all this and had only twenty dollars remaining, to meet family expenses for upwards of two months. My mother remonstrated against so large a donation; but in vain. He sent the twenty dollar bill to have it changed. The merchant could not change it. The Doctor was convinced that he ought to give something, and as he must now withhold his gift unless he gave the whole twenty, he regarded it as a providential indication that the whole should be given. So he gave the whole, and never was a gift more opportune or received with more gratitude. For the fact was, Mr. S. had nearly exhausted his funds, had a long

journey before him, was far away from home, and knew not how he should fare. The Lord was his Shepherd and he went rejoicing on his way. The next morning Major B. of the U. S. A. on his way to be married to Miss D. of Nottaway, stopped for breakfast at a hotel about two miles below the college. Several of the students had on their return from the post-office gathered around the fire in the dining-room and were relating instances of Dr. Hoge's remarkable generosity to indigent young men and others. The Major became interested in the conversation. After breakfasting he turned back to the college and engaged the doctor to marry him that evening. The next morning the doctor returned home and with that peculiar smile of peace and happiness common to him, cast a handkerchief into my mother's lap, saying, "Susan, my twenty dollars have all returned in silver change," the Major having given that amount for his services.

During the life of his first wife, Elizabeth Poage (sister to my uncle the Rev. Thomas Poage, after whom I am named) one of the sweetest and most excellent of women, a poor woman thinly clad, came to his home begging. The Doctor insisted that his wife should give the woman a dress. Mrs. Hoge replied that she had but two dresses, one for daily service the other for church and visits. The Doctor prevailed on her to part from *one*, inasmuch as the poor woman was nearly naked and would greatly suffer, unless more warmly clad. Shortly after, a schoolmate of Mrs. Hoge, very wealthy, died and requested that her clothes might be sent to Mrs. Hoge. She never before had, for quality or quantity, such a supply of garments.

One very cold Saturday, Mrs. H. informed him that the wood was nearly gone, there not being sufficient to reach to Monday, and requested him to procure a supply. Perhaps but few ministers have ever been more conscientious than Dr. Hoge in preparing for his pulpit services. Until he had done all he could to be ready for that sacred service, everything must give way to that, his first, his highest duty. He was not willing to give to the Lord that which cost him nothing ; nor to serve Him with fragments when the whole was His due. He told his wife he was not ready for his preaching, and could not leave his work to search for wood. He proposed some plans by which they could avoid suffering, and get on until Monday, on which day he would procure the fuel. He continued in his duty, praying and writing. About sunset his attention was arrested by a voice in the yard. A wicked man had prepared a load of superior hickory wood for which he asked an extra price ; but after hauling it around all day, was unable to find a purchaser. Rather than take less for it than he asked, he determined to give it to Dr. Hoge, saying, with an oath, as he threw it into his yard, he would rather give it to a poor, good man than to let a rich man have it for less than its worth.

Dr. Hoge's sense of Christian duty was formed on the teachings of Jesus. He was raised on a farm and was a good judge and manager of horses. He would not own an indifferent one ; and was not disposed to give less for a horse than he thought it was worth. On one occasion, he was asked one hundred and twenty dollars for a horse. He refused to give that amount, saying, "One hundred is as much as I think it is worth." "Well, Doctor," said the man, "if you think so, take him at that." The

doctor did so ; but after keeping him awhile he found that he had very rare and valuable qualities, and sent him back to the owner with twenty dollars, directing the seller to send the horse back and keep the additional money, or to send back the one hundred dollars paid and keep the horse. The seller was much amused at the Doctor's notion of horse trading, and returned both the horse and the twenty dollars saying the Doctor made a better Christian than he did a jockey.

Believing that he would be benefited by becoming the owner of some woodland near him, he applied to its owner to sell it to him. The owner did not wish to sell it, but to accommodate the Doctor let him have it at the price land was selling for at that time. Shortly after, land took a rise, and the Doctor sold it at a considerable increase. He insisted on giving the original owner all he made by the sale, because he had deprived himself of the advantage simply to accommodate him.

Dr. Hoge was a firm believer in the Bible. He held that there was but one federal head and father of all mankind, in whom they sinned and fell in his first transgression ; that there was but one federal head, Jesus Christ, through whom all of this sinful, one race, must look for salvation. Believing that all were of one family and the responsible subjects of one God, he could not consent to hold them in slavery. He accordingly liberated the slaves he inherited, and was a warm friend of universal freedom, and very kind and faithful in his duties to the colored population. I have known him again and again, after a hard day's labor, go for miles to sit up at night with the sick and dying slave. On communion seasons, the colored communicants from a distance were always

welcomed to his house. He delighted to converse with them, and to learn new mysteries of Redeeming Love as manifested in the work of the Spirit on the children of Ethiopia. Yet Dr. Hoge was no fanatic. With him the present and future condition of the slave was one of deep interest. He thought and prayed much about it. He was a warm advocate of the Colonization Society. He heartily approved of the sentiments of the Resolutions of the General Assembly of 1818, drawn by Dr. Baxter of Virginia, but he doubted the propriety and expediency of passing them. There was such intimate connection with the General Government and the slave States on this subject, that he feared the action of the Assembly might be misconstrued, and did not see any practically beneficial effect likely to result from it. He believed that the enforcing and practicing Gospel precepts, upon both master and slave would accomplish the removal of slavery, peacefully and happily sooner than any other plan could do it. Every sentiment I entertain on this subject, I learned from him and my mother, who cordially agreed with him. In consequence of impressions made upon me, by them, I emancipated my slaves in 1827, sending them to Liberia. The conflict between the choice of riches and poverty was fierce and long, but I yielded to conviction of duty ; and from affluence was reduced to poverty and self dependence. *Self dependence ?* No. I was wrong. Dependence on Him who has promised that if a man shall forsake all for His sake he shall receive his reward in this life, and eternal life in that which is to come.* As to

*MAY 25, 1826. To-day I have been in great trouble. The devil has been tempting me not to liberate my blacks. He has spoken some truth with a great deal of lies. He tells me I will be poor and dependent if I set them free. I shall come to want. My poor heart was made to fear. But those who trust in God shall not want (or lack) for any good. I will trust. I

this world, I have not been disappointed. The Lord has provided abundantly for me. I trust a faithful God for the future. I would love to record much more of my dear Father, Doctor Moses Hoge; but I fear that I am doing what he would not commend in writing this much. For he sought his record on high and did not desire to receive praises of men. The same is true of that wonderful woman, my mother.

My father died when I was about three years old. My morning of life was one of great suffering and debility. A violent attack of whooping-cough with severe fever followed by spinal disease, with most acute nervous pain, then hip disease and white swelling left me deformed and a cripple. My constitution was most powerful or I could not have endured these afflictions. Severe as they were and mortifying as the result was, I no longer look upon them in any other light than that of the richest blessings. They kept me chained as it were to my mother's side. Her watchful eye was ever over me; and her angel influence always around me. My buoyant spirit, my nervous strength, my indomitable independence, my strong self will, would have hurried me to destruction had I not been hampered, trammelled, bound, restrained, as I was. Even with all these restraints and obstacles my waywardness and desire to mingle with the wild, and to out-dare the most daring, my love for jolly, frolic and sin often led me astray. But that mother! How she followed me with her love, punished me for my wanderings; yet loved me still! What would I not

will do my duty, Christ strengthening me. "What is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" God has shown me by His blessed word that I cannot do my duty and keep my blacks in bondage. I will obey God—and as he will enable me so will I do.

(This scrap, in his own handwriting, was found in an old book in his library.)

give to blot out the pain, the sorrow, the anxiety, I caused her! It is some comfort to know that she lived to see that all her labor of love was not in vain, and that she died in the full belief that I was endeavoring to live the life of faith and would remember and strive to practice all she taught me. "Aunt Hoge" will not be forgotten on earth until the crowd of young persons who attended her funeral shall have passed away from it.

My brother, James Watkins Hunt, was an eminent physician. He left an only son whom I adopted and raised as my own. He was a boy of great common sense and reasoned and thought much for himself and was much disposed to take the management of himself into his own hands. At about ten years of age he fell in love with the grand-daughter of an editor, who lived with her grandfather. James determined to become a printer right away. By way of accomplishing his purpose, he proposed to be apprenticed to the Editor that thus being a member of his family he might be daily with his lady love.

It was in vain I urged him to obtain an education before entering upon his life-work. *He had as much as Franklin had and could educate himself as Franklin did.* He neglected his studies. His tutors complained to me of his inattention. I conversed with him about it. He frankly confessed that his object was to be dismissed from school, in the hopes that I would permit him to go into the printing office.

I loved my brother's only child as if he were my own. I gently entreated him even with tears to take my advice. He was a kind, generous, yet loving boy. Seeing me weep, he threw his arms around me, and kindly said, "Uncle, you cannot help it. Never mind it. You can

not make me a Christian ; so, if I am determined to travel the broad road, can you prevent it ? ” I replied, “ My son, that is true. None but God can make you a Christian and I cannot keep you from walking in the downward path. But I can do one thing. If you are determined to go that way I can make it very rough for you, and will do it. ” We said no more at that time. By early dawn next morning, I entered his bed-room with a bunch of small rods, and removing the bed covering, gave him a sound “ thrashing. ” He was sulky and pouting all day. The next morning I carried him through the same tactics, but said not a word to him. I thought I could perceive during the day a change coming over him. The next morning as I entered his room with tools prepared to carry on the work, I found him sitting up awaiting me. He said, “ Look here, Uncle ! If you are doing all this for fun, you have carried it far enough ; if you are in earnest, I must give up and change. ” He did so, and gave me no more trouble at school ; When about fourteen years old he began to think it disgraceful to work ; and in a conversation that I overheard, he said he did not mean to work ; that I was able to maintain him as a gentleman of leisure and he intended to live a life of ease. I resolved to cure him of that disease and placed him under the care and tuition of a cabinet maker, with the understanding that he was to be kindly treated, yet made to do the drudgery as well as the other work of the shop. One day he complained to me that he had to haul lumber from the wharf and to sweep the shop and to make the fire like a negro. I paid no attention to his complaint, only remarking that it was always honorable to do whatever was necessary to be done. After a few months he

became quite an adept in the use of tools and made such progress as to satisfy himself that he could make an honorable living at his trade, and was not ashamed to be seen at work. I then returned him to school and had great comfort in him. He died suddenly, of spotted fever, in his sixteenth year. His death was triumphantly glorious. Seeing me weep, he said, "Uncle, do not weep, but rejoice that I am about to be taken from the evil in this world. You know not how I have been tempted to dishonor you and God. But God has had mercy on me, has taken away my proud heart, and given me a heart to love and trust. I am going home to Jesus."

Calmly he divided his little property and sent remembrances to his friends, then kissing me, with a shout of joy, left this world. I dressed him for his sleep in the grave, as I had often done for his sleep in my arms. I placed him in his coffin, lowered him in his tomb and covered him up in his bed of death, that he might sleep with Jesus. I left him in that grave to remain until his Savior shall bring him with the redeemed with a glorified risen body to be "forever with the Lord." On the seashore near Wilmington, N. C., the stone that marks his resting place, bears this simple sentence, "J. J. H. Known in Heaven."

My sister, Ruth Hall, was said by William Wirt to be one of the most accomplished women he had ever seen. She enjoyed all the advantages of education that could be procured and improved them all. She was beautiful indeed. Her appearance in the house of God was one of joyous dignity, and solemnity, as is seldom witnessed. She married Doctor Joseph Watkins, a name that suggests

purity, generosity, skill, indeed all that could make the Christian gentleman and friend. She died comparatively young, and left an interesting family of three sons, the youngest a babe who without any warning, had its spirit kissed away in love, a few hours after its mother's death and sleeps in the same coffin. She had also three daughters. All of her children claimed to be children of God, through faith in the Redeemer. William James, her second son, has long ago passed away. My sister died of paralysis. She became insensible and speechless. Every known means were employed in vain, to revive her. William, too young to comprehend what was going on, yet had intelligence enough to know that his mother was the object of deep solicitude. He came to the bedside and in a plaintive voice called "Mother! Mother!" That voice roused her. She beckoned for her child to be placed beside her and then in a most fervent prayer, committed him to God and to His church. On parting from him she remarked, that boy if he live, will make no ordinary man, either for good or evil. And she requested that the church should watch over him as one of the lambs of the fold. She then took leave of us all, in language that made us all feel that she was one whose lips were touched with a live coal from the altar, and went home to her rest. After her death, there were found among her papers several deeply interesting pourings out of a Christian Mother's heart in behalf of this boy. He grew fast and gave manifestations of great usefulness and loveliness. He entered College with credit and maintained an advancing standard in his class. I was on a visit to his father while William was at College. Doctor Watkins was a pupil of Doctor Rush and had

imbibed his ideas on temperance. He was strictly temperate himself, but set wine on his table for his guests.— I was urging him to banish it from his house and to give his whole influence to the temperance cause. Among other motives I referred to the influence the wine drinking habit of the Country had upon young men and might have upon William. He said he had no fears for William, had just received a most gratifying report of his standing for conduct and scholarship and could depend upon his firmness in resisting temptation. While we were conversing, William was seen coming up the avenue with a bundle on his shoulder. We felt at once the truth that he had been dismissed from College. I went to meet him at his father's request. "Uncle," said he "the ministers preached that Jesus made wine for others and drank it himself; that the total abstinence men brought discredit on the Bible and the Savior and the Church. The ministers drank it and the President and Trustees kept it and drank it, and I am disgraced and expelled from College for having it in my room!" There was a bitterness of irony in his manner, a deep feeling of contempt, of injuries inconsistently inflicted on him, that rendered any effort on my part to do him good at that time, unpromising. But the night before I left him, I led him to his mother's grave and seated him on it. I told him all the scene of his mother's death; her love, her hopes, her anxieties for him. I prayed with him and after urging him there in that midnight hour, there upon his mother's grave to make up his mind as to his future course; to resolve either that he would forget her counsel, slight her love and disappoint her hopes, or that he would in the fear of God try to meet that mother in Heaven. I could hear

him weep until I got far away. The next morning I found under my plate a strong pledge in his own handwriting. From that time he led an open, firm, consistent, irreproachable life. Everywhere, in all companies he was the avowed champion of temperance and virtue; and his influence for good was felt and acknowledged by all who knew him. But he did not live long. Coming from the upper counties down to the lowlands of James River and spending the fall there, he became affected by the malaria. His father, the day before he died, had prepared for him a dose of antimonial wine. He begged to be excused from taking it; said, "Father, I will do anything to comfort you. If you think it will do any good, I will take it, but I do not like to be indebted for my life to that which threatened the death of my soul; besides, I know that it and all remedies are unavailing. My days are ended. My young life is rapidly ebbing — I know that I am dying." His father became much affected.— William continued "I am not afraid to die; Death has no terrors for me, for I trust in Him who has robbed it of its sting and conquered it. From that hour I resolved on my mother's grave to abandon all intoxicating drinks, I gave myself up to Jesus to be delivered from all sin. The work has been done for me by Him who died for me and gives eternal life to those who believe in Him. Tell my Uncle Thomas, that God made him the instrument of saving my soul." He continued encouraging and comforting his father and loving friends until his bright and promising spirit went to be brighter in the light of God's own love in Glory.

It is awfully overwhelming to number the young men of family, fortune, education and talent, who have

fallen victims to the wine drinking sentiments and habits of those even who profess to be Christians. A great and happy change since then has come over the land. But still the voice of the lost should be heard warning those at their father's house lest they too come to the place of torment.

Here I must remark that I am the last male of my father's direct line of descent, bearing his name. When I die, there will be no Hunt to hand down our name to posterity. The blood must flow under other names. It matters not, if it is only blood bought and blood washed. Probably but few lines of descent on both father's and mother's side can show a larger proportion of educated, well-to-do Christian people than is to be found in our family. What a privilege to belong to pious, praying, godly families! As Dr. Hoge said at my brother James' funeral, "It is a greater honor to belong to such a God-honoring family than to be descended from the greatest monarch on earth."

It is a common remark that the children of ministers and Christians turn out worse than other children and that a collegiate education is the road to idleness, dissipation and destruction. Now it may be true, that children educated in the habits of playing cards, drinking liquor, reading novels and indulging moderately in the pleasures of the opera, the theatre, the dance and other *innocent amusements* of a God-hating, world-loving people, whose mothers nightly tuck the cover around their feet, who have servants to cut their food and wag their jaws at their meals, who are raised in idleness and dependence upon their parents' labors, may turn out badly. And it may be that some sons of a different class may now and then

fall into the nets spread around them and perish in the pits dug by those who claim to be the friends of God and man. But it cannot be that the children of those who remember the Commandments of the Lord to do them, form the scurf and scum of society. A covenant-keeping God has promised that those who are planted in the garden of the Lord shall grow up in His courts; and in old age shall bring forth fruit still praising Him. He has also said "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old he will not depart from it." Believing these truths, I determined, by actual observation to decide for myself on facts, as to the truth of the remark above alluded to. And I am satisfied that the remark is not as a rule, true. While I was acting as Agent for Lafayette College I applied to a wealthy merchant for a donation, and also urged him to take a scholarship and have his sons educated. I found him so firmly confirmed in the opinion that a collegiate education was but the road to worthlessness, that I desisted from arguing with him. After dinner I proposed a walk with him. We made a thorough visit to the wharves, grog shops, hotels, etc., of the place. After supper I remarked, "What a pity that so many of the worthless, idle nuisances we have seen in our walk to-day have spent their time and their fathers' money in colleges." "Colleges," said he, "why there is not a college boy among the whole of them. They are ignorant; their parents do not go to church nor read the Bible. Colleges, indeed!" I had him. "You see then," I said, that young men may be ruined without a collegiate education. I admit that educated boys may be ruined, but it is not in consequence of, but in spite of, education. In everything,

other things being equal, education, *training, culture*, has the advantage. It is true of vegetables, fruits, animals, men. And it is true of men in all the relations and employments of life. While here and there, there may be powerful minds, struggling with difficulties arising from the want of a liberal education, rising to eminence yet they, as Henry Clay remarked of himself, never come in contact with minds naturally strong as their own without feeling their loss and inferiority. Statistics show not only that the educated mainly form the class most distinguished for usefulness and honor, but also that a smaller proportion of college students become worthless than of any other class of young men in the country. Educate your boys; fit them for usefulness. You need not fear that they will be ruined with an education if they will not be so without one." I am happy to say he has followed my advice and has no cause to regret it.

In reference to ministers' and Christians' children turning out badly, I can positively affirm that fact, obtained from observation and reliable statistics, show that ministers' children as a class compare more than favorably with any class of children in the land. Take the names of the ministers I have before mentioned in these pages, and where can you find such children and children's children? Dr. Waddell's family is full of honor. Dr. Hoge had four sons. One, an eminent physician and an elder in the church. Three, ministers of the Gospel. One of them, James Hoge, of Columbus, Ohio, and the other two renowned for educational attainments. One of James' sons is a minister; the other a pious lawyer and elder. Two of Samuel Davies' sons were

ministers of no ordinary standing. And as far as I can learn, the most of Dr. Hoge's grandchildren are pious, all of them thriving and respectable. Dr. Lacey has two sons in the ministry and one a physician and an elder. His daughters married clergymen and some of his grandchildren are in the ministry. All are doing well.

Dr. Drury Lacey excelled, I think, any man I ever heard speak, on the sufferings of a crucified Lord and Savior. He was a man of large frame and commanding aspect and of deep, tender passions. His voice was strong and loud; yet there was a clear, ringing, silvery pathos in it, that few voices ever had. He loved to preach Jesus and His Cross. It was his favorite theme. At communion seasons he generally preached what was then called the Action Sermon. It was then the universal custom at the South to preach before Communion on the passion of Jesus. What a pity it is, that it should now pass away, or that the sermons now preached, in connection with the sacramental services should so little differ from those preached on ordinary occasions. Dr. Lacey and my father were class-mates at Princeton. While at College they made a covenant to pray for each other while they lived. After their marriages, they extended their agreement to pray for each other's family while they lived. My father died young. But I believe that Dr. Lacey continued to remember us to the last. The last time I saw him, just before he set out for Philadelphia, to place himself under the care of the surgeons there, and where he died, he laid his hand upon my head, and with that deep, touching, melting, ringing voice of his, said, "My Son, as David said to Solomon, know thou the God of thy father, and serve him with a perfect heart and a will-

ing mind. If thou seek him he will be found of thee ; but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off forever." I shall never forget that scene. But to return to my subject.

Dr. A. Alexander's family constituted a gem, of which any man might be proud. James and J. Addison left behind them names that but few can claim. The living show for themselves. I might go on and detail ministers families, in every section of our vast country, to confirm what I have stated, as true in its general features of almost all of them. As to the families of private christians, if you were to take away their intelligence, thrift, enterprise and moral work from the country, you would leave the land destitute of the greater part of that which makes it lovely and glorious. What generations after generations of them, bless the world and make it rejoice like the garden of the Lord. If here and there, there be mournful exceptions, they may be traced to some error, defect, or unfaithfulness on the part of those who in covenant dedicate and consecrate their children to God. Mrs. Cable, the mother of that family of sons who honored their country and was honored by it, was waited upon by some mothers, to learn the secret of her success. She replied, that she did not know of any secret. All she did was "to raise her sons up in the fear of God and the cowhide." She enforced God's authority and her own upon her children. Is there a single case on earth, in which this has proved a failure? I have never seen it. But whether that be so or not, it is not true that the abandoned, worthless children of the land, come mostly or in crowds from the families of the children of light. And never has this truth been taught in a plainer or more painful light than in the banishment of

the God-fearing Huguenots from France. That nation tore away its own life and strength, in its endeavor to extirpate its pious families and leave its destiny to the guidance of those who refused to be guided in the paths of the Lord. The seed of the righteous is the tower and bulwark of a nation's prosperity, happiness and independence.

I was educated in Hampden Sidney College, Prince Edward County, Virginia, and graduated in 1813. I taught school for some time and then studied Theology, in the Theological Seminary of what was then the Seminary of Hanover Presbytery, afterward of the Synod of Virginia and finally became the Union Theological Seminary of the Synods of Virginia and North Carolina. Dr. Hoge dying, Dr. J. H. Rice succeeded him. I was in the Seminary under both of these men of God. They were both pre-eminently great in their own way. Dr. Hoge moved on so quietly, that there do not remain many prominent points in his life, to mark the progress. He was constantly, industriously, vigorously, doing good, but when, where or how, the multitude around him could not tell. All saw, many felt his influence, and the results were happy and glorious; but when and how he worked was known to few. Like those underground streams, which unknown and unseen, are continually sending up moisture that causes the earth to rejoice in its grass, its flowers and its fruits, so he lived and labored among men. Man cannot write his record; but it is written by Him who will yet make his deeds manifest.

One of Dr. Rice's traits was his moving the waters and stirring up others to work with him. Watching the progress of things, he was fearless and wise in attacking

and exposing errors and dangers, laborious and generous in setting on foot whatever he believed would promote the moral and literary reputation of the country. Perhaps the influence of but few of his day was more extensively felt throughout the whole Union, than that of Dr. Rice. He was talented, wise, pious and sometimes remarkably eloquent. He served his Master well, and passed away to his reward. He married a daughter of Major James Morton, one of Washington's "Forlorn Hope," in the Revolutionary War. When deeds of daring and of death were to be enacted, Major Morton and General Scott were on hand. On one occasion, he was placed by order of Washington, in command of a bridge, over which the British must pass, with directions not to allow them to do so. Every man under him was cut down by the advancing foe who ordered him to get out of the way. But he stood his ground and fought away, saying "General Washington ordered me not to allow you to pass and you shall not!" A generous foe respected his devotion and his bravery and suffered him to depart unharmed.

He lived to a good old age, but his mental faculties in a great measure left him, so that nothing seemed to remain to him but precious memories of Jesus, and of Washington. One day, a gentleman who had just returned from a tour up the Hudson river, was describing the scenery at West Point, and the number of vessels that were constantly gliding up and down that river, or seen from that point. "What is that you say?" inquired the Major. The gentleman repeated his remarks. The Major greatly excited said, "There is not a word of truth in you. Did I not see Washington have a boom thrown

across the river? Did I not hear him forbid any vessels to pass it? I would like to see the man who dared to disobey General Washington." It was only by yielding to his impressions that he could be pacified.

It was the custom of those days for the lines to be parcelled out in worship. Major Morton, an elder, always performed this service as well as raised the tunes. The few of us that remain cannot forget him, as he stood with his full, round, short body, deeply sunken eyes and shaggy eyebrows, with the mildest, sweetest, most solemn countenance to perform his duty. He has gone to join the music and service of the upper sanctuary. Scott, his companion in war, was an unconverted man, yet renowned for his generosity, kindness and hospitality. Sometime after the close of the war, he offered himself as a candidate for Congress. At a meeting of some ministers, the propriety of voting for wicked men was discussed and the conclusion was arrived at, that it was wrong to do so. But there was not one of them who had not experience of Scott's kindness, and they loved him as Jesus did the young man, who "lacked one thing." They appointed a committee to wait upon Scott, (then a general of militia) and to inform him of the reasons why they could not vote for him, and to beg the continuance of friendly feelings between them. Scott listened politely and patiently, and then pointing to the scars that nearly covered him said, "Gentlemen, I received these wounds in fighting to secure to my country the liberty of thinking and acting independently; and do you think I will be such an inconsistent fool as to be angry with you for doing that which I shed my blood to enable you to do?" The committee departed to vote for Scott and settle the right of doing so, as best they could.

I was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Hanover, Synod of Virginia, at Charlottesville, Albemarle, Va. There was quite a large number before Presbytery, for examination, one of whom was under examination with a view to ordination. He had slipped out for a while. During his absence, old Father James Mitchell conducted the examination. He held to the Gethsemane plan. He asked the question: "In what sense is it said that Christ died for all men?" I had to answer. I gave the views of the different advocates on this subject. He stopped me, and said, "I desire to know your own views, Sir." I told him that I was but young on the vexed questions of theology, and had rather be excused from expressing a positive opinion on subjects about which so many eminent divines differed; that I had not been neglectful and inattentive to the subject and hoped after more research and study, I should arrive at correct conclusions. He became very animated while he gave his own views on the subject. While thus engaged the candidate for ordination came in. Father Mitchell, warmed by his subject and somewhat excited, said, "Some people say that Christ died for all men, had gone up to Heaven and is seated at the right hand of God to make intercession for all men. What do you say about it?" The candidate, under the impression that Father Mitchell's display of zeal and feeling, grew out of a deep interest in his subject, replied, "It is a glorious doctrine, Sir." "Glorious doctrine indeed!" exclaimed Father Mitchell. "But tell me, Sir," (with emphasis stamping the floor with his feet,) "Is it Gospel doctrine? And if so prove it." I shall never forget the dismay of the candidate, as Father Mitchell continued, pointing to me, "This

young man has the modesty to decline an opinion on the subject, but you unhesitatingly answer that 'it is a glorious doctrine,' and I call for the proof." I got Father Mitchell's vote for license, the candidate for ordination, I think, did not. This Father Mitchell was of small, wiry stature. He never missed attending Presbyteries or Synods. He was very self-denying and actively laborious in the ministry. All loved his cheerful, faithful heart. He was very watchful for heresies. Dr. Benjamin Rice once preached at a communion service at the meeting of Presbytery on the Plan of Salvation, dwelling mainly on sufferings of the Savior. Old Father Mitchell moved to have him disciplined for not presenting a perfect plan, embracing the obedience as well as the sufferings of Christ, and was only pacified by being assured that the brother perfectly agreed with him, and that want of time had alone prevented him from fully entering into the subject. The Rev. B. H. Rice alluded to, was a man to love and be loved with the whole heart. His memory long will be cherished by the people of Petersburg, Va., where he so successfully planted and preached the Gospel. He married a sister of Dr. A. Alexander. She was a woman whose praise cannot be lost even in Eternity.

After I was licensed, I went to Petersburg to supply Mr. Rice's pulpit, while he took a respite from labors that were wearing him out. I had intended remaining at the Theological School for a year after I was licensed. But it was thought best that I should go to Petersburg. I had only one sermon prepared and was expected to preach three times on the Sabbath, besides attending funerals and delivering addresses on those occasions. I found it hard work and often felt like an exhausted

reservoir, not only empty, but dry. Doctor Botts, an eminent physician and a member of the Presbyterian church, whose practice embraced the most wealthy and intelligent of the city, died shortly after I commenced my labors. I was called upon to preach a funeral sermon on the occasion. I knew that I should have for my hearers the élite of the town. I felt anxious to sustain the reputation of my profession and gave my whole time almost night and day to preparation. The funeral was on Wednesday. My friends kindly congratulated me for my performance. I not only felt gratified but was bloated up with satisfaction and pride. The exhaustion caused by intense excitement and severe labor, left me in a very poor frame for thought or labor. Thursday I rested. Thursday night I commenced preparation for Sabbath duties. I had three discourses to get ready. I did considerable extemporaneous scribbling in that service. I had somewhat matured, before breakfast on Sunday, the morning sermon, and was just taking up my afternoon work to read it over and make its contents familiar, when I was called upon to attend the funeral of a child of a poor woman of our congregation before morning services. I did so, but that and the morning work left me disinclined for mental labors, and I determined that I would read my afternoon discourse and give no further attention to it until I entered the pulpit. Just after I commenced reading, there came a dark violent storm over the town. I could not see one word of my manuscript, and soon was not only in a fix, but in a fog. Every idea seemed to leave me, except the one, that I must go on. And on I went, vociferously until my spittle became white and thick like cotton, and my mouth like a dry bone. At

the close, the session, headed by that judicious, friendly and intelligent elder, Benjamin Harrison, advanced to the pulpit and with evident amazement and mortification, inquired the cause of my strange performance. I frankly stated the whole truth. They sympathized with me and left me satisfied that they overlooked and forgave my shortcoming. But I did not feel satisfied or bloated up with pride. I have never ventured to read another sermon. I think that failure was blessed to my good. It made me more anxious to carry out Dr. Rice's instruction, "To have a definite object and subject in preaching, to find out how the spirit spoke in the Bible on this subject, and making the main idea and its cognate branches my own, not to trouble myself about the words in which to express them." Words would come faster than needed if the mind glowed with thought and the soul was touched with a live coal from the altar. In your study, analyze, compare, sift and weigh your words; but in the pulpit take with you only the truth you wish to inculcate. If you understand it, feel it, "words will flow apace." So it is with lawyers, and the most efficient public debaters. Why should it not be so with those in whose commission to preach the gospel, run the words, "Take no thought what to speak in that hour? For it is not ye that speak, but the spirit of your Father that speaketh in you." It may be, some men read better than others speak. But much of the effect of the countenance, the eye, the living preacher, necessarily is lost both on the reader and those read to. The best way is to follow Jesus and his disciples. Did they read their sermons?

In the early part of my ministry, I went to Brunswick County, Va. There was there great inattention to the

subject of religion. The many educated and wealthy inhabitants of that county had a faint predilection for Episcopacy, owing to indistinct recollection of that man of God, Mr. Jarrett, one of the few of the Established Church, who in the days of the Revolution remained true to his God and his country. He was eminently pious and laborious and catholic in his spirit. But he had passed away and his place had not been supplied. The old houses were deserted and decayed and none took pleasure in their stones nor dust. What of Christianity was there, was chiefly Methodist and Baptist, and the literary attainments of most of the ministers did not come up to the tide of the rich around them. Consequently the ways of Zion mourned. Besides this, there was a very strong prejudice against Presbyterianism, on account of ignorance as to its true character and amazing misunderstanding and perversion of its doctrines. There were but few in the county to welcome me, and still fewer could aid me. When I left there we had a church building erected, and a congregation organized which continues until this day. Card-playing was a standing amusement. Horse-racing a fashionable pursuit. Gambling had its devotees and its victims. Sabbath visitings and dinings, squirrel stews and barbecues were places of great resort, and infidelity and skepticism had advocates in educated minds. It was not unusual for some of those reading infidels, to get into an argument in the churchyard, with some illiterate minister; and the result seldom advanced the character of the defender of the truth. I was frequently approached in this way. Unfortunately for myself, I had not entirely escaped the Jeffersonian influence that at one time so generally prevailed among the young men of Virginia.

But owing to the judicious instruction of Dr. Hoge and a mother's prayers, I did not long remain in that pit of darkness. I was not as ignorant on that subject as they had found some to be. I declined the churchyard debates and proposed that all the arguments, difficulties and objections against revealed religion, should be, by them, reduced to writing, and given to me that I might have time to arrange and reply to them in order. This was agreed to, and I endeavored to prove that most of the objections against religion grew out of an evil heart of unbelief, and the balance of them out of the pride and ignorance of men. The result was, that I was no more troubled on this subject and received the respectful attendance and attention of many of the objectors.

One day riding near the race track, at Lawrenceville, with a young lawyer, we entered into a calculation of the enormous amount of money expended in that amusement, and the results obtained from the same. I casually remarked, that I could see no gainer in the whole business, except the proprietor of the course and tavern, and the devil. Capt Dunns, the owner, was very easily excited; and the lawyer for his amusement, told Capt. D. that I had accused him of being in partnership with the devil. He was much enraged and threatened to horsewhip me on sight. I heard of his threat, and riding up to his tavern, inquired why he had made the threat. He said that I had insulted him by accusing him of being in partnership with the devil. It was in vain I endeavored to convince him that I had said no such thing, but told what I had said. "Well, sir," said he, with much passion, "it is the same thing as to say I am a partner of the devil, and you know it is." I replied, "If it is so, and you know it, and do

not like the partnership, you had better dissolve the firm." The porch was full of young men, and the roar of laughter that followed, put an end to the interview, and I left without being horsewhipped.

One very rainy day, I rode upwards of fifteen miles, to meet my appointment at old Red Oak church. I found there, three old men whose religion mainly consisted in going to church. At least, they had as yet, never assumed the discharge of any of its other duties. There were several more of the same class, especially one known by the name of "Uncle Johnny." I determined to preach to them. I endeavored to give each his portion. In accounting for the fact of their deriving no great advantage from the many sermons they had heard, I alluded to the habit people had, of giving all the preaching away, or applying it to others, and cautioned them against this error, especially as I intended the discourse for them alone, and not for others. After the sermon, one of them, "Uncle Fred" came to me, and said, "That was a most excellent sermon. How I do wish 'Uncle Johnny' had heard it, it suited him exactly." I do not know that "Uncle Fred" ever applied any religious truth to himself. I do know that many are zealous in applying it to others, with as little profit to them as to themselves. A case somewhat similar occurred many years after, in Clearfield, Penn'a. I was preaching from the text, "Abstain from all appearance of evil." I showed that this was the universal rule for all men in all the relations of life, and how a departure from it destroyed the happiness that God designed in constituting these relations. Among other cases, I showed how the husband and wife by disregarding this rule and permitting them-

selves to do things indifferent and of small importance in themselves which might be let alone, avoided, just as well as not, yet which were disagreeable and unpleasant to the other party, got into the habit of doing things annoying to each other's happiness, until at last they became entirely indifferent to each other. I appealed to all husbands and wives present, for the truth of this and demanded to know if the greater part of their connubial sorrow did not grow out of a disregard to this rule. I then told every one to go home, and try God's rule. "Let every husband resolve in the fear of God, that he will never neglect anything that he can do without sin, that will make his wife happy. That he will not do anything that his wife dislikes when he can abstain without sin. And let the wife do the same; and see if they do not find out how much love, as well as wisdom is found in God's ordinance of marriage." In the midst of my discourse, a man rose up and said, "Sir, I am a poor man, but I will give you fifty dollars if you will go to my neighborhood, and let my wife hear that sermon. It suits her exactly." I was told by those who knew him, that if he would only profit by it, his wife could well afford to pay a hundred dollars for it.

I had a near neighbor by the name of Tom Thacker. He was almost a giant in strength, a neglected, ignorant, vicious, dangerous boy. To pull down your fences, turn the cattle into the field, and your horses into the woods, steal your fruit, your chickens, burn your stacks, or do whatever his revenge might call for, for any imaginary wrong done to him, was Tom's habit and delight. I determined to take him in hand. One day his mother informed me that Tom was burning my laths and shingles.

I took an empty gun and some negroes with me, and went in pursuit of him. I knew that he, fortunately for the neighborhood, was at heart a coward, as all such fellows are. He ran and hid himself under the body of an ox cart. I ordered him out and marched down to a stream near by. I had him bound to a tree and then sent the negroes home. I cut a nice bunch of switches and commenced trimming them. All the time, I was talking to him, and endeavoring to ascertain if there were any (as I believe may be found in the chief of sinners) chord, that could be touched and turned to virtue. I told him of the reputation he had made for himself; that I did not blame him so much for it as some people did; that if I had been left as he was, a poor, neglected, fatherless boy, without friends, or funds, or education, with none to care for me, I probably would have been worse than he. I saw that I had touched him. The tear was in his eye. He began to beg and to promise. I told him that I wished to be his friend, and do him good, teach him to read and write, get him employment and make a man of him but that I feared he would not let me, that I could not see any other way than to give him a "sound thrashing" every time he meddled with me, unless he would follow my advice and change his life. I placed before him the advantages both for time and eternity, resulting from the course into which I was willing to direct him. Poor Tom had become accustomed to hard knocks and usage and was brute enough to be studying revengeful malice all the time he was receiving them and artful and wicked enough to inflict it at no distant day. By thus balancing accounts, he felt he was even with all. But he had never before been brought under the meltings of kindness. He

could not stand it. He owned that he had treated me shamefully, that he felt he had no friends and deserved none. He begged me to whip him, said he deserved it. He promised that he would try to be a good man and follow my advice. I saw that he was in earnest and could be trusted. I was alone with him. He was strong enough to manage me as though I were a mere babe. Yet I unbound him and handed him my gun, saying, "Tom I believe you ; I can trust you, for I have confidence in you." He went with me home. He learned rapidly and became a changed man. He joined the church and remained as long as I could hear from him, a different being from what he had been.

During my Theological course, Dr. Rice had urged upon his students to embrace every opportunity of preaching against intemperance, which then spread most alarmingly all over the land. I have tried to follow his advice. My first efforts were made in conjunction with Dr. Richard Feild. Dr. Feild was a graduate of Edinburg College, a finished, classical and scientific scholar, a generous hearted, warm, sympathizing, faithful friend and a perfect gentleman. As a medical man his skill, success and fame were seldom excelled. Though skeptical in reference to revealed religion, he greatly admired all who endeavored to practice the precepts of religion and stood ready to aid in carrying on any plan that promised to improve the condition of man. Our first effort was to reclaim a friend of ours, who was destroying himself and his family through his intemperance. We knew that he would stand to his word ; for he was a high-minded, honorable gentleman. So we formed an agreement, under the penalty of exclusion from social intercourse if we violated it, not to

drink more than one glass a day. On applying to our friend, to our delight and astonishment he readily signed it. We felt happy and rejoiced at the result. To our amazement, we learned from his family, that he had been most fearfully intoxicated every day, since signing the agreement. We could not understand how he had descended so low as to be willing to disgrace himself, by violating his word and honor. Yet the proof was positive as to his intoxication. We waited on him and accused him of not keeping his word. He denied it emphatically. He had agreed not to drink more than one glass a day, and had adhered to his agreement. In explaining to us, he produced a large, old fashioned punch glass that held half a gallon; and declared that he had not filled it more than once a day, but it made him awfully drunk to empty it. We had no success with him afterwards. He drank on to his ruin.

Our next effort was, to refuse drink at public places. We found that this thinned somewhat public gatherings and that they broke up *earlier* than usual. But drunkenness did not seem to diminish very much. We were, however, gratified to find that the gatherings of the people were more orderly and peaceable than they used to be; and determined to continue our experiments and efforts against the drinking usages of the country.

We next agreed not to *ask* any one to drink in our houses, but to give it to such as asked for it. This was some progress, but very slow. It made somewhat a change in custom, but not much in practice. The universal custom had been to invite visitors on their arrival and departure to drink something, also before meals and at meals and afterwards and between meals,

at bed time and rising time, when wet, when dry, when warm, when cold, when sick, when well, at births, baptisms, marriages, funerals, at any time and all the time. The only individual I remember to decline all invitations to drink, on all occasions, was Rev. John Mathews, afterwards D. D. He was a poor boy of North Carolina and learned and followed the carpenter's trade. He was engaged in building the Hawfield church. He put in it above the contract a very nice black walnut pulpit. When he was asked his reason for doing so, he said he did not know but he might preach in that church himself, and would like a nice pulpit if he did. He became converted, prepared for the ministry and did preach in that pulpit the truth and love and cross of Him who was the carpenter's son. Dr. Mathews was one of the purest hearts, clearest heads and most faithful men of God in the church. At his death he was Professor of Theology. It is surprising, how without the advantages of the multiplied means of education now enjoyed, the men of past days arrived at an eminence in sound and extensive learning, not excelled by those who now climb up the hill of Parnassus on stationary power. Dr. Mathews when asked to drink because he was fatigued, would answer "I will try resting awhile." By the time he was rested, he did not need the drink. When asked to drink because he was cold, he would try warming at the fire first; or because he was hot, he would see what washing his hands and face would do. Urged on the ground of exhaustion, he would try some fruit or bread, a cup of coffee, or tea, or milk, or if they failed he would "see about it." Thus he always avoided drinking. Would that there had been more like him, and that I had room to

write recollections of Kilpatrick and others. What a volume in size I could write by calling back to life the many pious dead I knew and loved ! But to return.

We found that our plan of not inviting people to drink changed the custom, and not the habit. It is true some would not ask for liquor and that while we could not ask our friends to drink, we would not drink ourselves. Yet in most instances our guests would ask for what they wanted, and invite us to drink with them at our own boards and drinking went on almost as it used to do. This was in 1824 or 1825. We next tried to persuade ourselves and friends that if we would let ardent spirits alone, and drink only native wine, (for we had seen too much drinking of the wines in use to trust them) we would accomplish a great work. We had heard that the use of native wine expelled drunkenness. So we tried it and made wine of native grapes and praised and commended and recommended it. But we found it very heady and partaking much of the character of the wine of Sodom, and that it was stinging and biting many of our young men. So we abandoned that experiment. It is true, that while we had failed to secure the extent of our wishes, we had kept the subject alive, and quickened the desire of many to do something ; and convinced many that something must be done, and had brought many up to the determination of doing whatever they could to arrest the fearful tide of custom, which was sweeping so many to ruin.

About seven years before this, I was teaching school in Virginia. I kept the books of my employer, who was a merchant and also kept a hotel, his Bar being at his store. It is not strange that much intemperance and vio-

lence and suffering should be found, where much liquor is used. But it is strange that the traffic in liquors was followed by good members of the church, and respectable members of society were engaged in its manufacture and sale ; and all looked upon the moderate use of it as innocent, harmless, beneficial, necessary. If there were any feelings of condemnation, they were manifested only against the lowest, bestial form of drunkenness. The spree, the frolic, the being “a little tight” and even very drunk on special occasions, even if they were of frequent occurrence, did not create much anxiety, nor call for much reprobation. The first time my attention was aroused to this subject, was by the following circumstances. The owner of the store directed me to draw off the account of one of his customers, and to go and secure its payment by a Deed of Trust on his land. The account was of several years’ standing with small credits. I was surprised at the number of dittos I had to value under the charge of half pints and quarts, gallons and barrels of liquor ; and to see how rapidly these dittos increased each year. The larger portion of the bill was for liquor and useless articles that did not benefit the purchaser’s family. The decreased amounts of payments was visible. The account was rendered. The Deed of Trust was obtained and in due time it was executed. The poor fellow’s land, household furniture, stock and horses and everything he had, was sold. A subscription was raised for him. A bed, a horse and cart, a few necessary articles and the sum of thirty dollars was given him to enable him to remove his family to Tennessee. There was another liquor selling merchant who had a claim against the poor fellow. He waited until his debtor started, then procured a warrant

against absconding debtors, pursued and levied upon his horse, cart and bed, but agreed to release him, if he would give up the thirty dollars. The young men who raised the contribution compelled the creditor to let him go without payment, claiming as theirs whatever he had. When they returned and told the successful collector what had happened, he exclaimed, "What a mean fellow — must be to take his horse and bed!" With that impulsiveness which has often got me into scrapes, I replied, "If — is a mean man for taking his bed for debt, what are you? You took every cent and left the poor fellow nothing!" I pondered much on the subject and have since regarded liquor selling as the vilest, meanest, most earth-cursing and hell-filling business ever followed; and have not since hesitated to declare that the traffic is an immorality, and should be prohibited by penalties, in accordance with the enormity of its offence.

Shortly after this, I took a school in a wealthy family. Honey drams at my bedside when I awoke; mint juleps ready when I entered the breakfast room; toddy and sangaree at lunch; grog at the first course, rum at the second, wine at the third course; varieties of drink all the afternoon on the sideboard and punch before going to bed, constituted the "Bill of Fare" so far as drinking was concerned. During my vacation, I returned home. We never used intoxicating drinks in our family, excepting on particular occasions. My mother's quick eye detected that something made me restless and look as if I felt "out of sorts." She inquired the cause. I told her I was in good health and had no cause for feeling otherwise than happy, but yet I felt that I wanted something. She inquired as to my food. "Good, excellent, but not

better than yours." She then asked about my drinking. I told her of their regular daily habits. "That is it," she said. "You miss your drinks. My son, take care. Whenever a man begins to be restless and uneasy without liquors, who is all right in his feelings when he gets it, he is in great danger." I believed her and from that time abandoned the daily use of it, and have but seldom touched even wine since.

When therefore Dr. Hewitt, of Connecticut, began to wake up the nation as he did by pouring his great soul into the temperance cause, I, with many others hailed him as another forerunner of happy days and entered at once into the organized work of temperance. True, I had some doubts as to the limiting the pledge to ardent spirits; but as comparatively little wine was used by the community in which I lived, I hoped that we could get along well with the work. I entered into it, feeling that it was part and parcel of salvation's work. I determined to think for myself, and to speak as I thought. I knew that thoughts came to me differently from what they did to others. My natural temper is cheerful, joyous, mirthful. I was never what is called melancholy. I have had heavy trials and bereavements. Great billows have been over me, and dark clouds around me. But I never saw the time, that I was not looking out for a bright spot; and could always persuade myself that there was one to be found. I am thankful for this disposition. It is the gift of God. And I do hope that to this natural cast, by His grace He has taught me to be cheerful and look up to Him and to believe, and by faith to look for bright spots, and to thank Him that He is the God of love; is love, and all He does is bright. From my earliest recollection

if there was anything funny or ridiculous in a subject, it was sure to burst upon me suddenly, unexpectedly, and often seemed to come so naturally and pertinently that I did not see it until I had expressed it. Often when I had no desire nor intention of saying anything and no wish to be trifling, when I had deep and solemn feeling, I have been amazed to see the smile or hear the laugh of some around me. And many a time I have been keenly, severely criticised by those I believed to be my friends, as well as bitterly and unkindly reviled by those who made a greater pretense of friendship for decorum, than for me. But I have never found anybody who could show me how to get rid of this thing. I tried hard to think and speak and act like other men. But my imitations of all these items were only caricatures and failures, and I had to be and act what I was, or be nothing. I determined to try my own views of duty. I know that I ought to be more perfect than I am, and have no inclination to quarrel with those who think I am not as perfect as I might be. One thing I can say, I never refrained from uttering anything I believed to be the truth, for fear it would make me unpopular. Nor have I ever uttered anything I believed to be false, with the hope of being popular. I love popularity and praise; am pained when I am censured and condemned. Still, I have but little disposition to yield to the opinions of men. Perhaps I have erred here. I do pay great regard to the reasons why a man entertains an opinion and if I am convinced by them, I embrace them. But it gives me no pain to tell me that such and such a one thinks so and so of me, provided I feel satisfied that I am right. I was always firm in my opinions after I had formed them, and fierce

and unyielding in defending them. Some have thought me obstinate. Like enough, I lean that way. Some have called me contentious. This may be true. But I do honestly avow that I never did contend for anything I did not believe to be true. I do not remember ever arguing on the side I believed to be wrong for the sake of argument. I do love to argue. I do love to investigate, and I love to do both with those who can see a point, stick to it, and defend it. But I get impatient with such as begin to argue a point and soon have got to no point, or who labor to make me understand what I clearly perceive. I often feel sorry for such after I have parted from them, and sorry for myself that I have not more of the spirit of my Master. But let me be whatever I am, I went into the temperance cause with all the powers I had. I soon gained a reputation for powers and attainments and doings that were all strange to me. "I did not know myself, if that was I."

Dr. Feild of Brunswick was skeptical on the subject of religion. He was one of the most enthusiastic men in his profession I ever saw. While he was fond of the classics and read them all his life, made mathematics his amusement and was a good belles lettres scholar, medicine was his glory. One day in a large company, he was speaking of his profession in most exalted terms. I had been waiting for a suitable opportunity of calling his attention before his friends to the subject of the truth of Christianity. So I began to say, "Well doctor, I have no doubts that some kinds of medicine are good for children, and women and weak-minded men, and it is well for those who desire to make money by practicing medicine, to pretend to believe in it as a science. But,

see how many different theories and schools there are. See how bitterly the partisans of these theories despise and oppose each other. See how they would almost sooner let a patient die, rather than go into consultation with a rival, or continue their visits if the patient were to take a prescription from another. Their patients die because their prescriptions were not faithfully followed, or because they were not sooner called in. Disease occurs in their own family. The whole progress of the fever is under their eyes. All the medicine is administered with their own hand, and the nursing and diet under their constant and faithful supervision. But the beloved parent, or wife, or child, dies. Then what? Look at their written Rp. All in hieroglyphics, strange scratches, and abbreviations of unknown languages. Listen to them talk and hear the high-sounding terms, all perfectly unintelligible to the hearers, and would perhaps be as much so to the Greeks and Arabians from whom they profess to derive them. See them put their hands upon the pulse and with looks as wise as Solomon's, shaking and nodding the head! What is it all for but to create an impression of the amazing depth of superior wisdom of the followers of a profession that has never yet cured consumption or hydrophobia. It will do well enough for the crowd who are willing to pay for it, and works very well for those who follow the business for money." The doctor answered he was astonished that any one who had not fully examined the science and its claims to be perceived as true should talk so to one who had spent his life in studying, and in endeavors to understand it; and from a lifelong and honest research of the evidence, declared his conviction of its truth and value. "Well Doctor,"

said I, "is not that the way you speak of my profession and faith? You must admit that I have paid more attention to the study of medicine than you have to theology. Yet without that investigation which the fearful responsibility of the subject involves, many think and talk as unreasonably about the truth and value of religion, as you insinuate I have just done about medicine. I will make a bargain with you. Examine with honesty and diligence the evidence of the truth of religion, make all the practical applications and tests of that truth within your power. If, after that, you find it not true, your objections will be of greater value than they now are." He felt and acknowledged the force of my remarks. He commenced and finished the examination and became a defender and follower of the truth as it is in Jesus.

Previous to this, however, several things occurred, of much interest to me. Having some business in Petersburg, I called at Rev. B. H. Rice's. He met me at the door with that peculiar smile of pleasure and welcome so common to him, with an increased expression of gratification. He shook me warmly by the hand and said, "I know you have a hard, discouraging field of labor; but I have good news for you. Miss Feild is here for the purpose of joining the church. If you can get such families into the church, you may be proud and thankful." I asked him if Miss F. was taking that step with her father's approbation. He said, that knowing her father's views, she had determined not to consult him, but to act from her own sense of religious duty. I inquired where she was staying, and went directly to see her. I urged her not to join the church then, but to go home, consult her father and abide by his decision. She said, she knew

her father would oppose it, and that she felt bound to obey God and to obey Him rather than man. "Yes," said I, "You certainly are bound to obey God. But has He commanded you to join the church under existing circumstances? You know your father's peculiar views on this subject. If he has any leanings or forbearings towards any church it is for the Episcopal. Join that if you are constrained to join any. You know his growing confidence in me. Do not destroy it by giving him reason to suspect that I have been even the innocent cause of your *first* religious act being one of clandestine and deliberate opposition to his wishes and commands. You know God has commanded you to honor your father. Is it honoring him to treat him thus? Wait until you see him. Candidly, frankly, reposingly tell him all. Ask his permission and abide by his decision, leaving the results with God. You can profess your faith and live it too, without offending your father and arousing his animosity against that Name now so precious to you. You can let it be known that it is in obedience to your father's authority, ordained by God, that you act as you do. An aunt of hers, at whose house she was staying, sitting in an adjoining room, overheard our conversation, and was astonished at my course. She immediately sent word to Miss F.'s father, informing him of all she had heard. I returned home without knowing that any one knew what had happened. The next day, I was surprised to see the Doctor riding up to my house greatly agitated. As he leaped from the saddle, he said, "Reverend Sir, give me your hand; both hands, sir. Is that religion, sir? If so, teach it to all. My girls do not need it, but my boys do. Come when you will, you will always be welcome."

I told him that I did not understand him. "No sir. My sister sent me word about your advice to my daughter. You are right, sir. My daughters heretofore have been pure and obedient, and if religion makes them disobedient and sly, it will do them more harm than good. I shall not consent to their joining the church. But they may go to church as often as they please and I will go with them when I can." I did not think it prudent to urge him on that subject at that time, so I said nothing in reply.

Dr. Feild was a confiding, generous, unsuspecting friend. He became security for some friends who failed, and had to pay for them. The blow was very severe. But he resolved to meet his liabilities like an honest man. To do this he had to sell all his slaves. It was a bitter pill. He was a warm colonizationist and longed to see the time when slavery would become extinct. I was then preparing my slaves for Liberia. Often he said to me "How I do wish I could emancipate my slaves, too." At that time slavery was looked upon by all except slave-traders, as an evil forced upon us by the British Government when we were Colonies. Most felt it was a greater curse to the white, than it was to the black, and were hoping for some way in which the system might be changed with benefit to both races. I had never heard the doctrine that slavery was one of the delicious fruits of a tree growing out of the moral law of God ; was a great blessing, of divine right and constituted the firmest cornerstone of the happiest form of government the world ever saw. I know that there was then no Abolition society, and that steadily and visibly the condition of the slave was improving and the sentiment in favor of their liberty

was progressing. I know also that the value of slave labor in the cotton and sugar plantations had not become what it afterwards did. The fierce, unkind attacks on the "Institution" by Abolitionists irritated many, and the dominant party was not anxious that it should be otherwise, and did much to stir up and keep alive ill feelings and misunderstandings, until the South became impatient at even the mention of Emancipation. The rising value of negroes caused by the demand for "King Cotton" also had great power in changing the public mind. There certainly was a great change, the origin, or commencement of which dates with the commencement of the Abolition excitement and increased very rapidly with the increased value of slaves. If there were any other causes for this change I am sure they cannot be found in any increase of light, intellect, virtue or piety in those who experienced it. For wiser, holier, more patriotic men, in church or state never lived, than lived and taught the truth and formed and moulded the sentiment of the South, at the time about which I now write. I shall refer to this subject again.

Dr. Feild, as I have stated, resolved to meet all his engagements at any sacrifice. He accordingly reduced his expenses and tried in every way to meet his liabilities. But though genial, calm and composed, he felt his situation very keenly and sometimes seemed to yield to disquiet and restlessness. One day I found him unusually low spirited. I asked him what was the matter. He told me his youngest daughters were invited to a fashionable party and that he could not let them go because he was endeavoring to retrench his outgoings and could not spare the means to purchase such an outfit as would be

suitable to the occasion. He said "It pains me to deny them any pleasure." "Why does it pain you?" "Because I love my children and it grieves me to give them pain." "Love your children? You do not." "Not love my children? What makes you say so?" "Because my Bible tells me that unconverted men are destitute of natural affection. If you will examine yourself, you may find that it is self-pride, an unwillingness to own your straightened circumstances to the world that have more to do with you than love to your child. Do you love Ann?" "Love Ann! Yes, most dearly. She was the last gift of her Mother, who died soon after her birth. Love her? That I do." "I doubt it. You know how happy she would be if you would only consent to her doing what she believes to be her duty and from which she with sorrowing heart refrains, only because of her duty to you. She is old enough, though not of legal age, to be trusted. I think you would find it difficult to sustain your right to control her thus in a court of conscience. But your pride in consenting that any under your influence, especially your daughters, are sinners, and need the purifying blood of Jesus, the crucified Nazarene, to make them white, prevents your consent. If you really love her, why not make her happy by permitting her to unite with the church?" He was silent for a while, for he had begun to learn something of his own heart. He then said "I have said that I could not give my consent. But you may tell her that I will not be angry with her if she joins now." "Of course" said I, "this is placing the matter on her own responsibility and I shall advise her to follow her sense of duty to Him who hath loved her, and whom she loves." She did so. Her father was

present. I saw him wiping the tear first from one eye, then from another, as he looked upon this loved daughter, joining in a covenant never to be broken, to be "the Lord's, His only and His forever."

It is said that great men are more or less superstitious. I suppose this means that most men have had nurses whose stories have made early and lasting impressions, which remain long after the knowledge of the cause is forgotten. Children carefully raised and educated are seldom superstitious. Be this as it may, Dr. Feild was superstitious in some things. He always had a brass pin in his mouth and was careful not to lose it. Why, none inquired of him. He was superstitious about the knocking of some persons at his door. He could not bear that an intimate friend should do it; so those who knew him always came in without knocking. I wished to see him one day. He was in his chamber. I entered silently. He was on knees, an open Bible before him, weeping and so engaged as not to hear my entrance. After awhile he saw me and said, "Ah, sir! This Book must be from Heaven and must be my guide to Heaven. No man can read it and obey it without feeling it is Divine." Shortly after, there was a Communion Season at Ebenezer Academy. The custom was for the Communicants to be seated around a table. He desired to join in commemorating the memory of his crucified Savior, and asked that his seat might be between Tom Thacker (of whom I have made mention) and Linn, an old colored slave who was ordained afterwards an elder in the church of Liberia. His reason for so doing, was to show to the world that he acknowledged his necessity of elevation by faith to be as great as these two men, whom most would think beneath

him. Before his conversion and while he disregarded the claims of Jesus as the only Savior, he was dangerously ill. One day we were conversing on the subject of the near approach of his end. He said "I am glad you are here to see how I can die. I do not fear death. A dispensation so universal must be founded on the mercy, wisdom and love of God. And if you will not consider it wrong or presumptuous in me to select a heathen's words for my epitaph, I would like to have put on my tombstone: *Deus hoc otia nobis dedit.* (God gave me this rest.)" Sometime after his change, referring to this scene, he said, at that time he had no proper view of himself or God; but was actuated entirely by pride of heart and philosophy, falsely so called. He seemed truly thankful that he was spared to live until he could show forth the praise of the God of his salvation. He spent much of his last days in writing to distant friends, commending Jesus; and greatly delighted in the circulation of works on evidences in favor of Christianity, of which he considered Soane Jennings one of the best. He has gone home to rest. Everyone of his children became pious.

When Ann was sent for to return home from Petersburg, her youngest brother, Theophilus, came for her. He was a man of fine, generous, witty, well cultivated mind. He had been a sailor and was then a lawyer. His father, supposing his daughters religious exercises merely the results of a disordered mind, directed his son to laugh her out of it. He made the attempt. Many long years after, she received a letter from him, stating that he had that day given himself to God, and dated his change to impressions made by her conversation, during their ride from Petersburg.

CHAPTER II.

REMOVAL TO RALEIGH. DR. MC PHEETERS. INCIDENTS
IN RALEIGH. CHILDREN'S TEMPERANCE PLEDGE
AND LABORS IN FAYETTEVILLE. PREACHING TO
CHILDREN. TEMPERANCE CONVENTION IN PHILA-
DELPHIA. OUTSIDE ROWS. TEMPERANCE SERMON
WITHOUT THE WORD TEMPERANCE.

I WAS ordained while in Brunswick. When in 1827, I had prepared to let my negroes go to Liberia, I found it necessary to depend on my own exertions for a living; I found I must search out a field of labor, in which I could be supported. I was in great straits. I had never, I have never candidated for a church. I have been always unwilling to preach on trial, before any people, with a view to a call. The people I was leaving, were of my own gathering, not many rich among them. They paid me what they could, but they could not support me if I were entirely dependent on them. Without any knowledge or agency on my part, I received an invitation to go to Raleigh. My mother thought I ought to go. But I had not money enough to defray necessary expenses, and I was about declining the visit, when I was invited to a neighboring county, by a gentleman of whose hospitality and generosity I had more than one evidence, to preach and baptize some children. Both my mother and I felt that the difficulty of funds would now be removed. I went and performed the services. While sitting at dinner an impression came over me that I was

needed at home and must go at once. I became restless, uneasy, anxious. I left without finishing my meal. I had a long ride before me. But I knew that my fine Arab steed "Tuquoque" had both speed and bottom and could take me home by bed-time. My road lay in the deep forests of that country, with only here and there open plantations and all of the few dwellings some distance from it. But the horse knew the way. I hurried on. Strange to say, my anxiety to reach home much abated before I had gone far. But I proceeded. Shortly before sunset, I heard a peculiar, roaring sound of wind behind me. I looked around and saw a fearful tornado rolling on. I urged my horse to increase his speed, which he cheerfully did. I knew that there was a house beyond me, which I hoped to reach. But before I reached it, the storm overtook me. It was awfully terrific. Trees falling and crashing, dust and leaves whirling in thick clouds, thunder roaring and lightning flashing, fences overturned and overturning and darkness blacker than midnight without moon over one. God lived and I was preserved. I could see the light of the candle in the window of the house to which I was looking for shelter. The owner of it was an infidel, who delighted to argue, or rather squabble on the subject of religion, and was not careful to restrain words that he knew were exceedingly painful and unpleasant to Christians. Still he was hospitable and kind-hearted. Riding up to the window, I tapped on it. On his hoisting it, and inquiring who it was, I told him I was a servant of Jesus, seeking shelter from the storm. He replied, "Come in, but you would be just as welcome if you were a minister of the devil." I was, however, kindly treated. On retir-

ing, I told him I should be compelled to leave early in the morning. He said he would see me before I left. On coming down a while before day, I found him and his family in the breakfast-room and breakfast on the table. He said his wife understood that I was in the habit of preaching, evenings and mornings. She was sorry the family were in bed when I came, and wished to hear me now; and he joined her in the wish. I read a chapter, made some comments and prayed. As soon as breakfast was finished, he informed me that my horse was ready, and followed me to the door. He placed a folded paper in my hand, saying, "Take this from me and do not be fool enough to say God gave it to you. He has nothing to do with it. I give it myself. I know the laws of Moses and Jesus are very good and that they are suited to the ignorant. I do not believe in the doctrines and claims set up by their followers. I can see the change produced among my tenants and the poor around me since you came. I could raise no melons nor fruits before. All were stolen in their Sunday rambles. But now your preaching and Sunday schools afford them another kind of amusement. They go to them and let my orchards alone. I know you get but little for your labor and feel that I ought to aid you." I told him that the Lord sometimes made the ravens feed his prophets without the knowledge that He did it. Nevertheless I thanked him for his donation. He was one of very many of that day who felt that slavery was not suitable to any country that required renovations. To be profitable, it must occupy virginal soil, or one that did not require constant resuscitation. In most of the slave states it had ceased to be remunerative. I knew but few who were

growing rich from the labors of the slave, and they were generally regarded as severe, hard masters. Men had to pursue the professions of lawyers, merchants, etc., to add to their means of living, and the complaint was very general that their negroes absorbed all their master's salaries as well as their own products. Aside from the increase of the slaves, slavery was a losing business. So this gentleman found it. He had purchased land in the cotton states and sent his negroes there. He was trying the experiment of white tenants on his land where he lived. I never heard how it resulted, but suppose not very well, for the kind of white labor he could then obtain, was as ignorant, improvident and disinclined to hard work, as any class that could be found. He said it had improved under my labors. Hence the reason of his donation. On reaching home, I found all well. My mother asked how much I had received for my preaching. I told her the reason for my leaving so suddenly, and that no doubt that — forgot to compensate me, in the unexpected hurry of my departure. I was sure I did not think of it. She then asked to see what was in the paper, the gentleman at whose house I spent the night, gave me. It contained twenty dollars, a sum more than sufficient for my immediate necessities. So I went to Raleigh, and took charge of the church there as soon as I could arrange my affairs. I do not remember ever being, at that period, either in Virginia, or North Carolina, condemned, or slighted by a single individual on account of emancipating my slaves, except by what were called negro drivers, or sellers, who thought I was a great fool for not turning them into money, if I did not wish to keep them.

While I was in my native state, Virginia, I had a dear old friend, who had lived upwards of sixty years with his wife. He was eighty-five years old when she died. The old gentleman felt lonely and in a short time began to intimate that he must find another wife. His family requested me to use my influence with him to prevent him from executing his intention. I went to see him. One morning, after walking through his splendid gardens and grounds with him, I said, "You fought in the Revolution under Marquis Lafayette. You have been for years a Magistrate of your County. You have been in the Legislature. You lived for sixty odd years in the married state, always happy and making your wife so. Your children are married and settled. You are rich and have everything around you to make you comfortable. If any man has a right to a second wife, I think you have. I advise you to marry, if you can find a suitable person." He caught me in his arms, saying, "Son of my bosom, you express my views correctly, and I will follow your advice." "Then," said I, "do not waste any time in going to see old women. Their habits are fixed, and may not suit you; besides it is hard to fool old birds. Do not court a poor girl. She may marry you for your money and wish you dead the next day. But hunt up a young, educated, refined, wealthy girl. If she marries you, you will be certain of her love and be happy with her." There was just such a girl in that region. The old gentlemen went in pursuit of her. Her father was a warm friend of the old gentleman. Both, he and his daughter, understood the game. The old gentleman died in high hopes, without ever having a suitable opportunity of making a declaration.

In Raleigh I found work enough to do, on the subject of temperance, as well as other branches of my office. I found in Rev. Dr. McPheeters, my predecessor, a warm advocate of temperance. He was a scholar and a Christian. A most genial, pure, overflowing soul. His common sense, integrity and sound judgment, gave him great influence with the officers of the State and Legislature and the Banks. As a preceptor he was greatly valued and for many years taught the sons of the most influential families. Some one who knew him better than I, owes it to his memory and worth to give to the world a history of his life. His influence over men was remarkable. There was a wealthy lawyer in Raleigh, a Scotchman, staunch in orthodox and strong in attachment to the kirk, but remarkably profane and ungodly. Nothing could induce him to swear in Dr. McP's presence, while he swore elsewhere without respect to persons. The doctor had a number of friends to dine with him, among them the swearing Scotchman. He restrained himself for a long time. At last he rose from the table, before the courses were finished, and asked leave to retire. The doctor insisted that he should not. He at length said, "I must go, for I am tormented here. I cannot swear, and must go before I do it. I will burst if I do not."

There was a General of Militia, candidate for some office. The Doctor was no great admirer of him and the General circulated some reports about the Doctor highly injurious to him. Shortly after the Doctor met him in a store and invited him into the counting room. He locked the door, produced the General's libel on him and asked him if he were its author. He replied that he was. "Well," said the Doctor, "You know that it is false and

unfounded, not one word of truth in it. Sit down here and give me your certificate that you know it to be so." In vain the General apologized. Nothing but the certificate would satisfy him. And he got it. He then called in the owner of the store, and in his presence asked the General if he acknowledged the certificate he held in his hand to be true. On receiving an affirmative answer, he threw it into the fire. The General never libeled another minister. The Doctor was a great friend to all the benevolent and religious operations of the day. He enlisted all his energies in the Temperance Reformation and was ardent in the Colonization cause. Indeed he seemed to have been born a great man, to perform great things. He was remarkably sensitive to human suffering. And the widows and afflicted of all classes and denominations had cause to mourn when he was removed to the land where no suffering ever comes. In Raleigh there was a very pious, but poor man and wife belonging to the Methodist Church. The old husband died and left his poor widow sole inhabitant of her lonely dwelling. One day the Doctor found her much fatigued by carrying a bucket of water a long distance and somewhat disposed to murmur at her lot. He tried to soothe her with the consolation of religion. In pointing to the Rest that remains for the people of God, he said, he had no doubt that her husband was now enjoying all the blessings of that Rest. "Yes," she said, in a very excited manner, "Good for nothing thing! He has gone off to Heaven, and left me all the water to bring."

One great difficulty in the way, and retarding the progress of the Temperance Reformation, was the traffic. So imbedded had the business become in the thoughts

and habits of the country, that good men thought it not only right to sell it, but really apprehended a serious loss in customers would be the result of abandoning the sale. My frequent blows at the use and traffic were distasteful and annoying to many of my people. One man, the personification of gentleness and kindness, frequently suggested to me that I was wrong and urged me to stop. I at length told him, we could not both be right, and as both ought to be anxious to be so, we had better pray for each other, that the one in darkness might be brought into the light. Would he pray that I might be convinced of my error? He agreed to do so. The next day he informed me that he tried but could not pray for my change. He feared to do it, and had come to tell me that he had determined to abandon the traffic. I had another member who could not be persuaded to join the society. I thought I had discovered that men's characters were in accordance with their principles. In converse with liquor sellers I found their thoughts generally ran in one direction, the great benefit of liquor to so many men, the injury that would result from its suppression, etc. Those who loved to drink were remarkably well acquainted with all the passages of Scripture that referred in any way favorable to the "good creature" and very ignorant of every passage that warred against it. Those who were becoming drunkards always spoke about their liberty, not signing away their rights; their certainty of not becoming injured; their power to drink when they pleased, and let it alone when they pleased, the benefit they experienced from it, in making them feel good when out of sorts and in restoring appetite, etc. The gentleman I now refer to, was one of this class. I was satisfied

he was a drunkard. I so expressed myself to a friend of his, urging him to try and save him. He was astonished at my belief. So far from being a drunkard, he did not believe he often drank. What made me think so? The Bible; for it says, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." He thinks like a drunkard. We agreed to see him and candidly tell him my fears. After listening to us, he bowed his head for awhile, then lifting it, he said, "I do not remember the day in which I drank a drop." We left him. "You are now satisfied, are you not?" asked my friend. "Yes," I replied, "and if I live I will satisfy you, too." The next Sabbath I preached from the text, "They that be drunken are drunken in the night." Among other things I stated that when a man was so convinced of the sin and danger of any action as to be unwilling to commit it in open day and sought in the shadows of the night to hide it from men, he was rapidly approaching that condition, in which God would give him up to blindness of mind and unbelief. I saw that I had arrested the attention and somewhat aroused my friend. Pausing, and looking right at him, I exclaimed in a loud voice, "Woe to you night drinkers." He suddenly arose from his seat and resumed it quickly. He kept his head down during the remainder of my discourse, in which I not only urged the secret sinners to consider on their ways, but fly to Him who could save the chief of sinners. The next morning he came to me and thanked me for my faithful dealings. He had wilfully deceived me and his friend. It was true he did not remember the day in which he drank, because he did not drink in the day. But he could not remember the night in which he went to bed without drinking. He signed the pledge and kept it.

A merchant, a member of my church, who dealt exclusively in choice liquors and wines, becoming convinced of the immorality of the traffic, determined to abandon it. Convinced that he ought not to sell by retail, he could not see how the wholesale could be justified. He was not like the wife of a wholesale dealer in New York City. She was denouncing grog shops and groceries in no very measured terms. I told her I was astonished to hear her talk in that way, as I understood her husband was in the same business. "No, sir," she said. "I would willingly work my fingers off before I would let him follow that business. He keeps a wholesale liquor store." I did not attempt to argue the point with her, but induced her to attend a meeting of the children. I asked if any of them understood Arithmetic. They did. "Well, boys," said I, "work me out this sum. If it is a mean thing to sell a half pint of liquor, how mean is it to sell a hogshead?" "It is as many times meaner as there are half pints in it." The lady hung her head in silence, and used her influence with her husband, not to sell at all. My Raleigh merchant had arrived at the same conclusion with my boy mathematicians and determined to destroy the stock he had on hand, and stand the loss. So he rolled his vessels in the gutter and knocked their heads out. The news was circulated, and such running with tin kettles and cups was seldom ever witnessed, certainly never before in that country. Drunkards and others were there dipping up the fluid, mud and all. Some inquired why this waste? Why was it not sold and the money given to the poor. The merchant replied there would be comparatively few poor, if all the liquors in the land were destroyed. He

felt that he was benefitting the poor more in this way than he could by giving double the value in money. And he was right. The liquor traffic has made more homeless, penniless persons than any other one cause. And if all the liquor in the land could be consumed with fire, it would be the most blessed donation ever given to the earth and to the poor.

In a town in Pennsylvania, in which I was lecturing, a liquor seller said he did not know how he could live, if he did not sell liquor. I told him that I did not know that it was essential to the world that he should live at all. Certainly living as a liquor seller he only lived to curse mankind. "Yes," he said, "but I owe money for the liquors and they will not be taken back. If the temperance men will help me bear the loss, I will abandon the traffic and destroy the liquor." A few generous friends of temperance immediately made up the sum. The bells of the town were rung and a crowd collected to see the bonfire. But the liquor had been so watered and reduced that it would not blaze and ran down the street, like any other water. The man returned again to the traffic. I have known other instances of similar result. The fact is, the man who cannot make a living without sinning and will sin to make it, is not to be trusted. And I have little confidence in one whose principles would not prefer poverty to wrong-doing. Henry Clay said, "I had rather be right than be President." Yet I think the friends of a good cause ought to see to it that those who from principle make a sacrifice for that cause are not suffered to bear the burden alone. I emancipated my slaves for the good of the common cause. I do not remember ever meeting with one who gave me a cent on

that account to help me in my hours of struggle and want that resulted from that act. While I have no confidence in him who will not endure even wrong for conscience sake, I have always made it a rule to try and practice as I preach. When I find any willing to incur loss in the temperance cause by abandoning the traffic, I have endeavored as far as possible to carry out the principle of making sacrifice to sustain them. At one time when temperance was very popular, some men who could not live by selling rum became keepers of houses, called Temperance Hotels. I do not mean that all who kept such houses were of that class. But there were some men who had never succeeded in any enterprise, who depended on their sign board of Temperance for success. Of course they failed. I always made it a rule to stop at a Temperance Hotel, even if my accommodations were not all I could desire. On reaching a certain place, I went with my family to one of these Hotels. I was weary with a long day's ride, my wife was not well and my children hungry. We had arrived late. The stage driver had carried us all around the place and seemed unwilling to take us to the Temperance Hotel. I thought it was because he was not friendly to temperance. It may be that I did him wrong and had not that charity that thinketh no evil. He may have wished to be my friend, and save me from what happened. I ordered supper. After waiting a long time it was announced. The potatoes had never seen enough fire, and had not seen any for several hours. The bread was hard and sour, and as it had been cut probably several days, the hardening process had gone on. The butter seemed to be fragments left on plates, because no one would eat more of it. The tea had no pleasant aroma or recuper-

ative energy. It is said that appetite makes sauce for that which is unsavory. If so, we had no appetite, though we felt hungry. We retired to bed. Here, we found every thing second handed except dust, cobwebs and dirt. The carpet old, ragged and soiled with lamp oil. The bed clothes gave evidence that we need not be afraid they were damp, however much from other causes they needed airing. We lay down, hoping to forget our hunger in our sleep. The children were restless, tossing and fretful. In vain their mother soothed, and sang "Hush my dears, lie still and slumber." In vain I threatened to slap them if they did not. But they dozed at last and we put out the dim, smoky lamp, and then came our turn of tossing. Oh those bugs, ungenerous, selfish things! to prey upon our hungry, starved bodies and keep us from sleeping on the very beds we paid for! We got through the night, or rather, the night passed over us, as uncomfortable as we ever wish to be again. We tried breakfast. The codfish had not been parboiled and its odor justified the impression that there was something dead on the table. The tea and coffee had names which are said to be signs of ideas, but there was nothing but the name to give the idea of tea and coffee. The water had milk in it, not much. The strong smell of onions was of service in controlling a stronger smell of eggs, many of which had passed over that state in which it was possible to have chickens in them. I paid my bill and changed my quarters. When the landlord of the Temperance signboard understood that I had removed to the City Hotel, he sent me an angry message and threatened to have me exposed for my inconsistency in patronizing rum holes. I sent him word back to expose away,

but hoped he would do me the justice to say that when I pledged myself not to buy liquor nor drink it, I had not agreed to eat dirt and pay for it. I heard no more of him, except that he afterwards kept, if possible, a dirtier rum hole than was his temperance house. If the friends of temperance were uniform in support of temperance men, there would be no difficulty in having good accommodations free from all contact with liquor. The Delevan House, Marlboro Hotel, Adams House and many others prove this. No better houses, no better patronage could be desired. Even drinking men who shun temperance establishments, patronized these houses especially when they had their families with them, on account of the quiet and comfort found in them. Ordinarily, however, "birds of a feather flock together," and those who from principle seek to make their way, politically, commercially, or even morally, will look to those of like principles, too often to be disappointed. It ought not to be so.

We had in Raleigh a fine family in straightened circumstances. As I have said, the first movement was only against ardent spirits. The belief was somewhat prevalent among many enemies of intemperance that the use of wines and malt liquors, would greatly promote the temperance reformation. They had heard much about the temperate habits of wine growing countries, as well as those in which malt had been freely used. They had overlooked the fearful accounts of drunkenness found in the Bible and ancient history. They thought the experiment of banishing ardent spirits, the then prominent agent of drunkenness, by the general use of malt liquor ought to be tried. The lager beer demonstration had not then been made, or they would have been wiser. It was thought to be an

excellent way of assisting this family to set up a beer shop for it. The result did not prove a blessing to the father and sons. It had to be abandoned. There is no way in which persons can put the bottle to their neighbor's lips without running the risk of making them drunken; and there is a fearful woe that certainly comes upon the offender. When will men be wise? There were some painful lessons and loud warnings in Raleigh, as well as elsewhere, on the subject of intemperance. A mechanic of naturally fine feelings, and very industrious when sober, lived here. When drunk, as he was sure to be on occasions, he was furious and fiendish. His wife and children had to flee from him, and he would smash up and destroy all the furniture in the house. He was a man of more than ordinary acquirements. He had been educated for a Priest but had never taken orders. Shame and mortification followed on recovery from his debauch. But he was certain to repeat the offence under social temptation. For acts done under the influence of *Mania a Potu*, he was committed to jail. When released he took a solemn oath not to drink again for one year. The *Fourth* of July came about two weeks before the expiration of his term of abstinence. He was invited by a friend to drink a health or toast to "Independence." He objected on account of his oath. He was persuaded that one, just one, glass of wine would not on that occasion be a violation of it. He took the wine. His dormant appetite revived. He drank on, became furiously drunk and repeated all the enormities he was accustomed to do when a drunken maniac. I saw him frequently after he became sober. He was sad, despairing, desponding. I could not cheer him with the hopes of amendment, nor of

forgiveness. He had driven his wife and children away and destroyed his household goods. He put all of his tools in good order, each in its place. He fastened the doors and windows, prepared his shrouding clothes, and cut his throat and died with the razor in his hand. There was a great reluctance on the part of some clergyman to perform funeral services for a suicide. A man may sin against God and man with a high hand and without limit in his sober senses until his character is black and rank with vileness. Yet, when he dies, if he does not die by his own hands, he is buried with a Christian burial. He may grind the face of the poor; live in lascivious lust and debauching, be given over to work iniquity with greediness, and harden his heart against the voice of God; yet if he dies in his bed, worn out and exhausted with his sensuality, rendering blood-letting by his own hand unnecessary to launch him into Eternity, the solemn procession, heralded by the proclamation, "I am the resurrection," "I heard a voice from Heaven, saying, Blessed are the dead," may be seen bearing his body and committing it to the tomb. But if disease, either mental or physical, has blinded the vision and pressed so heavily as to make life intolerable, the wretched sufferer must be buried like a heathen dog. Consistency is a jewel. If Christian burial were refused to all notorious, unrepentant, immoral men, the lesson might be of value. But this making a distinction and refusing burial rites in full, because the person is unbaptized or has died under peculiar circumstances, while the baptized, doing the deeds of their Father, the Devil, spend their lives in open and unblushing courses of sin, which cast both soul and body into Hell, if one or two sins even in some cases of

more mitigating circumstances have not been committed, are deemed worthy of burial, does nothing to commend or enforce any valuable truth, and only tends to secure the contempt of all who witness the absurd inconsistency. Believing that religious services around the dead and their graves, may be of service to the living, I consented to officiate at the man's funeral, on condition, that his drinking friends should bring the body into church and attend the services. They did so. I endeavored truthfully, tenderly, to do my duty. I rendered a just tribute to whatever was praiseworthy in the life of the departed. I did not cover up his defects. I warned against following them. I then left the dead in the hands of a just and sin-punishing God. But I told my audience that God had a work of inquisition with them. He was seeking out all the agents in this fearful death. Who were they? Where were they? Who had tempted, aided, strengthened by precept and example, this man in his course of ruin? Who could look on that ghastly face and say I had no agency in his destruction? Drinking friends who exchanged the glass with him, selling friends, who for his money sold it to him, approach his coffin put one hand on your own heart and the other on the withered, pulseless hand of your friend and say, in the presence of the heart searching judge, "We had no agency in this man's end. We never encouraged him, aided, lulled him on in the course that led to his ruin. He perished in opposition to our whole influence." You cannot, you dare not do it. You know that you are not innocent of this man's blood, and so does God. My friends feared that I would incur great hatred for my plainness. I did not think so, nor did I care if I did. If you wish a dog to bite you

stick him gently and seem to be afraid of him. But if you wish to escape his teeth, strike hard and quick and bold, to make him dread the repetition, and feel certain it will be made. My effort did good. Some of his companions were persuaded and profited. The liquor sellers hung their heads and kept quiet.

There was another death at Raleigh of a different kind. A physician of ability and good family and social manners, fell a victim to the drinking customs of the day. He was a generous friend to the poor, and I frequently came in contact with him in scenes of suffering. I loved him and tried to save him from himself, his only enemy. He restricted himself to fermented drinks. He was taken sick and strangely affected. Nervous spasms would seize and convulse him most fearfully. But his mind was clear as ever, indeed, seemed to be brighter than usual. I found no difficulty in turning it to the subject of religion. He seemed to seize upon it with avidity. He professed conversion; insisted on having his children baptized, and sometimes was in ecstasies. The dying hours of that man were most impressive. He sent for his companions and exhorted them to forsake their ways. He begged his servants to forgive any wrong they had ever suffered from him. Embracing his wife with deepest penitence, he confessed he had not made her happy; no woman could be happy with a drinking husband. He urged her to bring up her children in a life of self-government and piety. His language to his children was most melting. "Do not despise the memory of your father. He might have made you proud of his name. Now it is the name of a drunken father. He might have trained you up in the love of God, but he has neglected his own soul and

yours. Children, forgive and bless your dying father ! ” In scenes like these he passed away. One day a young lawyer said to me, “ Sir, you know I am your friend and the friend of the Doctor, and though no professor of religion, I believe in its truths. I advise you to say no more about the doctor’s embracing religion. He knew nothing about what he was doing. Your presence and conversation turned his disordered mind to religion. When you were away his mind would turn to other subjects, and those who were with him as I was, are satisfied that he was laboring under delirium.” It may have been so. I had not much experience in dying bed repentances then. I have had more since, and the more I know, the less confidence I have in them.

A man was hung while I lived in Raleigh, for a most atrocious murder. The evidence on which he was convicted was entirely circumstantial, yet so clear and connected as to leave no doubt on the minds of all that he was guilty. In common with the other clergy of the city, I visited him. He professed conversion. I was entirely dissatisfied with the evidence he gave me, but others differed from me. He was baptized and received the communion of Jesus’ death. I was not present and told him why I kept away. I did not know what religion was, or if I did, I was convinced that he either was deceived or a deceiver. He always denied his guilt, or having any knowledge of the act. A few days before his execution, I came in possession of a writing of his, in which he gave a full account of the whole matter descending to every minutia of the deed. He offered a large bribe to get the person to whom he gave this writing (and who gave it to me) to implicate others and to fasten

the act upon them. The night before his execution, he requested me to remain with him in his cell, giving as his reason that as I seemed kind and friendly, yet doubtful of his religion, I would be more apt to be plain and searching with him than others would be. On leaving him in the morning he asked me to request the sheriff not to suffer any one to visit him, nor to come himself until the latest moment allowed by law. He wished to take some sleep and to be alone that he might meet his fate like a man. The sheriff complied with his request and none came to his cell until time to prepare him for execution. When the sheriff came for that purpose he found the prisoner had so completely barred up the door of his cell that it could not be opened. The object was to prevent the execution at the appointed hour, so as to make it necessary for the judge to renew his sentence. He hoped by postponing his fate in some way to escape it. There was a hole in the wall through which he could be seen firmly holding the braces against the door with his eyes intently fixed upon them. No threat, no entreaty could get him to turn his eyes away from the door. I was sent for to use my influence with him. He finally yielded and removed the bracing. When the door was opened his energy was gone ; relaxation took place and he sank exhausted, sweating cold drops of sweat upon the floor. Stimulants were applied. He recovered so as to be able to walk to the gallows. He had requested me to address the crowd for him. I asked him what I must say. "Tell them I die a wronged, innocent, persecuted man." I drew out the writing I had in my pocket and showed it to him. "Now what must I say?" He replied, "There is no confidence in man. Tell them what you please."

He would have been willing to have gone into eternity with a lie on his lips though he professed religion ! !

While I was in Raleigh, there was a sweet season for religious interest. Rev. W. S. Plumer spent some time with us. He still lives and I say nothing about him. But I could say to him "write your own life ; for if you do not, some one, who has not known you as long as I have in love and confidence, may write it for you.

Dr. Nettleton, whose life has been written and should be read and studied by all young ministers, as well as old, was invited to visit us. He came, preached on Sunday and left early Monday, without assigning any reason for his departure. Some time after we received a letter from him inquiring whether there was any family a few miles out of the city, in which a number of young people could be accommodated for a while, and if one could be procured to meet him there. We had in Col. Hinton the very man we needed. Most cheerfully his generous heart and liberal hand opened his doors for us. We found a number not only willing but anxious to be of our party. Dr. Nettleton did not come out of his room until the cool of the afternoon. He was cheerful and winning in his ways. His conversation was on various subjects, but not on religion. After a while he proposed a walk. All joined in it. He was fond of Botany, and undertook to give us some instruction on that subject. He gathered some beautiful and rare flowers and requested the young folks to take them to the house. After supper he called for the flowers and commended their beauty and peculiarities. He asked who it was that said "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." On receiving an answer he went on gradually unfolding the character

of the Savior and illustrating it by incidents in his life. All were deeply interested and attentive. They forgot they were with a minister. They felt all was easy, natural, just what it ought to be. Seizing upon this state of feeling and ease he gently pressed the Savior's claims upon them, urged them to receive him as their Redeemer. Deep impressions were made. Solemn resolutions were formed. There was much silent weeping and much earnest praying in that house that night. The greater part of the next day was spent in the same way, and Dr. Nettleton and his young friends parted in tears. Many of them resolved to meet him in that sinless world, where tears and partings are not known. Some of them have done so already.

At the first efforts to organize a temperance society in Raleigh, we could not get a sufficient number to fill the offices. Indifference, hesitation, opposition, and ridicule met us on every hand. But a satirical attack made upon the cause by a gentlemen of standing, aroused Dr. McPheeters in reply, and whatever the Doctor did with his pen was sure to be well done. He never contended unless he did so for the truth, and with the truth. It was a dangerous thing to ridicule him, unless his opponent had less feelings than brains. The Doctor's replies to the advocate of "Brandy Peaches" aroused attention and we began to command respect for our cause. After a while a State Temperance Society was formed. I was engaged as Agent and Lecturer. My brethren in the ministry thought I ought to engage in the work. I knew that if I did I must relinquish much of what would be valuable to me in after life. That moving constantly from place to place, I could form no personal attachments ; and engaged

in opposing the almost universal sentiments and practice of the community both religious and irreligious I must incur much odium. But I determined to make the sacrifice. I started out and commenced my work. Three months effort in raising funds, found me three dollars and fifty cents over expenses, which were not great: for the people of North Carolina, not even the Landlords were in the habit of making ministers pay for their entertainment, especially if they maintain a consistent course. There was a very profane, wicked Tavernkeeper on the stageroad who not only invariably refused to receive pay from traveling ministers, but resented as an insult any offer of payment. The passengers in the stage supped, slept and breakfasted at his house. Nine of them did so on one occasion. As the stage was about leaving he commenced running and calling "Stop! Stop!" "What is the matter?" "Are there not nine passengers? Only eight have paid me." A clergyman, one of the passengers, said, "Sir, I have not paid you, because I understood that you not only did not charge ministers of the Gospel, but would feel insulted if they offered to pay you." "You a minister of the Gospel?" "Yes sir." "I tell you what it is. You never said one word about Jesus to my children, my wife, or self. You laughed and talked like others. You asked no blessing, returned no thanks at your meals. You did not pray in my family and went to bed without kneeling down. When I awoke you in the morning you hurried down without praying. You came into my house like a sinner; you talked like a sinner; you ate and slept like a sinner; and you shall *pay* like a sinner!"

At the time I allude to, no minister need fear for food and rest anywhere in North Carolina. So my expenses were less than my income, though both were very small. Before setting out on my temperance tour I had determined to form children's societies and also enlist the females in the work. Two incidents had led me to this determination. A gentleman in whose family I was intimate had two sons, four and six years old. He was in the habit of using porter at all his meals. This he dispensed with out of respect to me. One day when I dined with him, one of the boys became fretful and peevish and refused to eat and cried for his Ale. Both his father and I concluded that an appetite, so early and strongly formed for stimulants, promised no good. And it was determined that we could not begin too soon to teach children in the right way.

Some years before I went to Raleigh, I was traveling, and was taken suddenly and dangerously ill. A gentleman, a total stranger to me and I to him, overtook me and carried me to his house. No son nor brother was ever more faithfully watched over, nor more tenderly nursed than I was by those persons, who only knew that I was a stranger and sick, and ministered to me. I hope never to forget their kindness. Their elder son married in North Carolina into a wealthy, fashionable family. While in Raleigh, I was informed by a friend that he was rapidly advancing towards a drunkard's fate and requested to use my influence with him for his recovery. I had found out a way and an opportunity to endeavor to repay in part his family's kindness to me. I went to see him. He received me kindly and listened to me attentively. But when I urged him to join the Temperance

Society, he politely refused, on the ground that it would be an acknowledgement that he was a drunkard, or in danger of becoming one. This objection was very common, and operated upon many very injuriously. I told him that while it was not true that men acknowledged themselves to be drunkards by signing a pledge, it was true that all who used intoxicating liquors, were in danger of becoming so. I found it useless to argue with him, so I determined on another course. I called on his wife's mother and sisters and his wife, and urged them to join the society. Here was a new work and a new difficulty. "What! Ladies join the drunkard's society?" "There are no drunkards in our society. It is composed of those who are determined never to be drunken. The object is to prevent the evils and sorrows of intemperance so as to cure and heal them." I told them I had peculiar and important reasons why they should join. I promised that if I failed in my purpose, I would return their pledge if they desired it. Seeing my earnestness they signed the pledge. I again sought the young man. When he again urged that none but drunkards joined, I showed him the pledge I had obtained, and invited him to join with the polished and refined in rolling back the flood of intemperance. He yielded and became a member of our society. Some time after this, I preached in a place not far distant from the residence of my young friend. As I descended from the pulpit, a lady approached me, and placing a babe in my arms, said, "The first word this child shall be taught to utter, shall be your name, and to call you blessed." I inquired what I had done to deserve so sweet a reward. With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye, she whispered, "You saved its father from

being a drunkard.' It was the wife and child of that mother's son who had been kind to me in my sickness. I felt that He whom I serve, had not forgotten to reward what had been done to one of the least of His. I became more and more convinced of the importance of female influence. It is essential to every good and noble enterprise, as well as potent in all works of iniquity and woe. The church cannot do without it, nor can the Temperance cause. And any moral, intellectual, or benevolent cause that seeks to get along without woman's aid, is left of more than half its strength. For good or evil, woman is potent. Her influence with the drinking customs of the country had been given in the most dangerous, tempting ways to intemperance. Her skill in concocting tempting drinks from currants and other fruits and in making savory sauce, and preserved fruits with the aid of brandy and wine; her ingenuity in making toddy, sangaree, honey drams, mint juleps; her bewitching kindness in pressing these preparations on her guests, were almost everywhere seen and felt. More than this, she drank; yes, woman drank, and sanctioned by her presence and participation up to a certain point, the social drinkings which entrapped and ruined their fathers, husbands, sons and friends. Yet they saw not their agency in the habits which made widows and orphans all around them. Saddest of all, women who drank, sometimes fell themselves. How gladly would I hide forever the fact that some as beautiful, as lovely women as I ever knew, now sleep in graves, whose tombstones dare not speak the truth. For the sake of her influence as well as for her own sake, I resolved to enlist her on the side of temperance.

There was the wife of a nobleman in England who sent for a physician, who at the time of receiving the call, was freely indulging in drink. Almost too drunk to go, he dared not refuse. When he began to feel the pulse and inquire into the symptoms he found himself so confused and fuddled, as to be unable to proceed in the investigation. Ascribing his conduct to the right cause, he said, "*Drunk.*" The lady, supposing he meant her, and being self-condemned, confessed her state, urged the doctor not to expose her, feed him well and promised him great patronage. He kept the secret and it made his fortune. If doctors were to divulge all they know many ladies would not like it. One thing is certain, that dyspepsia, nervous aches and diseases for which brandy and gin were formerly prescribed to rich ladies, have greatly disappeared of late. Nor are those diseases of the stomach that demanded wine as prevalent as they were when wine and cake were found on every sideboard.

On leaving Raleigh, I bent my way to Fayetteville. For many years at the meetings of Presbytery and Synod, old Father McIntyre had deplored and wept over the state of the country in reference to strong drink. Elders, ministers, communicants, sinners, had their distilleries and drank, as Father McIntyre thought, too much. All the consolation the old man could get from his brethren was their sympathy and directions to the churches to discipline such as used liquors immoderately. This was a difficult thing to do. For those who drink are not usually the best judges of moderation, which is hard to be defined. Besides, it was moderate drinking that was making the drunkards, and even Father McIntyre had not found that out yet. Powerful sermons were preached

against drunkenness and moderation enjoined as its prevention. With what success, it is easy now to surmise. Father McIntyre had been a shepherd in Scotland. He was upwards of thirty years old when he came to this country, became converted and prepared for the ministry. I never knew a man more artless, more ardent, more devoted to his Master's work than he was. He prayed much and had a reason for praying almost everywhere. Walking with him in the woods a thorn tree would suggest the crown of thorns his Savior wore. His stable would call to mind the Savior's birthplace. His henyard would call up Peter's denial, or the tender exclamation "How often would I have gathered thee," And all of these associations and recollections would be followed by a proposition to pray, in which Father McIntyre would lead with great simplicity and fervor, prostrating himself generally, on the ground. He seemed to serve a living Savior, present in everything around him, and reminded by all he saw of that Savior whom unseen he loved. His congregation was of Gaelic descent, and many of his elder members spoke that tongue. Plain, industrious people, who seldom went from home except to mill and to church, who read but little except the Bible, they were social, affable, gentle, except when the dogged Scotch blood was stirred, and then none could manage them. They, in common with the whole region adopted the custom of using intoxicating liquors. After spending the greater part of the Lord's Day, especially on communion days at church, they always on returning home, enjoyed their toddy. Nor was it a strange sight to see liquor used at their "basket meals" taken between the services. It required no great powers of reason to conclude that

intoxication might occur often enough to give much pain and mortification under such customs. Father McIntyre felt and mourned the condition and as the remedy or prevention then only known and recommended, "Moderation," had failed to prevent, or to reform, for every body only *drank moderately*, he entered most zealously into the Temperance Reformation, and lived to see the beneficial effects of his labors. I think he lived nearly ninety years.

While laboring in — County, N. C., I one day passed a splendid mansion, evidently the abode of wealth and refinement. As usual, a small still for the purpose of distilling apples and peaches was a part of the establishment. It stood on the opposite side of the road from the house. A gentleman, the owner, was standing near. I stopped and entered into conversation with him. He was intelligent and hospitable. Although a perfect stranger, he invited me to go the house and refresh myself and horse. Not having time, I declined. After taking leave of him, I called to him and asked, "When does the devil expect to hold a tea party here?" "The devil hold a tea party here? What do you mean?" "Sir," I replied pointing to the still, "I saw his teapot there and thought he intended to use it." He flew into a violent rage, and I was indebted to the heels of my horse, for my escape. He returned to the house much excited and informed his wife what had occurred. She asked him what kind of a looking person it was. He said that he was well dressed, drove a fine horse and sulky, and evidently was well educated and conversed with great ease. "What did you say he said? Did he say so! Here, you boy," calling to one of her servants, "Get

your hammer and go and knock that still all to pieces. I will not give gentlemen cause to make such remarks about our fine place." The still disappeared. I afterwards became acquainted with the family; and we had our amusement over the incident. If the devil regretted the destruction of his pot, the family did not.

While in this region, I met with a very pleasing incident. Requested to lead in family prayer, on opening the Bible I saw the Family Record. In it, I saw the name of my grandfather "James Hunt." On inquiry, I was told that my grandfather, on a journey to visit his son James, who had married a daughter of Col. Taylor of Columbia, S. C., was providentially detained in that vicinity for several days; that he had preached with great acceptance and profit to the people there. The father of the family had become pious, and my grandfather had baptized his family, among which was the James Hunt named for him, about whom I was inquiring. This happened before I was born. How pleasant it is to see how the Lord gives evidence that the works of his servants follow them long after they have ceased from their labors! Those who are instant in labor, do not labor in vain. Long after Dr. Moses Hoge had passed into his rest, converts came pressing into the church, claiming him as their spiritual father, and first impressed under some of those efforts, over which he mourned as unworthy of the service of his God. It is not the duty of ministers to look to results. Let them look to duty and do it. Results belong to a faithful God.

My lecturing at Fayetteville drew large crowds and I was encouraged by the large numbers who signed

the pledge. Some time after, I met with a lawyer who was my personal friend. He advised me to give up my efforts, as they did no good. As an evidence of it he stated that he had seen a number of young men who had signed the pledge, very drunk afterwards at a party given by a young lady who had also joined the Society. I was compelled to believe him; for I knew he was truthful and sincere. But I was grieved and disappointed. On inquiry, it turned out that they had kept their pledge: but as wine was not included in it, they had followed Noah's and Lot's example not only in drinking, but in getting drunk. And the lady had not yet learned to distinguish between the wine of Sodom and that used at the wedding in Cana of Galilee. The result only confirmed me the more in the belief that total abstinence from all that intoxicates was God's remedy against intemperance. A war against ardent spirits was useless. But a war against drunkenness was wise and glorious. Why let Noah and Lot perish? Why look with complacency upon the wine cup, yet denounce the common beverages of the land? I could not see what difference there was in the drunkard's fate, whether he became so from one agent, or the other. Mr. James Hooper and his wife, living espistles in the church at Fayetteville, thought and felt as I did. They advised Total Abstinence as the remedy. The difficulty was to write a pledge that would reach every case. I undertook it. I was then gathering the children into the Cold Water Army. I concluded that their pledge should be Total Abstinence. After much greater labor than that of the mountain which brought forth a mouse, I succeeded in producing the following:—

I do not think
I'll ever drink
Whisky or Gin,
Brandy or Rum,
Or any thing
That will make drunk come.

I did not feel that I was a Burns or a Byron, but I did feel that I had made a poem that would have done Burns and Byron great good; and one which would do more good than "Tam O'Shanter" or "Childe Harold." Now I am old and greyheaded, my heart is made young again, when I meet the members now grown to be men, who in youth and childhood, I enlisted in the Cold Water Army under that doggerel pledge. We educated the children in total abstinence principles. They to-day form the mass of the temperance community. But they are passing away. The old drunkards are nearly every one gone. Their ranks are being filled by youths neglected as the temperance effort relaxed. It is painful to see the crowds of youth, not men yet, who are fast forming the drunkard's habits and reeling and tottering to a drunkard's end. They will have to be reformed, if saved. But we must take up the A B C of temperance again, and educate our children as we once did, or the work of reformation will be endless. Indeed, the country needs educating on this subject, and no temperance effort that does not make that its chief effort, will do extensive and permanent good. The great business of the old temperance men was to educate and interest the public mind. Contributions were made on a liberal scale to employ lecturers, and to prepare the way for their going forth to the gatherings of the people. Tracts, papers, statistics, were scattered broadcast over

the land. Churches, school houses, halls were thrown open. Certificates of membership, public parades on Fourth of July and on holidays were made. All that talent, labor and money could do, was done to cause the light to shine and to disperse the gross darkness of ignorance and fatal indifference that rested upon the views of the people on the subject of the use and traffic of intoxicating liquors. To this work the temperance community must return again. It must make its work intelligent, if it is to be efficient. It must make apostles of its disciples. To the Cold Water Army, under the pledge "I do not think I'll ever drink," belongs the credit of the first organized Teetotal Band in the United States. And to one of its first members, I was indebted for great success among the more advanced in age, in a place where I had but little prospect of success. My rule was to admit no child to join my army without the consent of its parents. A favorite son of a wealthy, worldly family caught the spirit of his playmates and requested his father's permission to join the Cold Water Army. The old gentleman looked upon it as a joke, yet yielded, with about the same feeling with which he would have given his boy candy or marbles. Sometime after, his son, seeing his father take his accustomed drink, asked for a portion of it. "Why, my son, I thought you belonged to the Cold Water Boys." "So I do." "Did you not promise not to drink anything that would make drunk come?" "I did, sir." "Well, this will make you drunk." "Will it? And will it not make you drunk, too?" This simple question could not be answered to the father's comfort, if he continued to drink. He thought upon his ways, called to mind past scenes, resolved to drink no more and has never been drunk

since. By the way, I am sorry to say, that many of my Cold Water Army in North Carolina made the most determined, bravest men engaged in the Rebellion. They endured and fought and died as bravely as did their former friends under the Stars and Stripes. Poor fellows! How my heart has suffered for them. Would that they had been as wise as they were resolute!

In one of my lectures in Fayetteville, I described the unhappy, wretched condition of a lovely, delicate, refined lady, married to a drunkard. I quoted the remark, "I had rather be a dog and bay the moon, than such a Roman." After I left town, there was no small stir among the rum and wine pots. I was accused of being a blackguard and even of saying, I had rather my daughter, if I had one, should marry a dog than a drunkard. My friends took up the quarrel and the excitement ran fierce and high. I was applied to, to come and defend myself. I did so, on the first suitable occasion. A great crowd came to hear me. I remarked that I plead guilty to the charge of seeming to be a blackguard, but I could not avoid it, if I spoke the truth. The business of selling and drinking, of being drunkard makers, was the lowest, vilest, most contemptible and immoral one in the world. The scenes exhibited by liquor drinkers were the dirtiest, most debasing to be found anywhere. It mattered not whether you got your model from the purlieus of a low grogshop or splendid hotel, from a shanty or a palace, among the rude or the refined, or from the poor or the rich. Everywhere the same sickening, unmitigated debauchery, coarseness and debasement were seen. One of the immunities the wicked have, is that their deeds are so outrageous and so deficient of decency that they dare not

be spoken of in public. He who ventures to draw the picture to the life, however truthful it may be, is regarded as unfit to appear before a decent audience. The doings he exposes may be sport and fun, the subject of mirth and laughter among those who act and re-enact them day and night, still claiming to be the Simon Pure of society. But woe to him who dares to hold them to the light of truth and scorn of virtue ! They are blackguards, not fit to live. Such is my case, my friends. I have tried to show the deep, black sin of selling and using intoxicating liquors, by retailing its doings without respect to persons or things. I am called a blackguard. Be it so. What then must be the business that no language of decency can describe it so as to be believed. You cannot handle smut without being smutty. As to saying I had rather my daughter should marry a dog than a drunkard, you all who heard me must depend upon your memories for my acquittal or conviction. I neither affirm nor deny. But what if I did say it. How much more miserable and degraded is your condition, linked to one brute than another. How much less of a fiend, is a drunkard, than a faithful, affectionate dog. No wife can free herself from a drunken husband without sin. But she can swap off a dog, sell him, give him away, or drown him without sin. Show me the difference between having a dog for a husband, and such doggish husbands as drunkards make. The difference is small and the choice of either abhorrent to all correct feeling. My advice to the ladies is, choose neither. And that you may never be compelled to have a dog of a husband, never marry a man who loves liquor better than he does you. If he will not give up his liquor for you, give him up and let him go.

Old maids are not always the most miserable women. My enemies felt that they had not made a great deal by the uproar they had made. And I have no doubt some were profited by the result.

In Wilmington, I met with rather an unpromising field, at first. There was but little Presbyterian organized element in it. The great works of the day, Bible and Tract, Educational and Missionary Societies found their main strength in the beginning in the Presbyterian denominations. The other denominations managed their matters in their own way. The Methodist church claimed to be a temperance society from its very foundation, and other denominations had their own views. Even Presbyterians, in many instances, were willing to let the nation perish in its sin of drunkenness rather than run the risk of seeming to save it by any other organization than that of the church. I soon found I had work to do. The influential portion of Wilmington was a free-living, generous, hospitable, noble class. Many of them had learned the French art of drinking long and much, without seeming to be drunk. They were reported as being sober, well-regulated drinkers. If now and then, some of them became a little "How-came-you-so," it was laid to some excusable cause. They were not habitually over the bay. The merchants mainly traded in the West Indies and did a large business in rum, and many who did business from a distance were lumbermen and raftsmen, bringing naval stores, so that there was no inconsiderable sale and use of liquor in the place. To succeed, I had to appeal to the ladies. Wilmington had for beauty and loveliness, women that would rank high anywhere. Among the first females that joined the society, was an

influential girl of energy and decision. The morning of her joining, she came to me in great distress. She said the signing of the pledge was the first deliberate and intelligent act of her life, in which she bound herself and felt and acknowledged her obligation not to live for herself. The conviction made her uneasy. She had lived for pleasure and for herself. Now she saw a great work to do, and felt that a great work must be done for her, before she could do it. How could she deny herself, and yet live as she had been living all her life? I saw that she was convinced of more than temperance, even also of righteousness and judgment. To my delight, I soon ascertained that others felt as she did. I remained as long as my engagements would permit, and left to meet my other appointments. I was not gone long, however, before I received earnest entreaties to return. I did so, and spent four of the happiest years of my life in that place. A nobler, kinder people never lived. Their generosity, watchful kindness and respect to me and mine will never be forgotten. How I would like to fill pages with precious names of friends I led to Jesus, and of many, very many who are endeared to me by deeds of love, the memory of which grows brighter as years fade away. Many of them have already gone to that land of joy, where the weary find rest and the giver of a cup of water to a disciple receives his reward. Every year with me, removes my friends, so that dying will be but leaving a few friends mortal to join a host of friends immortal! What wondrous ties are made by Him who brought Life and Immortality to Life by His death!

In one of the counties I visited, the liquor men were determined to mob me. A friend advised me to leave.

I knew if I commenced running, I would have to keep it up. So I concluded to do my lecturing, and take the consequences. After getting my supper I went to the groggery, where the mob was collected. I walked in boldly. I ridiculed them as cowards, afraid to give fair play to a stranger and a cripple. I told them if I could find a man among them who would hold my coat without stealing my pocketbook, I could whip any of them who would fight without assistance. I soon found friends who offered to back me and see fair play. And a party was formed to defend and aid me. One offered to take my place. I thanked him, but told him I could do all the fighting, if they came one at a time, alone. A champion soon presented himself, and asked if I was ready. I told him that I had agreed to fight those who came single handed, and unassisted; that I had not agreed to fight him and whiskey both. "Get rid of your whiskey, and I will not have much trouble with you." This raised a laugh at his expense, for he was known as a timid man when sober, although very noisy and boastful, when under the influence of liquor. He sneaked off, and no one took his place. The mob seemed pleased that I had ventured among them. They hugged me around my shoulders and invited me to go to their homes and lecture for them.

At another place, it was determined to "knot" me. I was standing on a bale of cotton, and saw a crowd approaching, headed by a man who had a light wood knot (pine) in one hand and a bottle in another. As he drew nigh, he exclaimed, "Get down from there, or I will knock you down!" "My good fellow," I said, "are you a good hand at throwing? I am capital at dodging, and if you throw and miss, everybody will

laugh at you.” His hand seemed to be paralyzed. He dropped the knot and walked off amidst shouts of laughter. I never saw a wicked man who was willing to be laughed at, or who could stand it. And I would sooner undertake to disperse a mob, if I could get its ear, by ridicule than by bayonet. During that same lecture, I was often interrupted by a man evidently wiser in his own conceit than he ought to have been. He was constantly making remarks that he thought would be insulting. At last he said, “You are nothing but a pickpocket.” I said, “Well, my friend, if you have no more money in your pocket than you have brains in your head, I should make but little by picking yours.” The hint was palpable, and he troubled me no more. It seemed, however, that I had got into a rough place. A gentleman evidently of some influence among the masses was haranguing them against temperance. As I passed the crowd around him, I heard him say, “It is nothing but a money-making scheme.” I spoke out, “Sir, you do not believe that, and I can prove it.” He asserted that I could not disprove it, and defied me to do it. I replied that he was a stranger to me, but that his appearance satisfied me that he paid attention to his own affairs. I asked if that was so. Some one replied it was. He is also fond of a good bargain and neglects no opportunity of a good investment. “That is so,” said one, “he is a real skinflint.” “And now gentlemen,” I continued, “I have been two days endeavoring to get him to join the temperance ranks. If he believed it to be a money-making business, would he not take stocks?” “Yes! Yes!” was replied by the crowd. He got away as soon as he could amidst the laughter of the crowd and their cries of “Colonel! join!

join ! take stock ! take stock ! or we will not believe you."

There was an organization of a certain Sect opposed to Bible Societies, Missionary and Educational Societies. One of its leaders was of that class who without any of the usually apparent elements of strength exerted a wonderfully controlling influence over the middle and lower portion of society. I had been requested by the Synod of North Carolina to publish a work on the mode and subjects of baptism. The work is entitled "Bible Baptist." It took no great ingenuity to get up a report that I had made a new Bible, in which was taught the doctrine that men should not eat nor drink anything. This leader had heard of it, and was disposed to be very severe upon me. I invited him into my room. I knew he could not read. Conversing with him on various subjects, I at last appealed to the Bible, and taking out my old well-worn pocket Bible, I read a few passages from it. He asked me how long I had been in possession of that book. I told him for many years. He took it into his hands, examined it carefully. When he left he was my warm friend, and wherever he went he proclaimed that I was a slandered man ; that I used an old Bible ; he had seen it and handled it. Of course, I had no more trouble with him, and I was informed that he became quite a temperance advocate.

During my abode in Wilmington, the temperance cause made great advances, and so did that cause which is the head and fountain of every good. I preached regularly in Wilmington, but I also lectured and preached much in the surrounding country. I was in the habit of holding recitations on the Confession of Faith and seeing

to it that the children were instructed in the Catechism. I preached regularly to the children, excluding grown persons. To win the attention of children, it is necessary to think as a child and speak as a child. This does not imply that the work shall be childish. I urged the attendance of children with their parents on the sanctuary services. I think it is much to be regretted that so many children are suffered to be absent from church on account of having been in the Sunday school. However invaluable the services of these schools may be, they should never be permitted to interfere with the regular attendance on God's established means of grace. Much of the value of sanctuary worship must be lost while the parent is alone in his seat and the child is amusing himself as he pleases at home. Besides this, the child grows up careless of the duty of going with his parents to the regular meetings and the church suffers from it oftentimes. I found that by preaching to my children they got into the habit of listening to me, and to other preachers. A secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, while preaching to my people was struck with the fixed, intelligent listening of our children, and asked me to account for it. I told him of my custom of preaching to the children alone, separated from the adults. That they found out, that they even could understand much of the "big folks'" sermons and of course listened because they were interested. He and Dr. Graham of the Union Theological Seminary, expressed a strong desire to hear one of my sermons to the children. I told them the children claimed the meeting to themselves and would not consent to grown persons being present. Besides, that which appeared to be very natural and appropriate to them

would sometimes excite laughter in the more aged, and if they laughed, it would give great offense. They persisted in the wish to hear me. It was agreed that they should go early into the church and take their place in the gallery, where it would not be probable the children would be aware of their presence. They did so. Services commenced and for a while all things went on well. I was teaching the goodness and wisdom of God manifested in His works. I had the human eye for illustration. The children were set to count up the pleasures of sight. Each one had something to say about what he had seen and how happy it made him. Then the question was asked, suppose God had not made the eye, how much pleasure would be lost? Then I endeavored to show God's wisdom in putting the eye just where it is and to make that plainer by contrast, I proposed to place the eye somewhere else, on the top of the head, on the foot, hand, etc. The answers to these questions were given with great earnestness. But while the children were attentive and grave the Rev. Doctors could not stand it. They tittered for awhile, then laughed aloud. The children looked up amazed and exclaimed, "Naughty men are in the Gallery! Put them out!" And out they had to go. The effect produced by my preaching to the children was, I hope, very beneficial.

There was a gentleman in town who was skeptical and did not go to church. One of his little sons attended my meetings. He urged his father to come and hear me. After I commenced the service, the little fellow came up into the pulpit and tried to get into my arms. I took him up and blessed him and said, "Jesus said 'Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for

of such is the kingdom of Heaven.' ” I added, “What parent is there who does not love Jesus for this joyful news? No human understanding ever discovered it. No human voice ever revealed it. The Son of God, who himself became a child to save children, has alone made it known.” The father of the boy was deeply impressed. He became a regular attendant in worship. He died while I was in Wilmington professing the faith that is in Jesus. That son became a minister of the Gospel. Two parents who lived in pleasure forgetful of God and neglecters of the great salvation, had a son who attended the children’s meeting. One night they heard their son weeping in his room. Supposing him to be unwell, they went to him. He was thanking God for giving him a new heart, and praying that He would give his parents one also and make them as happy as he was. They could not resist falling on their knees and uniting in his prayer. They both renounced the world and became followers of Jesus. Is there not a great and sinful neglect on the part of some ministers in reference to the lambs of the flocks? Days and nights are spent in the study pondering over arguments and rudiments adapted to mature and cultivate intellect. Does the thought ever occur, children will hear us, who need the milk of the word? I am confident we would have not only more living ministers, but also more live preaching, if the ministers of God would spend more time among the children of his flock, and look upon them as the most promising soil, in which the seed of grace is to be sown, and prepare their seed accordingly. I know that ministers must be studious, and should not give in the service that which has cost them nothing. But an indispensable part of their preparation is to know the

people and the children to whom they preach. How this can be done and the greater part of their time be spent in the closet writing two or three effusions for the Sabbath, is not very apparent. How can the wants, the necessities of the people be met, when they are not known. "Feed my Flock," not only requires that food should be provided, but that food suitable for each should be given in due season. One week spent among his people by a properly educated minister, searching affectionately into their joys and sorrows, the lights and shades, their fears, their hopes, would furnish him more material for his pulpit service than a month's seclusion in his study. The Kingdom of Heaven is as a grain of mustard seed. Great sermons seldom produce great results. Some simple sentence, some single word is more frequently blessed, than the philosophical, rhetorical, finished round period addresses, so much sought after and admired as the perfection of human performances. If anyone doubt this, let him make himself acquainted with the facts of conversion. He will doubt no more. Dr. Nettleton preached one of his most eloquent discourses one night at Prince Edward Court House. A man who had abused him very much, wished to hear him. He was ashamed to be seen in the house. He crept up to the window in the dark to listen. All that he heard was the word "Lost!" He did not know what connection that had with the discourse. He heard only that word "lost!" He left his hiding place, but the sound "lost!" followed him. He went to bed. It still rang in his ears. "Lost!" He tossed upon his bed; he could not sleep. "Lost! Lost!" was continually sounding. "Wife" said he, "tell me what 'lost!' means. I hear it constantly. I cannot tell what it

means." Early next morning he went to Dr. Nettleton, who told him what it meant and pointed him to Him who came to seek and save the lost. He embraced him and returned home rejoicing that the lost was found. It was never known that that sermon did any other good. While I preached in Wilmington, in the course of my instruction to the people, I reached the solemn, awful, yet glorious doctrine of the Decrees of God. I knew of no one I could obtain, who could do more justice to the subject than my friend and brother in the ministry, Rev. Henry A. Rowland, of Fayetteville. He cheerfully consented to come. He delivered one of the clearest, soundest, most logical discourses on the subject I ever heard. It was greatly admired, and for a while talked about. In the course of his sermon, he used the term, "Poor Sinner!" There was in the audience, a thoughtless young lady, who was struck with the term. She did not remember anything else of the sermon and never could. Like thousands of others she had ears to hear, but the words passed away like "a dream when one awaketh." But the words "Poor Sinner" fastened upon her. They followed her by night and by day. She came to me to know their meaning. She was taught to comprehend them, and gladly came as "poor and needy, without money and without price" to Him who made her rich in Redeeming love. She lived to His praise and not long since died, rejoicing in the richness of His grace. I sought diligently, but never could find out that Brother Rowland's sermon did any other good.

On one occasion I preached a sermon that I had prepared with more than usual care. There was in the audience a very bright-eyed boy, sitting near his mother.

I was struck with his appearance, but he was an entire stranger to me. After service, I met with him at the door, and gently placing my hand upon his head, said, "You will not make a bad man and break your mother's heart, will you?" Years after I left that country, that boy, grown to be a man, thanked me for those words, as the means of his salvation. I never heard that my fine sermon did any good. I once heard Mr. Lacey preach one of his powerful, tender sermons, on the sufferings of Christ. I remember that I was very thoughtless and trifling during the discourse. When the Communion table was spread, a young intimate friend of mine arose and took her seat with those who came to show forth the death of Jesus until he came. This act did more to impress my thoughtless heart, than all the sermon. After I became a professor of religion, I had to determine on my future pursuits in life. One of my classmates, who was preparing for the ministry, died. Dr. J. H. Rice published an obituary of him in the Evangelical Magazine. In it was asked the question, "Who will fill his place?" That simple question made a deeper and more determinate impression on me, as to my future calling, than all of the many wise writings and powerful appeals I had consulted. A mother's look, a mother's tear, a kind, a little, gentle word, has often greater influence than the exalted wisdom of mighty men. It is "not by might nor by power," but by "the still small voice," that God does wonders and builds up His kingdom. Reader, if you despise the day of small things, and slight small impressions, and are waiting for powerful and mighty demonstrations to lead you in the way of Life, you are greatly mistaken, and may be woefully disappointed.

Ministers of the gospel of reconciliation, review your efforts, and their effects, if you have not done so, and you will find that a word spoken in season, has been followed with more cheering effects, than any of your oiled, smoked discourses. What is greatly needed is a live coal from the altar put on living lips and applied to dead and dying hearts.

In 1832, I was elected a delegate to the General Assembly of our church. At the same time, the first Temperance Convention was held at the same place of the meeting of the Assembly, Philadelphia, Penn'a. I was also appointed a member of that Convention. It was composed of men of high standing for wisdom and wealth. As its history has been written by abler pens than mine, it is not necessary that I should repeat it. I shall never forget the intense interest awakened, by the discussion of the resolution, "That the traffic in ardent spirits is an immorality." At that time, many members of the church were engaged in that business. The cellars of many of the churches were rented as liquor warehouses; and perhaps a majority of professed Christians bought liquor, if they did not sell it. Touching the traffic thus, stirred up a hornet's nest. Old Dr. Cathcart, of York, Pa., begged the Convention not to pass the resolution. He was not able to confute the arguments in its favor. But how could he go home and meet some of the best members of the community with that affirmation? With tears, he begged to be spared the conflict that he feared would await us all, on our return home. I deeply sympathized with him, and looked forward with some apprehension to my return home, too. But the resolution only spoke the truth. There was no evading it, and it was passed by an overwhelming majority.

It was resolved to hold a public meeting in the Music Hall during the sessions of the Convention. Under the impression that the temperance cause had not awakened sufficient interest as yet in the South, to send delegates to the Convention, the speakers for the occasion, had all been beforehand selected and notified. They were mainly Northern men. They had written their addresses with great care, and had them well prepared. On ascertaining that there was a respectable representation from the South, it was determined, as an act of justice and courtesy, to give it some of the speakers. But those previously appointed would occupy all the time unless the term of the meeting should be extended. So it was concluded to extend the time, and divide the extension among the Southern speakers. I was one of those appointed from the South. I was limited to ten minutes. I did not receive notice of my appointment until bed-time on Saturday. I was never in the habit of preparing for any labor on the Sabbath day, and besides this, I had engaged to preach three times on that day, and did so. I rose early Monday morning, and as I had no talent in extemporizing unless I had time to make a running start before I leaped, I determined to write and commit to memory, a ten minutes' address. No subject had been assigned me. I selected one in which my heart and fancy had an abiding interest. I could talk about it, think about it, at any time, with a freshness of life and my whole living soul. I was like an old colored man, who, when he was told that *to love the brethren* was a certain mark of being a Christian, returned thanks for that being the evidence required. "For," said he, "if it was love for the sisters, it would not do, for I take to

that in the natural way." So I selected *Women* for my theme. They were great favorites of mine; and if I was no favorite of theirs, their constant kindness and genial reception of the deformed young man, made me think so. I thought I knew how to please them, and at the same time, show what the world owed to them, for much that was lovely and of good report. I have a good mind to publish that address yet; for it was as good as some that ought never to have been delivered, much less published, I being judge. I did not deliver it, however, as the sequel will show. I was detained from reaching the meeting, until several of the speakers had delivered their addresses, and the gentleman I was to succeed had just commenced as I came in. I asked the chief manager of the meeting, Gerrit Smith, whether it was intended that I should speak on any given resolution or subject. He said "No! but do not speak on the 'Ladies.' We have had two addresses, and expect another on that subject." I told him that was unfortunate, for me, as I could not make a ten minutes' off-hand speech and had prepared many flowers and sunbeams and zephyrs for the ladies that I knew would please me to deliver to them. He said, "You must not speak on that subject. Take your own time and go forward, you are now announced to address the audience." So it was; for the President had called me out. I arose with but two thoughts that I could call my own. One was, that I was about to take a fearful fall. The other was, I will use common sense, not aim to take a high position, and have as easy a fall as possible. I felt somewhat abashed. This feeling was increased when I looked upon the audience, composed of the élite of the country and city, and upon the manly and

graceful proportions, and intellectual appearances of the gentlemen who had been selected as orators for the evening. They had had time to prepare with very great care the manuscripts tastefully tied with ribbon, without omitting a single word or sentence that had been chosen with due reference to meaning, logic and rhetoric. I had not a thought or note prepared. I was somewhat comforted with the fact that I had seen productions, clear, shining and pure, which, after all, were ice like from pure water, beautiful, but very cold, only ice. I had seen and heard lectures and sermons, which exhibited the brightness of the midnight camp without its fire and heat. True, I had met with effusions of the moment that though muddy and dull, were still ice, ice, ice unfit to use, even at that. I had sat under extemporaneous addresses that showed no light, nor fire, nor heat of the midnight camp. I knew that he who had time and talent to master his subject, and the power of identifying himself with it, threw his soul, his body into it, had power to influence an audience, beyond that exercised by men who wearied away their bodies and minds by cutting down thoughts, trimming sentences and rounding periods, losing the sympathy that cannot be perceived, nor caught from the audience, nor given to it, by one whose eyes are fastened on the stereotype before him. He may and does possess this advantage over the man who never studies and thinks beforehand. He will not as often tire his audience with nonsense, and may make it as interesting as the good reading of a good book. But he can never come up to the standard of that orator who knows and feels and feelingly speaks for the moment what he knows and feels. I had no written preparation. Could I rely upon what I knew? Could I feel and tell it,

all living and fresh, as I knew it? I had doubts and fears on that subject. Besides this, my personal appearance came over me. In life's first journeyings, I remember how I dreaded to be noticed, how I burned under any glance towards me, followed by a whisper, how I gladly escaped observation, content to keep hid and still, if I might but be a looker-on, and a listener in the company of the young, sprightly and active, in which I delighted so much! None but the deformed can know how much they suffer on this subject, and none but the sufferers can tell how thankful and grateful, they feel toward those who seem never to notice their deformity. I here gratefully record the fact, I have never been ridiculed by a child, and only in one instance by anything calling itself a man. And that was a rum politician whose election I had defeated. I did not care much about that; and had rather be as the earth in the beginning, without form and void, than be a liquor seller or drinker. Here I was, about to appear in a brightly illuminated hall, with the most graceful and accomplished. I tried to remember what my faithful old negro nurse often told me, "Never mind, my child. Pretty is as pretty does; and you be good, and you will be as pretty as any of them." I believed what Watts had said.

" Were I so tall to reach the pole,
And grasp the ocean in my span,
I must be measured by my soul;
The mind's the standard of a man."

But yet this old feeling of shrinking from the public gaze came over me: I could see ladies look first at me and then at the broad-cloth, patent leather, and ruffles around them, with contempt for the one, and glowing pride for

the other. I did not blame them. I even felt thankful that there were no more like me to be seen. The questions asked with apparently wondering mirth, "Who is he?" "Where did he come from?" "What is he?" made somewhat the impression on me, that if Darwin's theory of the origin of our race had been known in those days, and accepted as true, some might have taken me as the representation of our venerable and honored ancestors. My impressions as to my appearance and promise were deepened by hearing a respectable looking gentleman say to another, "I wonder what the Committee means by putting *that thing* up." I became desperate and resolved to get off as easily as I could, claiming the limited time allotted to me, and telling how I was debarred from delivering my proposed lecture to the ladies, and entreating the forbearance of the audience towards the unpremeditated and uninteresting address they were about to hear. This did not seem to accord with the modesty of a man who did not like to be called *vain*; for it would sound as though I thought I could do wonders, if I only had the chance. So I determined to pitch in, slash about, and stand the consequences. Under the perplexing circumstances just related, I made my first bow to a Northern audience. I told them that I was a resident of North Carolina, that old Van Winkle, that first awoke from the long nap under British Tyranny, and issued a Declaration of Independence, somewhat in advance of July fourth 1776. But I was born and educated in the Old Dominion, the mother of presidents, the land and home of Washington, Henry, Tucker, Wythe, Marshall, Lee, Randolph, Alexander, Hoge, Speece, Baxter, and a host of others, who, honored by the nation, were

jewels and honors to it. I was proud of my nativity, and owed all I was, and what I hoped to be, to those who lived on its soil, or were buried under its sod. That I gladly availed myself of this opportunity to say something about one of our Presidents and his family that might be of service to the temperance cause. There were two brothers in one family. The one far famed as a philosopher and statesman; the other scarcely up to mediocrity of intelligence. Among other peculiarities, he possessed a passion for the brute creation sometimes found in weak-minded children. His, culminated in an affection for a cropped-ear, bob-tail, curly-haired dog, which returned his master's love with that of "faithful Tray." This dog followed him wherever he went. The philosopher and statesman was Thomas Jefferson. The other, the dog lover, his brother, was called Bob. Thomas had a farm at Monticello. He built a fine house on it and furnished it after Parisian fashion. His hospitality was unbounded. Not only the bacon on his table, but the brains in his head furnished entertainment for his guests. Bob remained at home, under the humble roof where he was born. He professed to be a planter; but considered opossum, raccoon, and squirrel hunting, absolutely necessary to the preservation of his crops. Many a winter's hour was devoted to recounting deeds of skill and valor performed by him and his dog. Bob determined to visit his distinguished brother. Of course, his dog went with him. His brother was from home when Bob arrived. The servant ushered him in the reception room. He was bewildered with what he saw. The downy carpets, the pier glasses, the windows reaching from floor to ceiling, the chandeliers, the paintings,

all were wondrous. But what struck him most was the marble mantel and fire-place. It was the nicest place to spit in he had ever seen. He resolved to make himself at home. Seizing a chair and thrusting a plug of redstreak into his jaws, he advanced to the fire-place, threw up his heels on the mantel and attempted to lean back, while he enjoyed his chew. The chair, on castors, rolled from beneath him and brought him, with a severe blow, on the floor. The dog alarmed, dashed through the window, and howling, made his escape. Bob, rising and rubbing his paining head, exclaimed, "Brother Tom is called a wise man; but I think he is the biggest fool I ever knew; he cannot make a chair that will hold a man, nor a house that can hold a dog!" I was brought to a stand here. I had heard some shouting at a drag-out muster and dog fight. I had heard some exclamations in meeting. But that was at the South. I had not expected to see such things at the North. The Presiding Officer rapped with his gavel and called, "Order, order." This alarmed me, for I did not know how I got out of order, nor how to get in again, if I was out. "Go on, go on," was the cry. The Presiding Officer joined the crowd in the uproar of laughter and cried "Go on." All around me, I found men who seemed to have just made the discovery that certain muscles were made for the express purpose of laughing and were using them accordingly.

After the audience had become composed, I told them I had introduced this reminiscence of Thomas Jefferson's family in order that the sequel might be the better understood and appreciated. During Bob's visit he inquired how it was that he who labored and toiled, could scarcely make a living, while the wealthy

brother had soft hands and did no work at all. His brother told him that he did head work, lived by his intellect. Bob concluded that it was an easy and desirable way of making a living, and resolved to turn Yankee and live by his wits, too. For months he pondered on this subject. Rejoicing at last, that he had found out the way to get rid of labor, he started out to Washington City to secure his patent. His friends fearing that something unpleasant might result from his mission urged him to reveal the secret. He said he had a patent that would keep the squirrels from eating the corn. The evil he sought to remedy was great, and a successful remedy would prove a great blessing to the community and a fortune to the inventor. He said that in walking around the cornfields shooting squirrels, he found that they ate only the *outside rows*. And his plan to prevent it was to have *no outside rows at all*. This revelation again brought down the house. The man who wondered why I was put forth to speak, was widest awake of them all. Indeed, all monkey resemblances seemed to have been forgotten. I began to feel that I had so far escaped a fall. If to wake up a sleepy audience was a success, I had that honor. I felt safe now; but my ten minutes were up, and making my best bow, I attempted to retire. I was not suffered to do so. From all parts of the house came the encoring call, and I had to return. I said, my friend Bob's plan, however poor a one it might be for raising corn, was the very best thing for raising a temperance nation. We must have no outside row of drinkers. I then proceeded to show who was on the outside row, and from touching scenes I had witnessed, excited the sympathy of the audience to tears. Then from scenes of

another character, would move their risibility. I told them of a father who only drank occasionally to excess, in one excess, murdering his child. I showed how fast and strong the habit of drinking grew, and took the ground that if the doctrine of immorality were true, the outside rows were now forming tastes and appetites that would follow them beyond the grave. I gave, as an illustration, the man who was once only a moderate drinker, but had become so confirmed in drunkenness that no efforts could reform him. His friends had often warned him of the danger of his dying drunk. He was not afraid. He might get dead drunk, but would not die drunk. Stopping at a tavern, near some coal pits, he became beastly drunk and insensible. His friends determined to try an experiment and frighten him out of his habit, if possible. They improvised a coffin, dressed him in grave clothes, and deposited him in the deep, dark vaults of the coal pits. Waiting and watching the result, the coolness and dampness of the gallery brought him to his senses. Feeling around, the coffin and shroud were recognized. "What! Dead and buried? Is it possible I died drunk after all? Where can I be?" His friends advancing in disguise, bearing small lamps, answered in sepulchral tones, "in hell!" And approaching him in a frantic and fiendish manner, began to pinch and punish him and threaten to pour melted fire down his throat. He was very humble and begged and plead most piteously to be released. After they had gone as far as they thought prudent, they left him to himself. But he soon recalled them in a plaintive, supplicatory tone. "I say, Mr. Devil, do you keep any good stuff to drink down this way?" They gave him up as hopeless. I confirmed

this by the parable of the rich man who fared sumptuously every day, who cared only for his body and did nothing for his soul; who lifted up his eyes, being in torment, and called in vain for a drop of water to cool his tongue. Again I proposed to retire, but the audience would not let me off until I had occupied nearly one hour. I did not make a failure and that speech, that "outside row," will be remembered until the last tear is shed over the last of those who wept and laughed in that hour, that night. To my delight, I found that common sense could produce an effect even in cities accustomed to brilliant rhetorical flourishes. I became a lion, and invitations to speak and crowds to hear me followed me everywhere. I agreed to lecture in a church, corner of Arch and Second streets, Philadelphia. While lecturing, some one sent up information that the cellar of that church was rented to a liquor seller. Of course I opened upon it most severely. I was never admitted into that building again while it stood. But my attack caused several church cellars to be vacated by liquor sellers. That night I obtained the promise of many hundreds to try the total abstinence pledge for six weeks. If they found it injurious, they could then abandon it. Most of them adhered faithfully and formed the basis of the Old Northern Liberty Temperance Society, one of the most successful and laborious societies of the kind in the Union. Anna Ross, who died with the dying soldiers' blessing upon her, was then young, but one of the number. Among them were hard and almost hopeless cases. They reformed and many of them joined the church.

Seeing that I should have to speak frequently in Philadelphia, I determined to see for myself what liquor

was doing. I visited a large distillery. The owner was in, and as I had paid some attention to the theory of distillation I managed to interest him and draw him out. He told me how many bushels of grain he used; how many gallons he made from the bushel and his profits from the same. He took me to a three-story brick building filled from basement to garret with hogs, ten in a pen, with scarcely room to lie down. They presented a sad, gloomy aspect. They might be contented, but certainly did not enjoy good health. I led him to that subject. He told me that a large percentage of them died. Said it took a hog of excellent constitution to stand the first few months. After that, they fattened mightily. I asked him how he stood the loss of so many hogs. He said, "Oh! I do not lose them. I am not fool enough to run that risk. I only board them for so much a month. If they die, the owners stand the loss." I inquired what was done with the dead hogs. Their skins were sold to the tanners, their bodies to the soap boilers. At my next lecture I stated the wonderful sights I had seen. Asylums for the blind and deaf and dumb, the aged, palaces for the bankers, refuges for insane, splendid hotels and boarding houses. I had never seen such provident arrangements before. I understood the like in some measure was to be seen in other cities. But I ventured to say that Philadelphia would beat the world in one thing. I had seen in it a three-story brick "Pig's Boarding House," with all the appliances and attendants that a pig could demand. I gave an account of the whole matter and showed how liquor sellers were growing rich by every means; however exorbitant or unhealthy. The owner of that establishment found crowds coming to verify my statement. The

establishment long since disappeared. Sometime afterwards, there was a wedding at a distiller's house. Some wicked wags rang the bell, and when the door was opened in rushed a large hog they had procured for that purpose. There was much confusion, and not the most desirable feeling among any of the guests. I was blamed for this. But I was hundreds of miles away ; knew nothing about it, and would have discountenanced it. Still I could not see how entirely out of place it was to have the "gintilmin" boarder, out of whom they paid the "rint," as Pat would say, at the merry making.

On my return home, I found that my vote on the Liquor Traffic had produced some coldness among some of my friends in that business. But I stood up in my own defense. I took the ground that while the large body of men engaged in the liquor business were the most unmitigated set of scoundrels in the community, it did not follow that all engaged in that work of death were bad men. There were three kinds of beings. 1. Perfect beings, they did no wrong. 2. Good beings, not perfect, liable to do wrong, but when they know it, they repented, ceased to do evil and learned to do good. 3. Wicked beings, who did not care what they did and consulted and pursued their own ends whether right or wrong. Of this last class most of the liquor sellers were composed. There might be some ignorant of the nature of the business and without reflection, of the second class, who desired to know and do their duty at any sacrifice. We had such among us that had abandoned the traffic. More would do so, when convinced of their error. It should not be my fault if they were not convinced, for I intended to continue as I had done, to give "line upon line, and pre-

cept upon precept," until they were convinced. Some ceased to attend on my ministry. In conversing with them about their absence, they said they were tired hearing every Sunday about temperance. I invited them to hear me once more, with the promise that I would not use the words temperance nor liquor seller. They agreed to come; and great curiosity existed to hear me preach, without introducing temperance. A large audience was out. I took for my text, "No murderer hath eternal life." I stated that actions did not constitute character; that principles did. God looked into the heart, not into the conduct, to determine character. Thus, he who was angry with his brother without cause, was a murderer, though his hands struck no blow, and were not stained with blood. We judged of men's character by their acts, as indices to their character. If we know the principles of a man, we unhesitatingly ascribed to him the character that is formed by those principles. When we know a man sincerely approves of any system of morals, religion or politics, we call him after the denomination that holds these principles, though he may never have joined them. We know, whenever he acts, he will act according to his principles. Now if a man adopts the theology, the morals, the principles of a murderer, he is one. And if he act according to those principles, he will commit murder, if sufficiently tempted. Let us then find out how murderers believe. Cain was the first murderer. His principles were that he was not his brother's keeper. He had no obligation resting on him to take care of his brother, to warn, advise, defend him. "Let him take care of himself. He knew I was a selfish, jealous, passionate man, that even in my sacrifices I discarded the

will of God. He knew that I would strike when I was angry. Why did he not keep out of my way? I did not tell him to come near me." Judas Iscariot was a murderer. His theology was, if money could be made by a job, it ought to be made, right or wrong. "What will ye give me, and I will deliver Him unto you?" He knew it was wrong, for he confessed afterwards that he had betrayed innocent blood; and he was sorry for it, for he hanged himself. It takes no great stretch of fancy to imagine that you can hear him saying, "I know it is wrong. If I could prevent it I would. But I cannot. It is prophesied that some one will do it. (He forgot the woe that would come upon him that did it.) If I do not, some one else will. Then there is money to be made by it. If I do not get it, some one else will. I will do it." Had he not been a murderer, he would have reasoned, "a man is not profited, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul." It is not lawful to do evil, even that good may come, and while some will do evil for money, they will receive for the evil they do, each man "according to the deeds done in the body." The high priests and elders were murderers. They murdered the Lord of Glory. Hear their principles. They gladly availed themselves of the services and agency of a wicked man to their benefit. They said to Judas, "We are not your keeper; if you are ruined, we have gained our end. We did not tell you to come to us. You knew that we would furnish you what you desired, and that it would ruin you." Had they not been murderers, they would not have offered inducements for evil acts; they would have refused to minister to the desire of a wicked man, they would have felt that they were responsible for evil

deeds, done for their pleasure or advantage which they desired and furthered, but could and ought to have prevented. Pontius Pilate was a murderer. His theology was, that to retain popularity with the wicked, a man might neglect his duty and yet be innocent. He knew that the Jews had delivered Jesus out of envy; that He was innocent of crime, that He was King of the Jews. He proposed to release Him; declared that he found no fault in Him; yet when pressed and threatened by the Jews, and he saw that he might suffer trouble if he did what was right, and be the gainer by doing what was wrong, he took water and washed his hands, saying "See ye to it. I will have nothing to do with it." Had he not been a murderer, he would have felt that a man is his "brother's keeper." That he is bound to the extent of his ability to guard, defend and protect the innocent. And that he cannot be innocent and withhold his power, and consent that wicked men shall do as they please when he could prevent it. But he not only did withhold his influence and power, but actually got out of the way, and did all the wicked Jews desired he should do; let them have their own way, while he knew it led to the death of the innocent and just.

In conclusion I urged every one who was not willing to be a murderer, to examine well their principles of action, their responsibility to prevent evil, as well as to abstain from it, and the reasons which prompted them to take sides in any question where life and right were involved. The next day, one of the men I had invited to hear me, came in a rage, accusing me of having deceived him and of preaching the most violent sermon on temperance he had ever heard. I asked him if I

mentioned drinking, or selling liquor, in my whole discourse. Did I even make any application to any class of men? He thought for awhile, and said, "No, sir. You did not. I made the application myself." The way that Cain and Judas and the Priests and Pilate thought and reasoned is the only way that any man can justify giving his influence against temperance. He continued afterwards to attend my services. He quit the traffic, but continued the use as long as I knew him. He is dead now. How he lived and died, I know not.

I made it a rule to be as much with the sick, especially with the children, as I could. I do not remember the death of a child in my congregation, at which I was not present. The habit of crowding out to see the sick, especially on Sundays and in the hour of expected death, I thought was attended by unhappy consequences. Visits of mere curiosity and desire to be esteemed attentive and sympathizing had better be performed under other circumstances. Families do not usually refuse to send for what help is needed, which previous intercourse enables them to expect without disappointment. It is oftentimes exceedingly annoying to receive company, when a member of the family is ill. And the whispering and looks of condolence or of despondency often injure the invalid. The visits paid to mothers and their babes do a great deal of injury to both. I determined to preach on these evils. I did so, and the physicians who heard me thanked me for my efforts to do good in a direction where it was greatly needed. The next morning, I left my babe, a fine healthy child, sweetly asleep. I had not been gone long before a messenger was sent to request me to bring the doctor. My child was ill. On reaching home, I found

a number of ladies anxious to do something and prescribing catnip tea, paregoric, hot whiskey and I know not what. I asked my wife what had happened. Her silence told me. These "baby wakers" had started on their mission. Arriving at my house, they must see the "dear creature." It awoke dissatisfied, was very shy, and fretted. They must show their skill in quieting it. This only made matters worse. The child cried the more. They persevered, and the child struggled and kicked and cried the louder. Medicines and remedies were prescribed, enough to make a well child sick and kill a sick one. "Ladies," I said, "I have a family physician. It is his duty to direct what my child needs. I will thank you if you cannot keep from interfering with my child, not to come here at all." The ladies hastily departed. Wife said they were the best ladies and warmest friends we had. I told her, I knew that, but that did not give them the right of disturbing my child. I watched them from the window. There was tall walking, as they threaded their way from house to house, not to wake babies, but to tell how I had treated them. In their progress, they came to my family physician. They told him what had occurred. Said he, "If every father in the town would take the same stand, it would save much suffering among the children." This rebuff from the doctor was rather a damper. They seemed distant for awhile. At last they sought an interview with me, to become reconciled. If I had been a little less pointed, they would not have minded it. I said, "Ladies, did you hear my sermon on that subject, understand and approve it?" "We did." "Yes, and the very next morning, went in direct opposition to all taught in it. If

I preached that sermon over again, you would forget it. Do you think you will soon forget the short homily I gave you, at my house?" They said they never would. "All I wished was to do good to the sick and children of the congregation. Do not disturb the sleeping child. Let it have its nap out. Do not trouble the sick mother. Let her have quiet. And above all things, let the physician do the curing." They left me reconciled, but wondering at the way I made my object secure. They continued my friends unto the end. And the mothers and children in W. had rest and profited from it.



CHAPTER III.

REVIVAL AT BLACK RUN CHAPEL. UNIVERSALISM. PREDESTINATION.

I have mentioned that I was in the habit of lecturing and preaching in the surrounding country. Revivals of religion took place in every neighborhood in which temperance was received with favor. I had lectured at Black Run Chapel with great success. I was solicited to preach to them. Having occasion to pass by that way on a week day, I agreed to preach for them, if they could meet me by 9 o'clock A. M. When I arrived, I found a large audience awaiting me. My text was, "Strive to enter in." My subject, difficulties in the way of being saved. My audience was not very attentive. Yawning, gazing about, and a general restlessness pervaded the assemblage. I thought of Leigh Richmond's experiment, under similar circumstances, when he exclaimed, "A man is to be hung at Tyburn!" So I pulled out a tract I had, and said, "I have here a paper, that may, or may not, be interesting to you. Shall I read it?" Instantly all was eager attention. I then appealed to them. "See how easy it is to gain your attention about matters of comparatively little interest, and how hard it is to get the hearing ear, while I am showing that this is a fearful impediment in the way of your salvation." From that to the end of my sermon, a more fixed attention was visible. But I did not see any unusual interest. The meeting was dismissed. The people retired from church, and went to their horses

to go home. Without any preconcerted action, they all hastily returned to their seats in the house. I could not imagine the cause of this strange procedure. I inquired, "What is the matter?" I received the question, "What must I do to be saved?" I found so many decided cases of conviction of sin, I determined to preach again, and took for my subject the experience of sinners, in the early stages of conviction for sin. I preached for nearly an hour, then dismissed the audience. The people would not leave. They seemed afraid to go, until they found peace in believing. I preached again, continuing the same subject. I again dismissed the people. Still they would not go. I told them the day was far spent. It would be dark before they got home. They had been since early morning without rest or refreshment. They needed both. Their nervous system was much excited already. It might become too much so. They had a great work before them. They needed the whole strength of a calm, collected mind, so that they could examine the great truths and principles taught them in the Bible, and upon the correct solution of which, their salvation depended. They had a work to do, in secret and alone with God. They must go home and do the work there. On my agreeing to meet them the next morning, they retired.

On the next day, some of them came seeing men as trees walking. I found many of them desirous of finding Jesus. They hated sin, and themselves for being sinners. They desired to be holy, but had no strength, no wisdom, nor righteousness. I preached to them, as to those whose convictions of sin, were leading to true repentance and conversion. I endeavored to show the sin and danger of

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delay and of unbelief, and the duty of coming at once, without money and without price, to Jesus, as the end of the law for righteousness. Four times that day, I preached to the people, who refused to go home, as they did all the day before. I agreed to meet them again the next day. It was one of the most awful days I ever knew. There was a silence not to be described. All seemed to be afraid to breathe, or to speak, or to move. The silent, streaming tears, and the heart that desired to cry out aloud for mercy, spoke only in groanings that could not be uttered. At this stage of the meeting a notoriously Heaven-daring sinner rode up, with the intention of disturbing and annoying the worship. I saw him ride up to a tree too far from the house to hear anything that was going on. He alighted from his horse and sat for awhile musing. Suddenly he arose and rushed as for his life towards the house. On entering it, he sat down on the end of a bench and burst into tears. I went to him and asked him, "What do you think of these things?" He replied, "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." He told me afterwards, that he came to the church for the purpose of disturbing the meeting; that in passing the building, there seemed to be such an unearthly silence in and around it, that it alarmed him. He rode off to the tree, under which I saw him alight. The silence seemed to him to deepen. He became much agitated. All his sins seemed to array themselves before him. He felt that he dare not stay where he was. He fled for his life to the church, dreading every step, that the earth would open and swallow him up. As he reached the door the text

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he repeated to me flashed across his mind. He received it, believed it, as the word and promise of God. He embraced it and rested upon it. From that day he became an humble follower of Jesus. There were two young persons, from a distance, who were compelled to return home that day. They believed in their hearts that Jesus was the Christ and desired to be buried with Him by baptism. The Pastor of the church, Rev. Robert Tate, was not present. He lived some distance away and did not even know of the continuance of the meeting. I had no doubt of my right to baptize, but thought it best to consult those members of the church session who were present. They unanimously agreed that none dare refuse water, that these might be baptized. Whereupon, in accordance with the divine precept, I bade them, "Arise and be baptized and wash away their sins, calling on the name of the Lord, Jesus." During this baptismal service, the solemnity of the scene, its deep interest, its melting softness and tenderness, its fearful stillness, while God, the Holy Ghost descended, breathed and abode upon the people, giving repentance, faith, love and joy unto Eternal Life, was felt and acknowledged to an extent seldom witnessed in the church. Truly, God was there in his presence, to bless and save. And it was fearful to be there with Him. On this, the third day, the people remained until the close of the day and then would not go until a promise was made to continue the services the next day.

During the third day, there was present a member of the church who was remarkable for swearing whenever he became excited, even if he were praying. Yet, when reminded of it, he seemed very penitent and mortified.

I hope that he was a good man and loved God. But I never could account for this singular habit. Seeing his sons and daughters weeping around him, as if the very fountain of tears were broken up, he came to me into the pulpit, and said "Mr Hunt, cannot you preach differently? for (with an oath) it is a shame to hurt their feelings so." All the time, the old man himself was weeping so abundantly that he could scarcely speak. On the fourth and last day, many found peace and much of the time was occupied with instructions suitable to such as had just resolved to take up their cross and follow Jesus. I was compelled to close these meetings, having appointments at Hopewell in the same county, commencing on Sunday. The meetings were continued here four days. I officiated four times a day here, making thirty-two addresses in eight days. In the beginning of my sermon at Hopewell, I undesignedly, created some excitement. Several of the congregation were Universalists. My text was, "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." Supposing that I intended a personal attack upon Universalists, several of them arose to leave the house. Perceiving the false impression they were under, I requested them to hear me for a minute. I told them I had not the most distant thought of the Universalist sect when I prepared my sermon. That I did not see any use in preaching against the Universalists until they denied more than the most of them did. They professed to believe the Bible. They admitted that men must believe, repent, obey or perish. Now I had rather urge them to believe on the Lord Jesus, to repent of their sins and to obey the law and Gospel, than to dispute with them on points on which we differed.

Had they repented? Were they obeying the Gospel? Did they believe on Jesus as the only Savior from sin? It pleased God to bless these personal inquiries. All who intended to leave remained, and most of them professed to be converted. One old man said to me, "what a fool I have been all my life! I know that the Bible says a man must repent, be born again, believe, cease from sinning and strive to enter in, deny himself, take up his cross and follow Jesus, or cannot be saved. Instead of doing these things, I have neglected them all my life. I mean to attend to them from day to day." He did so, and with several others of the same kind, became a member of the church. A very deep and powerful work was done at this meeting and the results are still manifested.

While on the results of my experience in reference to the subject of Universalism, I may not unprofitably record other things, occurring at other places on the same subject. I was once invited by a Universalist preacher to investigate in a friendly way, and in the presence of several of his friends, the subject of Universal Salvation. When we met at his office (he was a lawyer as well as preacher) he took up the Bible and said, "We will let this Book settle the differences between us. I replied, "Shut up that Book, until we ascertain what it is in which we differ. It may be only in our definition of terms. Perhaps if we agree in understanding each other's terms, we will be benefited by appealing to the Bible. But as it is, you may be looking into the Bible for texts to prove a definition that I do not admit to be correct, and it may be the same with me. Let us write down our definitions and stick to them, and in our answers to each other, use our definitions in the sense or meaning attached to them."

I told him the terms *Mercy* and *Justice* must necessarily occur in our investigation, and we had better define them first. He agreed to this, and I wrote several definitions, none of which satisfied him. After making many failures to satisfy himself, one of the lawyers present said, "You had as well give up ; you are whipt already. You cannot make a definition of Mercy or Justice that the Bible will sustain and at the same time prove the truth of Universalism." The investigation or discussion, did not go on. He abandoned preaching. I was told that he gave as a reason for so doing, that if Universalism were true, it needed no preacher ; if it were not true, he had already preached too much.

I was induced from reasons satisfactory to myself, to permit a Universalist to preach in my pulpit. Among those who heard him, was a man known for his honesty and purity of character, who had been cheated out of his fortune and reduced almost to poverty, by a man who had so managed as to live in safety from the law, in the luxurious enjoyment of property swindled out of this poor man. Almost every one in the audience knew the circumstances, condemned the rich rogue and sympathized with the honest sufferer. He was not in the habit of attending church, but curiosity brought him to hear the new preacher, who attempted to prove that there was no hell hereafter. The honest man was astonished at his doctrine and forgetting where he was, spoke out and said, "Sure enough ; there is no hell. He makes it plain that there is none." The preacher was much excited by this testimony to his powers, and increased his eloquence in urging forward proof that there could be no hell. His new convert again spoke. "There is no hell. I always

thought there was one before. Now, it is plain enough that there is none. But it is a grand mistake. There ought to be one. Poor as I am, I will head a subscription with one hundred dollars to build one, for —— (the man who had swindled him) must go there." The effect on the audience was overwhelming. All around cries of "Put me down for a hundred more," were heard. The meeting dismissed itself, and the preacher did not remain in town long enough to ascertain how the subscription succeeded.

I heard a Universalist minister say, that another minister of the same denomination "ought not to be recognized as a Christian nor to be fellowshipped as such, he was such a wicked man and did not preach the truth. I asked him what difference that made if there were no future rewards or punishments. He did not seem inclined to investigate the subject. But it seemed very clear to me, that if a man had all he desired here, was popular, well fed and clothed, fared sumptuously every day, was clothed in fine linen and did not cry in vain for the beggar's aid, nor the drop of water in the world to come, it would be difficult to see how he had any hell at all. Not long since, I met with a father, who told me that he was just returning from a Universalist college, in which he left his son. I said, "Do you wish your son to be indoctrinated in that belief?" "I do." "Then you will teach him that in all cases in which he can secure his highest gratification, and that of his friends, without offending God, he ought to do it?" "Certainly." "You will of course teach him that pain is to be avoided, suffering refused, pleasure and comfort to be secured, whenever these things can be done?" "Most

certainly.” “Then you will teach him to violate any moral precept when he desires to do so, to get drunk, gamble, swear, steal, commit adultery, or do anything else that will give him pleasure?” “No, no, he will get hell for it in this life.” “Then why not cut his throat and get out of it and go to Heaven? I think it is the only consistent course.” Wishing to avoid answering the question, he asked me if I did not teach, that however vile a man may be, he may die and go to Heaven. I told him, no; but that I taught that the vilest might repent and ought to do so; if he did repent and turn to God, God would forgive him and make him happy. Now suppose the man will not repent, but continues to love and to practice iniquity and to hate and to disobey God, will God forgive him? Again he avoided an answer, and asked, “Where is Hell?” I told him I did not know, and had no interest in making the inquiry. Once I was in a broad road that led to it; I had forsaken it and entered into a straight and narrow path that led to life. “Do you not believe that Jesus is the sinner’s friend and speaks the truth? Does he not tell us of the two roads or paths, and where they lead? Have you forsaken the one, and entered the other?” He became silent. I do not know what he now thinks of his doctrine. I believe the very best way to meet all error, is with its own inconsistency and contradictions. Take what a Universalist admits to be true, and force that truth upon him, and he cannot long defend the errors into which his system leads him. My experience is that all religious errors grow out of wrong views of the character of God, and the relations that sinful, free agents sustain towards him. There is only one God. He is perfect, and has only one character.

All of His works are perfect and are distinguished by certain marks. Describe anything that God has made by its character truly drawn, and all who have seen that work or thing, will know it and recognize it at once. But if wrong descriptions are given of it, it is evident that if any embrace them as true, they will differ with those who truly describe it. So it is of God. If wrong views are taken of God, and He is represented under those views, the exhibition is of a different being, or God, to those who regard the representation as not a true one, of the God they believe to be the true God. A belief in God, is the foundation of all religious belief. If that belief is wrong, then it is not a true religion. The Armenian rejects the Calvinistic creed, because, they say, it sets forth a God that is a tyrant. The Calvinists reject the Armenian creed, because, they say, it makes God ignorant, insufficient and useless. If these sects had the same view, they would agree in the same God. As it is, the God of the one is abhorrent to the other. It is not the same God. And this is true of all others who differ in fundamental views. The Atheist rejects all Gods, because he cannot receive as true the character that God claims. The Deist rejects the Bible, because of the character of the God in the Bible. It is also true, that there are many who reject the creeds of others, because they differ in reference to the character and relations of free agents. Indeed the evil heart of unbelief is the chief cause of men's difference on the subjects of religion, and of God. There is one way in which men might be made to agree in their definitions of God, and the duties he requires of free agents; viz. Obedience to the claims (commands) of God on these agents. Hereby all may

know the true character that God has given of himself. By performing the duties God has enjoined in relation to himself and to men, they will find that he has revealed nothing derogatory to His own character, nor injurious to the well being of his creatures.

In Wilmington, N. C., there were a number of persons who were skeptical on the subject of revealed religion. They attended my preaching, and were polite, friendly and generous to me. For their special benefit, I preached a series of discourses on the evidences of the truth of the Bible. To my mortification, my efforts to convince them, proved a failure. My feelings were not relieved by the fact that the writings of Chalmers, Alexander, and other eminent men, which they read at my request, had also failed to make them embrace the truth. I did not give them up, but I gave up my plan. I determined to strike at the root of all unbelief, a wicked man's corrupt heart, that did not like to retain the knowledge of God. As my friends expressed a willingness to be convinced, I urged them to test the truth, by endeavoring to comply with its injunction and requisitions. They did so, and soon found that all the difficulty grew out of their aversion to a Holy God. Several of them became entirely changed. I never knew this course to fail. A remarkable instance of its success occurred in Holidaysburg, Pa., during a revival there, in which I assisted brother McKinney, the pastor. A gentleman desired me to prove to him that there was a Jesus. He said he had heard He was an impostor and only a man; that He was the Son of God, and divine. He did not know who, or what he was. I told him I could not convince him. Indeed I did not believe that any man could con-

vince him. He seemed disappointed at this information, and asked what he must do. I told him the Bible said that Jesus Christ was a friend of sinners, that He loved them and was able and willing to teach them; that He promised to give wisdom and understanding to those who asked Him to do so; that without the teachings of the Holy Spirit, no man could believe; and that Jesus had promised to give the Holy Spirit to those who wished for it. I said, "Now go to Jesus, just as you have come to me, and tell Him as you have told me, all your doubts and difficulties. Then ask Him to help you. If He is, and is what the Bible claims for Him, the sinner's friend in time of need, He will satisfy you and remove your doubts. If He cannot do it, there is no Jesus." He left me in much anxiety. The next night he came again and wished me to prove to him that there was a Hell. He had heard there was no such thing. But if there was, and there were no Jesus to save him from it, he was lost forever. I told him I could not prove to him so as to satisfy him, that there was a Hell. I could tell him all that the Bible said about it. That he could do, as many others did, reject this evidence. But Jesus the sinner's friend could meet his case; and would, if he sincerely asked him to do it. He left me in great perplexity and sorrow. The next day he came, and said, "I have taken your advice. I went to Jesus. I told him that I knew nothing, believed nothing and asked Him to help me. How wonderful! How strange! My doubts are gone. I know whom I believe and he is precious. He can save from sin, He has saved me." Here is one of the great defects, in preaching philosophy, and rhetoric. The Bible is a common

sense book. The plan of salvation is a simple plan. Very much preaching is calculated if not intended to make God's revealed will profound, mysterious, incomprehensible, beyond the power of sinners to understand. It is true that the truths of the Bible are mysteries and were hidden mysteries until God revealed them to the simple, to make them wise unto eternal life. The greatest mystery of the Bible, is its simplicity. And he who can succeed in making sinners regard the truths of revelation as common sense realities, will be the most successful ambassador in persuading them to be reconciled to God. I have always found it so. And one great reason why so many *neglect* the great salvation, is, because it is to them shrouded in unfathomable mystery. Let them be brought to regard it as the wisdom of God, able to make the foolish wise, and they will be the more ready to feel that it is for them it is revealed. A real Jesus for real sinners. A Jesus in whom dwelleth the fullness of the Godhead bodily, pouring out of his fullness for the needy, unworthy, helpless, guilty, in all the sincerity of His truth and fervency of His love, is the truth that most deeply concerns the lost. They have nothing to do but to ascertain what God has said, believe it, and obey it. If John Newton had concerned himself with theories and arguments about the Holy Ghost instead of taking God at his word, asking him to bestow it and give it unto him, he would have perished in his sins. But he read, "If ye being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him." In his unbelief, in his sins, he resolved to test the truth of the declaration. He asked for the Spirit,

received it, and became an humble, consistent, bright witness to its truth. All unconverted sinners are ever ready to dispute about things that angels do not understand. When awakening from the sleep of death in sin, this disposition of inclination follows them. I always tremble, when an awakened rebel begins an argument, or seeks a controversy in the deep things of God. To indulge it, is only to divert the mind from the true issue, "what must I do?" To encourage it, is to turn away from the wisdom of God to that which is foolishness with Him. When one said to Dr. Nettleton, "I believe the doctrine of predestination is false," he did not argue, but replied, "You cannot be saved if it is not true." I was once greatly harassed by a man under conviction, urging me to make the doctrine of foreordination plain to him. I asked him what he had to do with it. He said he could not see how it was worth while to try to do anything in order to be saved, if that doctrine was true. I said, "What is the doctrine? That God, according to the wise and holy counsel of His own will, has for His own glory, from Eternity, foreordained that all things shall come to pass when they do, where they do, and as they do. Well, what difference does it make, if God has not done it? Did you ever hear of anything coming to pass when it did not, where it did not, and as it did not? Would you believe me if I said that?" "No, sir! But if God has foreordained that I should go to Heaven being a bad man, or to Hell being a good man, could I avoid my fate?" "Certainly not, if God so foreordained it. But has it ever come to pass that a good man went to Hell, and a bad man to Heaven? Has not God foreordained just the contrary? And does it not always so

come to pass? Did you ever know of just men or beings, condemning or punishing a man for what they knew he had not done, nor desired, nor intended to do? Has God ever done it?" "I think not." "Then are you doing what you know is right, obeying God, or are you doing what you love to do, living in sin? All that God requires of you, in order to be saved, is to do what he tells you is right. Are you doing this?" "I am unable to do it." "Why?" "Because I am a sinner." "But God has foreordained that his Son, Jesus, shall be the sinner's helper and strength; and that if you go to Him as a sinner, He will do for you all you need. He has foreordained that if you refuse this aid, or neglect it, He will punish you." He replied that he had been acting very foolishly, and left me under the resolution which I believe God enabled him to keep, that he would seek of God grace to pursue that course which God had ordained should lead to eternal life.

A gentleman, who for eighteen years had been in a distressing state of mind, so as seriously to affect his health, had been philosophizing on theological subjects, trying to study out the wisdom of God in requiring certain duties, and neglecting those duties because he could not see how God thought best to enjoin them. The duty of family prayers was one of them. He said he was strict in his walk, abstaining from all immorality, read his Bible, believed it, loved it, attended to secret prayer and would greatly love to join in the Holy Communion, if he only had evidence that God loved him. He had difficulties about establishing worship in his family, and could not and would not do it, because he could not understand, why, under his circumstances, it was neces-

sary. He admitted that the duty was required and was proper. But he could not see the reason of it in his case. I told him that as long as he felt wiser than God, or would not obey Him until he was as wise as He, he ought not to expect to have evidence that God did love him. God loved those who trusted in Him. Besides, he could not know the value of a family prayer, nor its wisdom, until he practiced it. He must learn its beauty, not by reasoning about it, but by doing it. He had thought much, reasoned much, read much, but done nothing. I said, "Now try the doing part, and see how it will turn out." I called his family together, read a chapter in the Bible, sang a hymn and rising and taking my leave, said, "There is your family. Here is the altar. Your Savior waits, and is ready to help you. Determine now, whether you will obey and be blessed." I tarried awhile, outside of the house. I heard him fall heavily on his knees and say, "God be merciful to me a sinner; Amen." It was his whole prayer. When I returned he was in raptures. He had believed in God and obeyed Him, and all his clouds and doubts were gone. I might have reasoned with him for a year, and left him feeling that he had triumphed, or that I had failed to convince him. He could not try God's simple plan in vain.

A young lady came to me in great distress, because she could not understand *how* to give her heart to Jesus. She said she was convinced that she was a sinner; that Jesus was able and willing to save her, if she would give Him her heart, but she did not know how it was done. I replied that I could not tell her how she was to do it; and I know of but one person that could tell her. "Who

is that?" "It is Jesus. Go to Him; tell Him what you have told me, and ask Him to show you how to give Him your heart." She hesitated, wished me to explain, reason about it. I said, I had done all I could do for her, and none but Jesus could help her. "Ask Him; He will do it." She retired. When I next saw her, her exclamation was, "Is it not wonderful? I went to Jesus, and while I was asking him to show me how to give Him my heart, He took it, and it shall be His, His only, and His forever." She died young, but while she lived it was to His glory, and when she died, she departed in the faith.

Among the first fruits of my ministry, was a gay, fashionable young lady. Her walk and conversation were as became the Gospel. Her influence in the circle in which she moved was great, because her conduct was consistent with her profession. She was distinguished for all that was lovely and of good report. But she was brought under a very dark cloud. Billows overwhelmed her. She ceased to attend on the means of grace and lived without hope, under the fearful impression that she had committed the unpardonable sin. Her health failed and her mind seemed to be yielding to the fearful impression that bore upon her. Her friends argued with her. She became worse. They gave her books to read. They did her no good. Alarmed on her account and knowing her confidence in me as her spiritual father, with her consent, they requested me to visit her. I went as soon as I could. She was expecting me, and when I arrived, ran down the avenue to meet me. Her salutation was, "I am the most wretched being living. I have no hope! I am lost forever!" I took no notice of her dis-

tress, but said, "I have traveled all night in the stage. I am very hungry; I have not had my breakfast. Go order it for me. When I have rested, we will have a good talk together." She not only ordered but superintended the preparation of the meal. My object was, to call her mind from the excitement under which it was laboring from meeting with me, by employing it on the subject of my comfort. After breakfast, she was more composed and I asked her to give me an account of the cause of her sufferings. Had she been guilty of any particular sins when her trials commenced? She had not, to her knowledge. It was on the Lord's Day. She had been to the Communion Table. To her, it was the banqueting house of her Lord, and the banner over her was Love. She returned to her home, her Savior's presence with her. The day closed, but the brightness, the fullness of love did not leave her. On her bed she still rejoiced in her God and Redeemer. In this state of mind she asked herself, was she willing to die? She shrank back from the thought. The more she looked into the Valley of Death, the more dreadful its shadow appeared. The more she dwelt upon the subject, the less willing was she to die. Then came the temptation: If I were a Christian, would I be willing to die, or afraid of death? The conclusion was fearful. She had been deceived. Had not a living faith. Was dead while she had only a name to live. Had cried peace when God had not spoken peace! Hope, joy, peace fled from her. She gave up in despair. Her countenance showed that she was candid, earnest in her mournful exclamation, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me!" I laughed at her when she was done. She was horror struck. She said, "How can you laugh

when there is a perishing, despairing soul before you?" I replied, "I am laughing at your folly. Tell me, up to the time of your distress, did you ever ask God for grace to help in time of need and did not receive it." "No, never." "Were you dying, when you were so happy that night? Did you need dying grace? The promise is 'As your day is, so shall your strength be.' Because God did not give a grace you did not need, you turned from Him and accused Him of forsaking you. You needed living grace. You need it now. Go, ask for it and you will receive it. When you come to die, then ask for dying grace. 'Give us this day our daily bread.' Eat to-day and be full. Do not refuse to seek aid to eat to-day, because you do not know what to-morrow may need." A bright smile came on her face. A tear, it was the tear of joy, was in her eye. "I see it, I see it now," she said. "How foolish I have been. I will ask God to forgive me. I will try to live for Him every day, and trust Him in every time of need." She lived happily for many years afterwards. Her death was triumphant in Him who conquered death. I might have reasoned with her for months, and done her no good. Does any pastor remember ever reasoning a sin sick soul into life and peace? I directed her to the simple truth of her God. She tested it and found relief.

CHAPTER IV.

SLAVERY. INSURRECTIONS AT THE SOUTH. INCIDENTS.

URING my ministry in North Carolina, the subject of emancipating the slaves was freely investigated. The impression was very general that something ought to be done in reference to the removal of slavery from the country. Most professors of religion of all denominations felt a growing sense of responsibility on that subject. There were many difficulties on the subject, and no doubt, some were glad of it. For while they did not see how they could do it, they felt relieved in not attempting anything. Many, without doubt, would have cheerfully emancipated their slaves, if they could have seen that it would be for their good. But the habits of the slaves were so improvident and the prejudices against free negroes so great, that they dreaded the consequences and were unwilling to make the experiment. Very few denied that the slaves ought to be free. One wealthy gentleman told me that he was unwilling to examine the subject. He would not let his slaves go to Heaven, or to any other good place. He could not do without them for his own benefit, nor theirs. There were many who probably felt in the same way, though but few so openly expressed it. At this time free negroes voted in North Carolina, and held property, even in slaves. Lewis Sheridan, of Bladen County, had stores and lands and slaves. He also kept the only Hotel at Bladen Court House. The Judges and Lawyers, and all who traveled

that road, were his guests. At one of the Courts in Fayetteville, a free negro was condemned to the whipping post, a punishment inflicted, without reference to color, on all delinquents of a certain class of criminals. He had been a very active and influential partisan of the Judge who condemned him. As he was led out from the Court to receive his punishment, he turned an upbraiding look upon the Judge and said, "I helped elect you to the Assembly once; Look out, sir, if that is the way you reward your friends." If the election of Judges were made dependent upon popular votes, there would be some demand for more virtue and firmness in those who wear the ermine, than is sometimes found. Men who seek office, do not usually wish to be so remembered as to lose the vote of any. By the way, Judge Nash once said to me, "Mr. Hunt, if popularity seeks a man, it requires great grace from God to keep him pure; but if a man seeks popularity, I do not know that God has grace to save him."

Among those who were anxious to do something for the elevation of the slave and his preparation for freedom were many of the distinguished statesmen of North Carolina. One favorite plan was to establish a school in which such slave children as seemed to be of promise, might be educated. Such a school was actually in operation in Raleigh, and measures were on foot, to raise funds to make it permanent and efficient. Dr. Cortlandt Van Ransaeler, then laboring in Halifax, Virginia, entered heartily and generously into the plan. We had also in Wilmington a school for the colored children, taught by the ladies of the city. But about this time, people of the North began to move in their own way on the subject of

abolition. I did all I could to induce them to let the matter alone and let us manage that subject ourselves. The course pursued by many of the Abolitionists exceedingly irritated the public mind. All that was required to destroy the influence of any man South, was, to call him an Abolitionist. This cry was raised to some extent against all who were engaged in doing anything for the removal of slavery. The character of some of the publications sent South was well calculated to make the slave restive. This encouraged men of certain views to have our schools broken up, so that the negroes should not read these essays. One of the publications circulated among the slaves was "The Walker Pamphlet." I never read any better adapted to lead the slave to revolution and fiendishness. Such publications could not be suffered to be circulated with impunity. The lives and virtue of our children and females were at stake. Whatever sin there was in slavery, even sinners were not to be expected to have the door opened for the midnight assassin, and unrelenting avengers to enter and bathe their hands in the blood of their babes. Just about this time the Nat. Turner Insurrection took place. I was on a visit to Brunswick County, Virginia, at that time. I had retired very happy and contented, for I had that evening been assured of the love of one, who in a short time after became my wife. After I had fallen asleep, I was suddenly aroused by the brother of my intended, and in a very excited tone, requested by him, to get up and come down as quickly as possible. I felt very unpleasantly and disagreeably. I knew that there was not a very hearty approval of the contemplated union, and thought he had just heard through his wife of the engagement, and wished

to relieve his mind in relation to it. When I went down, I found him much agitated and distressed. He was Sergeant-Major of the Regiment, and had just received orders to muster in his men and lead them towards Southampton, where the negroes had made insurrection and were murdering the whites by wholesale. Strange as it may sound, I felt relieved for the moment, at the news. I, at that time, would sooner have fought Old Nat. Turner himself, than have a quarrel about her I loved. Her brother was in the condition of the rest of the whites. They knew not the extent of the rebellion, nor the moment when their wives and children might become victims of the negro wrath. Yet they must go and take with them their only defenders. It was a fearful state to be in. I felt happy beyond expression, that none of those who had been my slaves, were in the Union, to butcher the families of my friends, nor to be butchered themselves, for fighting for their own freedom. I was requested to remain until Mr. Feild returned. I soon ascertained that the danger for the present was over, and having business of importance, returned to Wilmington, N. C. All the way I found the country in a great state of alarm. Patrols dashing everywhere. Places of supposed safety crowded with women and children, and anxious forebodings were to be seen all around.

Apart from the distressing reality, many ludicrous things occurred. A wealthy old slaveholder and his aged wife resided some distance from the place of refuge. A young man volunteered to bring them in. The old man had just heard the news and had gone to the field where his slaves were at work, and asked them to protect him. Quitting their work, they brought with them their hoes

and spades and axes, and singing and shouting, they followed their master to the house. Just at this juncture, the young man rode in sight. Seeing the procession and hearing the shouts, he concluded that the negroes had commenced the attack on the family. In double quick he fled, and reported what he believed to be true, thus adding not a little to the alarm already existing. The next day a body of men ventured to ascertain the fate of the old people. On nearing the house with great caution, they saw the old man sitting on his porch and the old woman walking in the garden, safe and sound. Explanation made all plain, and the young man who spread the news, had to meet more than one round of ridicule from his friends. At a tavern a number of men were conversing about the rebellion. One of them boasted that with nothing but a cowhide he could whip a hundred negroes, and would not be afraid to meet that number. The next morning, being out in the field, he saw a couple of negroes coming down the river bank. Hastily he climbed up into a white holly tree and hid himself in its top. It was raining, the negroes came under the tree, not knowing he was in it. Providentially, they did not see him. They left and he came down in a hurry, crossed the river and hid himself in a hollow log, in which he was found toward night by some of his neighbors. He declared he was so scared, that if the negroes had looked up into the tree, he would have cut his throat, having his knife ready for that purpose. He has never been heard to boast much since.

For several days before Nat. Turner commenced operations, there was a most singular phenomena in the atmosphere. A peculiar yellow tint pervaded the air.

The shadow of everything was remarkably distinct and defined and partook of the hue of the atmosphere. It is said that Old Nat. took this as an indication that he should commence his work before the allotted time, and that other portions of the country were not apprised of the change and of course not prepared for the rising. If this be true, it is a remarkable instance of providential interference. In all the thoughtful, fears of a bloody termination of slavery were not unfrequent. But as the result has proved, it was not the will of God that slavery should thus be banished. Streams of blood have flowed through our land, but they were not to flow from the veins and hands of one section alone. Hundreds of thousands from every portion of our guilty country bled and died. A nation seldom sins by sections. In national sins, like those of our Union, there is no North, nor East, nor South, nor West. So the punishment for national sins is not inflicted on one portion alone, when all are partakers in the sin. In many things our whole nation offended God. And take what sin you will as the one crying loudest for punishment, you will find it very difficult to separate the righteous from the wicked in our land. Polygamy cannot exist among the Latter Day Saints any more than any other organized, permitted sins in the Union, without guilt resting upon those consenting to its existence. While the Pharisee thanked God that he had not sinned like other men, he had sinned differently from other men, and was sent away a greater sinner than those he condemned.

The providence of God in preventing and defeating all attempts at insurrection on the part of the slaves was remarkable. I remember when I was a child how the

“Gabriel Insurrection,” as it was called, was prevented in Richmond, Va. The plan was well devised and kept a profound secret from the whites. The negroes in the vicinity of Richmond were to come into the city at night, and at a preconcerted signal were to set the city on fire and the slaves were to massacre the whites, either in their houses or as they came out. On the success of the attack on Richmond depended the rising of the surrounding country. The day had arrived. Just at dark, a pet slave child came to his master, and asked him to give him a little gun, “just such a one as Bob has.” “What do you want with a little gun?” “To help shoot all the white folks to-night.” This remark led the gentleman to look for his pistols. They were gone. Under pretense of visiting a friend, he ordered his horse and fled to Richmond to give the alarm. Before reaching the city, a slave very much attached to his master, informed him of his imminent danger. The news soon spread and the soldiers were ordered out. At this juncture, there came up a furious storm. The rain descended in columns. The Chickahomony river overflowed its banks so that the negroes could not cross. The streets of Richmond were like cascades, the water so deep and rapid that even the cavalry could not get on. When the storm was over, the whites were thoroughly prepared; and the negroes did not make the attempt. Gabriel, the leader, eluded apprehension for a long time, but was caught and executed. There were several attempts at insurrection in Charleston, S. C., and other places. But none of them succeeded. It is a remarkable fact, that the negroes did not take advantage of the condition of their masters during the late Civil War. I am satisfied that they felt a

conviction that the whites at the North would emancipate them. While I was chaplain of the 178th Pennsylvania Regiment at Yorktown, Va., I was requested to ascertain the reason why the blacks would not enlist in the Union Army. There was a very intelligent preacher in the Contraband camp. I asked him, "Why is it that you negroes will not fight for your own liberty?" He replied, "The bone don't fight, but the dogs fight for the bone." "What do you mean?" "The colored folks am the bone, the North and South am the dogs. They are fighting for the nigger, and the North will whip and we will be free." That this was a general impression, I have no doubt. Whenever our army advanced, it was hailed by the negroes exclaiming, "You have come at last. We have been waiting long for you. Glory! Glory! You done come now, sure enough." They did not speak as though it was a new expectation; but one that they had long waited for, and surely expected would come.

When I arrived at Wilmington, the old ferryman who had always manifested great friendship for me, said, "I am sorry to see you come back, sir." I asked him why. He made no explanation, but merely repeated, "I am sorry, sir." It seems the question had been debated among them, whether, as I had emancipated my slaves, I ought to be slaughtered with the rest. The conclusion was that I was a white man and would sympathize with my race, and it was wise to make no exceptions. A good many were opposed, but the majority was in favor of no discrimination. I suppose that was why the ferryman was sorry to see me return. There was no great uneasiness in Wilmington. They thought, that as Nat. Turner's band had been defeated, the plan discovered, that the

danger was over. On Monday morning, I commenced visiting my people, going to the outskirts of the congregation first. I was just coming out of the yard of a family I had visited. In every direction I saw people running in alarm and terror. The father of the family I had just visited met me at the gate. Pale and agitated, he said, "Go, if you please, and tell my wife; I cannot do it; she will die." "Tell her what? What is the matter?" He did not stay to tell me, but hurried on. I saw a member of the volunteer company, running with Uniform on his arm, and his musket in his hand. I followed him, and when I reached the Market, I found a large gathering of citizens. An express had just arrived from South Washington, asking for men and ammunition. He stated that upwards of three thousand negroes were advancing from Duplin County on to Wilmington. That they were driving all before them and the Colonel had sent him for reinforcements. It had been supposed that the alarm in Duplin was over, as the leader had been killed in jail. But as the express seemed to tell the truth, it was determined to prepare for the emergency and send what reinforcement could be spared. But now came the tug. Many of the males of Wilmington were gone up to the mountains, or to the North for health and pleasure. There were not five hundred men of arms in the place, and they were not willing to leave their wives and children or parents. After some deliberation, it was determined to call for volunteers. Fifty-five were obtained, I among that number. We were mounted on all kinds of horses, from the dray to the saddle horse. We had all kinds of weapons. Some had rifles, some shot guns, some pistols, some swords and pistols. Away we dashed to the

rescue. A guard was placed at the Little Bridge near Wilmington. We hastened on to the bridge, over East Cape Fear and there waited the approach of the enemy. We sent out videttes, but they saw no one and heard nothing. Night was closing in. It was concluded that the enemy had changed their course and were marching down the other side of the river. So we were ordered back to Wilmington. It commenced to rain and was very dark. When we were going up in the morning, a mulatto, supposed to be on his way from Duplin to delay the attack, saw us. He hid in the woods. When he got to the Little Bridge, he could not pass the guard there. So he waited until we returned; and then coming up in the rear, right to the horses, he passed over the bridge with us, and made his escape. The guards saw him, for they had built a fire of pitch pine on the opposite side of the road from the old toll house, and could see all that passed. But they supposed that the slave was our prisoner and let him pass with us. The next day he was captured and told how he had passed the guard. He was severely punished to make him give information, but would not tell one word. He was finally released.

The night of our return was a most exciting one. The town was guarded on all sides, and patrols were kept up. In case of the approach of the enemy, the alarm was to be given at Mud Market by the rolling of the drum; and all the women and children were to go aboard vessels at the wharf. Late in the night some powder that had fallen from the horn of one of the guard, who had fallen asleep, caught fire. Suddenly alarmed by the explosion, he ran to the drum and beat the alarm thinking the enemy was upon him. Before the mistake could be rectified, the

whole town was in an uproar. Women and children running and screaming, nobody waiting for anybody. The most terrific thunder storm was raging, the rain coming down in torrents, and except when the vivid lightning gave light, all as dark as could be conceived. The troops turned out. A small company of boys were among the first to be at rendezvous. Many females manifested a bravery which Joan of Arc could not excel. But no enemy came. None had even started. When the news of a threatened attack by the slaves of Duplin County reached South Washington, as a matter of precaution the whites gathered together at that place. Videttes were placed on the road leading to Duplin with orders to fire their guns and thus give notice of the approach of the enemy. A man living on the other side of the Black River had gone out with his wagon and three pair of oxen, to bring in a load of shingles. His wife hearing of the alarm, hastened to inform him of the threatened danger. Off they started with the wagon and oxen. As they approached the river, the oxen and wagon made a thundering noise over the numerous little bridges on the lowland, the man and his wife hallooing to the oxen to quicken their speed. One of the videttes near the bridge, hearing the noise, supposed it the negroes coming, fired his gun and the whole line followed his example, and all took to their heels, fear giving swiftness to their feet and strength to their imagination. By the time they reached South Washington they felt justified in reporting that they had seen at least three thousand negroes, had fired on them, but did not count the number of killed and wounded. There was a sufficient number killed, however, to stay the advance onward. They were coming, whooping and

yelling like devils. On this information, the Commander at Washington had sent an express to Wilmington with a verbal message for help. The messenger had made his own report of the state of things, and thus the alarm at Wilmington. A remarkable instance of the effect of fear occurred at South Washington. An old lady who for months had not walked across her yard, took to her heels and actually outran one of her grand-daughters, a sprightly, active girl.

The whites at Wilmington determined to make an example of such negroes as were thought to be ring-leaders. Several were tried and hung. One of them, a very old man, denied his guilt and said, "Do you think we niggers fool enough to fight white folks, with nothing but our fists?" Several more were put on trial. Among them the old ferryman who was sorry to see me come back. But the owners of the slaves became alarmed at the prospect of losing their property. The State paid for all slaves executed by law, except those convicted of insurrection. They employed lawyers to defend the negroes. The evidence, while it was convincing to those who heard it, was not so according to law. When it was seen that the prisoners would be cleared, a number of citizens resolved to take the matter into their own hands, as a vigilance committee. They were, however, persuaded to let the sheriff take them to jail, to which place they were remanded by the court. Early next morning, the committee took the prisoners by force out of the jail, and shot them. I am told that one of them as he was about to be shot, opened his breast and said, "Fire away! There will be enough left after we are gone, to fix you!" They were decapitated and their heads fixed on poles, and paraded through the streets, and then set

up at the four points of the town. In a short time these events seemed to be forgotten, and the inhabitants appeared to feel as safe and as indifferent as though no slavery volcano was smothering under them. But during the excitement, many told me that sooner than pass through such scenes again, they would destroy every negro in the land. Indeed, there was some danger of this being done, not by the slaveholders themselves, but by the poor class of whites. They got tired of patrolling. Declared that they had no interest in slavery, and sooner than be compelled to keep watch over the negroes, and have their families in constant terror, they would make short work of it, by destroying the negroes at once. There can be no doubt of the fact that the negroes were encouraged by some whites to revolt. Many publications were found in their possession. None but those whose wives and children are exposed to a servile raid can understand the feelings of husbands and fathers in that condition. They are not governed so much by reason, as by feeling. And yet it is reasonable that they should be unwilling that those not immediately exposed to the danger, should meddle with the subject in any way; and regarded as their worst enemies such as encouraged and prompted the negroes to resist and destroy. The most intense feeling of bitterness and of hate was engendered against the Abolitionist, and as all disbelievers in slavery were considered Abolitionists, the whole population of the North became to be regarded as enemies to the South. How this subject of slavery was contested, agitated, until the results of a long, exhausting, bloody, civil war terminated in its extirpation, is known to all. Truly, God makes the wrath of man to praise him, without making that wrath sinful or holy.

CHAPTER V.

FIRST COLD WATER WEDDING. THRILLING INCIDENTS
IN WILMINGTON. BAPTISM. CHRISTIAN UNION.
VISIT TO NEW YORK. SERMON TO THE RICH IN
DR. M.'S CHURCH AND OTHER INCIDENTS IN NEW
YORK AND PHILADELPHIA. KEEPING THE SAB-
BATH. LABOR IN VICKSBURG AND NEW ORLEANS.
COUNTERFEITING AND LIQUOR SELLING. REMOVAL
TO THE NORTH. THE WINE QUESTION. OLD DOG.

IN October, 1832, I attended the first wedding I ever was at in which no intoxicating liquors of any kind were used. It was the happiest, most pleasant wedding I ever saw. It was my own. Ann Meade Feild, daughter of Dr. Richard Feild, of Hobson's, Brunswick, Va., consented that the Rev. Wm. S. Plumer, then of Petersburg, Va., should unite us in the bonds of matrimony. He did so. I always believed in the happiness of the married state. I have never changed my opinion. I returned with my bride to Wilmington, visiting my old friends at Raleigh. I would recommend every man to marry, and do it wisely. I had emancipated my slaves and was poor. My wife's father had to sell almost all of his property and she was poor. We determined to be contented. We tried to be godly. We have been as happy as most people. It is not good to be alone. And it is good to trust in the Lord and leave your ways to Him. The kindness of the people of Wilmington to my wife, and

the strong attachments and friendships she formed and won there, endeared my people to me more and more. I have mentioned an incident in reference to the "baby wakers" of that town, interrupting my first child. From careful observation, I had become satisfied that the indiscriminate use of stimulants at child birth was exceedingly injurious. As head of my family I determined to exercise my authority, and practically to oppose the universal custom. Perhaps more mothers and babes were injured from mistaken views of the value of distilled, fermented and malt liquors, than from any other cause. And in many cases, in which apparent benefit seemed to result to the mother, the infant imbibed a thirst for intoxicating drinks from its mother's breast. The testimony of very distinguished, non-drinking physicians, confirms my own observations on this subject. If the mother's milk cannot be made sufficiently abundant and nutritious by proper diet, it is much better for the babe to be fed from the milk of a healthy cow, or in any other proper way, than to drink the milk assimilated with the intoxicating and other injurious ingredients found in ardent spirits and malt liquors. I have observed that physicians who drink, are very apt to recommend the drunkard's drink to their patients. Usually it is best to give no medicine to babes. If the parents are healthy, the mother's diet proper, and the child well nursed, it will be seldom sick, and when sick, in most cases nature will cure it. All medicines containing alcohol and opium ought to be avoided, as far as practicable. It is surprising how soon the child begins to hanker after such things. At the birth of my third child, I secured a very faithful nurse, but she had been indoctrinated with the old ideas

of using paregoric, laudanum and camphor. She urged me to procure them for her, and insisted that the child could not be raised without them. I managed to put her off from time to time, but never got them. When she left us, she said she hated to part from the child, it was so little trouble and was doing so well. I put on a sad face, and asked her how long she expected the child would live. She was surprised at the question, and asked me why I asked it. I said, "Because, nurse, you are going away and do not let me know where you have left the paregoric and laudanum and camphor, without which you told me, the child could not be raised." She laughed heartily at my way of convincing her of her mistake, and left me under the promise not to rely on those remedies as she had done. The drunkard's drink may be given to such as are ready to perish. But when it ever saved the life of one, it has killed hundreds. And the world would be the gainer in population, if it suffered all to die who could only be saved by liquor, provided, no one else would use it.

In the summer of 1833 there was a distillery erected in Wilmington for the purpose of manufacturing Rum. It had not been in operation long before its effects were painfully visible.

We had a very large Temperance Society in Wilmington, which held monthly meetings and published all of its proceedings, in order to quiet the public mind, which seemed greatly to fear that the temperance men were seeking some baneful scheme against the liberties and property of society. It is surprising how jealous a people may become of their rights, when their wrongs are to be sought to be rectified. One man said to me,

“Sir, I will never join the Temperance Society. I have no idea of signing away my liberty.” Having business with him some time after, I found him in the jail for offenses committed while he was drunk. He admitted that men could throw away their liberty in more ways than one. To prevent all grounds for misapprehension the society of Wilmington determined, as I have said, to publish everything that occurred at its meetings. One evening Dr. Hart, the secretary, being absent, I was requested to act as clerk pro tem. A communication was addressed to the society, that was read, recorded and published. It stated that several drunkards had recently died and left their families dependent on the county. And that there were thirty-eight more following in their footsteps, who unless something was done to save them would soon die and leave destitute and dependent families. This letter was published with the rest of the proceedings. It produced a perfect furore among the liquor men. Every man who began to suspect that the habit of drinking was increasing on him, took it to be a personal allusion to himself. Articles were published threatening to burn down the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches, if they permitted any more meetings to be held in them. Placards were posted, calling a public meeting under the Court House, to take measures to bestow on me a “Leather Medal” i. e.: “a cowhiding.” Being somewhat interested in that meeting, I determined to attend it. I begged leave to address it, and without waiting for leave to be granted, I said, “I understand the object of this meeting is to give me ‘a cowhiding.’ As there are some difficulties in the way of carrying the measure into effect, I thought I would come to your aid. The thing is easy enough to

do, provided you get the right man to do it. If there is any one who has paid all of his debts, and provided for his family and is ready to die, let him come forward and cowhide me. I am but a weakly cripple. But if any owe money and has not provided for his family and is not ready to die, he had better not undertake the job." One by one the crowd left, and I returned home unharmed. A day or so after, I met one of the gang, and he asked me, "Did you have Root's pistols with you, at the Court House? I thought you had, and knew that you would shoot the first fellow that approached you. I did not know which way the shot might come and got away while times were good." I was amused at his frankness. The fact was, I did not take any weapon with me. I was satisfied that a bold front would defend me from attack, unless it could be made when it was thought I was unprepared for it. Without deserving it, I had earned a reputation for coolness and firmness while I was volunteer in the South Wilmington raid; and it was the general impression that it was not a profitable undertaking to attack me.

The next Sunday night, a meeting of the glorious "Thirty-Eight," as the offended party called themselves, was held at a tavern nearly opposite my church. The evening was spent in boisterous riot and drunkenness. On the following Saturday, one of the members died of delirium tremens, and was buried on Sunday. Another drunkard, but not of their company, also died on Saturday and was buried on Sunday. Another Sunday night of revel was spent at the same tavern. On Thursday, one of the company was seized with delirium tremens. On Friday night he was so alarmingly furious, that all of his

drinking friends left him. He then sent for me. It was one of those fearfully dark, stormy nights, that are met with in the Cape Fear region. My friends advised me not to go, fearing it was a plan to get me and injure me while the streets were empty. I felt that if I were really wanted, I ought to go, and that if it were a plan to injure me, I had a Protector, one who would take care of me, in whom I could trust, so I went. I found the poor fellow in a fearful state. He begged me to pray for him. I told him I would pray with him after a while. But that he needed something else then. So I administered medicine to compose his nerves, and get him to sleep. After several hours, he fell into a doze. I ventured to leave him with his wife and female servant, while I went into an adjoining room to take a cup of tea. While thus employed, I heard a scream in his room. I ran in and found him furious, holding his wife by the throat, her face blackening, her eyes bloodshot and her tongue rolling out. I tried to loosen his hold, and had finally to knock him down before I could do it. I got him on the bed again and continued to use remedies with him, until the paroxysm passed off. He then became calm and collected. He deeply deplored and lamented his past course, entreated me to pray with him, begged his wife and children to forgive him, and plead for life that he might prove his sincerity. As I was compelled to go home to rest, I took leave of him. Before going he made me promise to attend his funeral, and to deliver his dying warning to his drinking friends. He said, "None of them come near me now. They are afraid to see how hard the sinner dies. But they will come all of them to my burial. Do beg and urge them to take warning lest

they too come to the same end." He died that (Saturday) afternoon. Among the last things he said, he pressed his wife to remind me of my promise to warn his companions at his funeral, to forsake the intoxicating ruin. We buried him on Sunday. There was but little sickness and no deaths except these drunkards in Wilmington at that time. A large crowd attended. I endeavored to discharge my duty faithfully, fearlessly and tenderly. The effect seemed to be deep. On the way to the grave, the fact of the drunkard's dying on Saturday and being buried on Sunday, was talked about among some of the drinking men. One said, "I wonder who of us will die next, and give old Hunt a chance of making another temperance sermon." His companion laughingly replied, "I will agree to die next Saturday, provided you will follow suit and die the Saturday following." His companion laughingly agreed to do so. From the grave, the drinkers returned to a tavern. The evening was spent in one of the most remarkable outpourings of wickedness, ever known in that county. Ridicule of sacred things, all manner of profanity and blasphemy, obscenity, lewd jesting and songs abounded. When everything else grew tame, they resolved to celebrate "The Last Supper" and did so, amidst the sinful mirth. During these scenes the subject of the drunkard's death came up. One or two said it mattered not how men lived or died. There was no existence beyond the grave. Three of them made a bargain, that the one who died first should come back for the living, provided there was a future existence. During the horrid bacchanalian, one reminded another that he had volunteered on the way to the graveyard, to die the next Saturday, and asked

if he would stand to it. He answered "Yes, if you will stick to your part of the condition and die the Saturday following." He agreed to do so. In flowing bumpers they pledged themselves to die. The company applauded and followed with the toast, "A glorious resurrection to all drunkards and damnation to the temperance humbug." The meeting at last separated. On the next Saturday, the man who had volunteered to die on that day, died of *Mania a Potu*. He thought that he was riding a race with the devil to Hell, and died waving his hand like a jockey and exclaiming, "Hurrah! I have won!" He was buried on Sunday, Dr. Capers of the Methodist Church, officiating. When the one who had volunteered to follow him, heard of his death, he took to his bed from fright. Proper medical aid was employed and he partially recovered. On the Saturday morning, on which he had agreed to die, he was at the Market House, purchasing provisions. Some one said to him, "What are you doing here? Had you not better go home? Do you not know that this is the day you agreed to die?" He replied, "It may be fun for you, but it is not for me. St. G. was only joking, as I was. But he is dead. Oh! I would give all I am worth if I could live the day out?" He went home, put on his uniform, cleaned up his musket, stretched himself out on his bed, and gradually sank from fear into the sleep of death. No remedy could rouse him. He was buried on Sunday. One of the men who had agreed to come for the living if he died first, was a lawyer of good mind and attainments. His drinking habits, however, made and kept him poor and wretched. He finally died of delirium tremens. I was with him part of the time. The two with whom he made the agree-

ment, had died. He imagined they had come for him. In the most piteous tones, he would plead with them to wait a while longer. Then in hideous howls, he would exclaim, "They will not let me stay! Drive them away!" For hours he thus suffered. At last he turned his face to the wall for a while; then turning over, he said, "It is of no use. They have come for me and I must go." A gasp or two, and all was over for time with him.

These deaths produced a great consternation among the drunkards, and many left the place, feeling that God was dealing with them in His wrath. From all I can learn the most of those engaged in those scenes died miserable deaths. The president of "The Glorious Thirty-Eight," was at that time somewhat respectable. Some months after, he was missing. His body was found afterwards on the wharf, under an upturned canoe, into which he evidently must have crept and died. A few months after, the Synod of North Carolina met in Wilmington. I gave a detailed account of this remarkable transaction in open Synod. Nobody questioned its veracity. At the request of G. Smith of New York, I wrote an account of it, which he had published. After most of those on whose testimony most of the important facts could be verified, had disappeared, some liquor sellers tried to make the impression that the statement was not true. They did not call in question the main facts of the death and manner of dying, but some of the minutia of the details. I had taken the precaution, however, to procure the testimony of many, before any one questioned the consistency of the statement. I had these testimonies published and heard no more of the denial. It is possible that by the fact of "The Last Supper"

they only meant that that should be their last meeting. But the concomitants do not justify this interpretation. And how could the liquor men know what they meant? Be this as it may, the graves of these men are still in Wilmington, and the dates on their tomb-boards will tell when they died.

The Rev. Mr. Dodge, a Baptist minister, visited Wilmington to collect funds for a church edifice in Philadelphia. As his denomination had no minister nor building in Wilmington, I offered my church to him, and recommended his object to my people. He was popular, gentlemanly, and ardent in his manners. He remained with us some time. He was much pleased with his success in collecting money and with the treatment he received. On the morning of the day before he was to leave, he expressed great gratitude to me for what I had done for him and said he did not know how he could repay the debt unless it was by convincing me of a great error under which I was laboring. I told him that if I was in error on any subject, he could not do me a more acceptable favor than to convince me of it. I hoped that I loved the truth, and would follow it at any sacrifice. He said he had understood that that was my character, and that it made him the more anxious to convince me of my error. "What error?" "Why, you believe that sprinkling is baptism, and refuse to follow the example of Christ." "How will you convince me that I am wrong?" "Out of the Bible, for no man can read the Bible without being convinced that immersion is the only mode of baptism taught in it." I told him that I had come to a very different conclusion, and that I did not believe the Bible taught any such thing. But as I could conceive of no

earthly motive, why in this country, a man should prefer one denomination to any other, save that it came nearer to the truth than others, I would consent to be immersed if he would prove out of the Bible that he was right. He said he could do it and would, if I would consent to the examination. I told him I would do so, on condition that he write down every chapter and verse, on which he relied for proof and draw his inferences only from them, and I would do the same. He agreed to it, and we spent the whole day and evening, in search of the Bible use of the terms, Baptize and Baptism. At last he gave it up with the remark, "I have not convinced you, but you have silenced me." Sometime after, I got a letter from him requesting me to furnish him with the list of texts I had used. I told him that they were all in the Bible; that he could find them as I had done by looking for them. I have never seen him since, but understood that he gave up his immersion plan, and joined another denomination.

I called at a Baptist meeting in the neighborhood of Black River Chapel. The opinion is not uncommon among the Immersers that all the argument, and truth is so plainly on their side, that nothing but wilful blindness and interested motives keep other denominations from admitting it. My temperance reputation had made me quite a Magnus in that region. The Baptists thought they would invite me to preach on the Modes and Subjects of Baptism. They were certain that I would fail. And if the celebrated Hunt could say nothing in favor of "Baby Sprinkling," the people might be sure that nothing could be said. I agreed to preach, provided they would let me take my own time. It was agreed. I preached upwards

of two hours and a half. At the close of my efforts, I remarked that the laborer was worthy of his hire, and I claimed mine. I wished all who were satisfied that I had proved my views by the Bible to stand up, and that as many as believed in the Baptismal Covenant, as I had explained and defended it, and were willing to enter into it, would present themselves with their households and be baptized. Twelve heads of families did so, and a church was organized here, known on the minutes of the Fayetteville Presbytery as "Hunt's Church." I think afterwards called Williams. I was not invited by my Baptist brother "to repeat."

Since I resided in Pennsylvania, I was visiting a brother clergymen in New Jersey. He told me he was in perplexity. Two Evangelists of the Baptist persuasion, had proposed to hold a union meeting in his church. They were to control the meeting. If he refused to admit them, they would raise the cry of sectarian exclusiveness, and do great injury to the small village; but from what he had learned of the men they would use their position to proselyte, if he joined with them, greatly to the weakening of a body, scarcely able to stand as it was, undivided. I asked him to let me settle the matter for him. When the Evangelists called for an answer, I was present. They descanted quite fluently on the benefits of Christian Union, and on the evils of controversy. I offered them my hand and said, "If you really and truly desire Christian Union, I am your man, and will remain and labor with you. But to prevent any mistakes, we had better understand each other. In what character do you wish brother ——— and myself to labor with you? As ministers of the Gospel or laymen? As ministers, of course.

Very well, so far. I will then preach the first sermon on Repentance. How will that do? Good; the very thing. Then you shall preach, if any repent and believe, that they shall also be baptized. How will that do? The very thing itself. After being baptized, brother —— shall preach on the duty of partaking of the Lord's Supper? Certainly. That will be agreeable. Now will you let me or brother —— baptize the converts? Will you allow us to administer the Communion to them? Will you partake of it at our hands, or are we to receive it from yours? Certainly not, because you do not belong to the believer's Church. As long as you have been unbaptized, you are out of the church, and cannot hold office in it, and are not entitled to its privileges. "Well, what work do you wish us to do?" "Why preach or exhort, visit and converse with the people and pray." "Do you not allow laymen to do the same? It seems to me you deny our ministerial rights, and will not permit us to exercise them. We cannot unite with you, on such terms. Whenever you admit the validity of our office, and our right to exercise all of its functions equally with yourself, we will be willing to band with you, but not until then." They shortly after left the house and town. We heard no more of their union efforts, in which we were to do all the work and stand aside and let them do the feasting.

Christian Union is a duty from which no Christian Church can be excused. But it cannot exist when supremacy is claimed and exercised. I can and do love all who wear the likeness of the Saviour and who are engaged in the mission of His love. But I cannot co-operate with those whose object is to make proselytes to

things not essential to salvation and who excommunicate me, or deny my standing in the body of the Lord, because I do not embrace the non-essentials to which they attach such vital importance as to separate from that body, all who reject them. This is one reason why I love the Presbyterian church. It has its defects. But its relations to other denominations, in order to a complete co-operation with all who hold the truth that works to holiness, are indeed good.

In a social gathering of Christian friends of various denominations, in Bedford, Pa., during a revival there, in which I labored with brother Lynn, the subject of the Millennium was mentioned. I remarked that so far as the Presbyterian church was concerned, all it needed was greater holiness. It needed no change to be one with all denominations. This was not true of many other churches. I was asked to explain my meaning. "You are a Methodist; you an Episcopalian; you a Friend; you a Baptist. Can you not all be received into Christian Communion and be recognized as Christian Ministers, if you hold the truth in righteousness and walk worthy of your vocation?" "Yes. We know that you invite to your Communion and open your pulpits to such. And we admit that the Bible Society, Sunday Schools and Tract Societies owe their foundation very much to Presbyterian influence. In all these things so far as your church is concerned there need be no change." "Well now, how is it with the Methodist? How often can I enjoy the precious privileges of your church, your class meetings, your love feasts, your communions, without becoming a Methodist? How often will I be permitted to exercise my functions as a

minister in the Friends' church, the Episcopal church, without embracing their discipline. How can I join with the Baptists in the most tender and endearing ordinance of Christian Communion? Do you not see that before the Millennium, your churches must meet, according to your rules, and change and remove these impediments, while ours without any meeting, or change, is already prepared to follow the outpouring of the Holy Spirit and unite in acts of Christian labor, love and communion with all who truly love the Lord Jesus." It was admitted that there was truth in this statement, and no offense was given to any. What Christians need is more simplicity of object, an eye single to the glory of God, more love for those things that accompany salvation; more humility and meekness for themselves; more charity for others; more looking for the image of Christ and love for those who love Him. Give these things to the church and it will not be long divided in its efforts, nor separated in its communion. The minor things that now separate them may be retained and probably will be, until the end of time. But they need not, ought not, to interfere with Christian love. When I see a man deeply imbued with the Spirit of Christ, and baptized in His love and doing His will, how can I tell how deep he has been under the water, or how many drops were sprinkled upon him? When I hear him pouring out the prayer of faith and listen to him pleading with sinners to be reconciled to God, how can I tell what kind of hands were laid upon his head, whether those which claim to be attached to arms descended from the apostles, or those who claim authority derived from other sources? Practically leaving holiness out of the question, there should be no separate

influences in the church, so that Christians can compel the world to say, "Behold! how they love each other!" This love may even appear the stronger and brighter, while they differ sincerely on other points. "If ye love them which love you, what thank have ye? for sinners also do even the same." I doubt whether any great impression is made by the remark "How these Presbyterians love each other!" But when Presbyterians love other denominations and they love Presbyterians and show it by a union of love in works of love, Satan's kingdom is shaken to its very foundation. If the whole church were united in loving Presbyterianism, or any other ism that is entirely and zealously laboring for the peculiar, distinctive dogmas of a sect, the world would never be converted. And that is one reason why so little has been done for a dying world. Too much time, talent and tongue have been expended in fighting one another. Too much compassing of sea and land to make one proselyte, which too often leaves him as the proselytes of old were left, tenfold more the child of hell than before. Money, men, labor expended without stint for the sect, while sinners, if they will not be saved in it, must perish forever. Christ and His cross, held up as the first, the great object of love and of effort, must become the work of the church. And this work may be done in oneness, in unity of spirit, even while men may find it best for themselves to follow views that all cannot embrace, on the lighter subjects of a Christian faith.

Within the bounds of the large Presbytery of Fayetteville there was no suitable school, at which our children could receive an education that would fit them for college or for professional life. It was determined to

make an effort to establish one that would meet our necessities. Contributions were raised to some amount. Rev. Dr. Chester, of the Board of Education, was induced to visit us and lend his agency to this cause. Donaldson Academy, near Fayetteville, was then established. I undertook an agency for it. Rev. Dr. Henry A. Rowland, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Fayetteville, took a deep, active interest in it, as he did in every good thing. Before the work was completed, he removed to the Pearl Street Church, New York City. Through his influence, I was invited by many persons who had resided in the South, and who traded in that region, to visit that city. I had dressed in grey cloth during my agency in the summer. My clothes had become soiled and threadbare; and in spite of my wife's skill, to "make old clothes look almaist as good as new," they looked very shabby. I could refit more to my satisfaction in New York than I could in Wilmington. So off I went, with my old fur cap and Petersham overcoat, boots out at the toes and old greys that could not be improved by brushing. I expected to reach New York in time to get my new outfit before the Lord's day. But owing to the breaking down of stages, the grounding of steamboats, etc., I did not reach there until Saturday night. Brother Rowland had invited me to make his house my home. When I arrived, my whole appearance was so grotesque that he and his wife enjoyed a hearty, loud laugh at my expense. I was worn out, not having been to bed since Sunday night. One eye was red and swollen, my clothing not acceptable for some beggars. I begged for something to eat and a place to sleep. As soon as possible I was accommodated. It never takes me long to get asleep, but that night I was at

it in as short time as could be reckoned. I did not even take time to pray. Sleeping was the duty then. About ten o'clock brother Rowland came to my room and after calling and shaking, he succeeded in arousing me. He said he had good news for me, and could not wait until morning to tell me. I rolled over for another nap, telling him I would rather sleep just then, than to hear any kind of news. He insisted that I should hear it. Shortly after I had retired, he had received a request to exchange on Sunday with the Pastor of the old Cedar Street Church who said he was too unwell to prepare two discourses for his own pulpit, on the coming Sabbath. Brother R. was previously engaged, but informed him that I had just arrived, and would preach if invited, and guaranteed my standing. The Cedar Street Pastor immediately wrote me an invitation to preach, and said, he would call for me. Rowland had accepted the arrangement, and I was engaged. I remonstrated. I was not suitably clothed to go into the street, much less, to be conspicuous in a pulpit or church. I said, "You and your wife could not resist laughing at me. I cannot go." Brother R. insisted that I should. The Cedar Street Church was one of the wealthiest, most pious, liberal churches in the city. I might remain for months and not gain access to it. If I pleased them, as he was sure I would do, it would be the means of my being invited into other pulpits. It was a most marked providence, that I should be invited as I was. I would sin if I neglected it. At last I told him to go away and let me sleep and I would do as he wished. At the appointed time, Brother M. called for me. I was in the yard looking through smoked glass, at an eclipse of the sun, then taking place. One of my eyes was bunged

up from a cold and inadvertently, I had blackened the other with the smoked glass. I came in just as I was, old greys, fur cap, Petersham overcoat, and disfigured eyes. Brother M. was very particular in his dress. The finest of black cloth, cloak trimmed with velvet, silk cord and tassels, gold watch and chain, diamond breast pin, silk gloves, wristbands, all as bright and tidy as could be. He could not suppress his astonishment, by looks, at my appearance. He seemed to feel that he had been humbugged; and that it would not do to let me preach for him. Rowland saw his predicament and said in a voice loud enough for me to hear, "Never mind, Brother M. He is like a singed cat, and will do better than he looks." I enjoyed the thing and was careful not to give much expectation of satisfaction in my work. M. and I started for church, he, cogitating to find some plan by which he could get rid of me without being impolite, I, enjoying his perplexity. He said, "Brother Hunt you seem fatigued and exhausted. I am much better than I was yesterday. Had you not better wait and preach for me some other time?" Now I was under the impression that if I did not preach this time, the recollection of my appearance, in my old greys would make that *some other time* a long time off. So I said, "Never mind my fatigue. I have been in weariness often, but always try to comply with my promise." Presently he said to me, "I have a very refined people and wish you to make a good impression on them. Had you not better wait until you get your new clothes?" I told him, that I knew that in the time of the apostles, some were condemned for attaching too much importance to fine clothes and for making a difference in the churches on that account. But that it

made no difference with me. The clothes I had on were honestly paid for, and my preaching in them had been blessed. I did not fear preaching in them once more. Again he said, "I have a very intelligent congregation. Some of them bring their Greek and Hebrew Bibles with them." I replied, that I would take good care to enter into no doubtful criticisms, and hoped I could get along. Just before getting to the place of worship, I said, "Brother M., I have been thinking about what you have told me about your people. I am not accustomed to preach to such. I wish you would perform the introductory services. By that time I shall feel at ease, and if I am not confused in the commencement I shall make no great blunder to the end. He readily agreed to this, and again offered to do the preaching. "Never mind," I replied, "I have promised to preach for you, and will do it." On entering the church, I took hold of his arm and marched down the aisle with him. There was a general titter and smile as we passed and I could hear some say, "Who is that that Mr. M. has with him?" The place of worship was the lecture room of the old Brick Church, the Cedar Street congregation having sold out and were then erecting a new building on Duane street. There was no pulpit, but a desk, and a semi-circle surrounding it: The elders, Marcoe, Master and Hallstead, were seated within this circle. When I entered with Mr. M. there was some amused curiosity in their countenances. But all became settled as Mr. M. commenced and went on with the introductory services. When he had finished, I arose and took for my text, James V: 1, 2, 3. "Go to, now ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted and

your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you and shall eat your flesh as fire. Ye have heaped treasures together for the last days." On announcing this text, brother M. covered his head with his cloak and groaned aloud. But as I proceeded, he looked up and changed his seat so that he could see and hear me better. I told the congregation how it happened that I was invited to preach to them. I gave them a very brief statement of the condition of the South and why I had come to New York. I also stated that their minister had informed me of the wealth, piety, refinement and intelligence of my audience, and that had determined me to preach to them from the text selected. I knew that the rich very seldom heard the truth about themselves. Their enemies slandered them; their friends flattered them. And as this was my *first* opportunity and probably would be my last to speak to them, I had determined to give them the truth.

1. The weeping, howling of the rich was not for being rich. There is no sin in that. While it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God, it is not because they are rich, but, as the Saviour explained it, because they love, trust in riches; because they have heaped treasures for the last days, and desire to have them to spend on their lusts. Many a beggar's heart is as much set on riches as the rich man's, and they find it no easy matter to be saved. Indeed, as a general thing, there is a greater sin in being poor than in being rich for,

2. Poverty is generally the result of neglect and disobedience of God's law. For if a man will obey the

law of God and take it as his guide, he cannot fail to become rich. If a man is industrious, prudent, economical, liberal, as God commands all to be, he has God's promise of riches.

3. God commands men to provide for their own. The whole arrangement of the Gospel requires men to be rich; without human agency, as God has foreordained, the work of salvation or the charities of the Gospel cannot be carried on. The missionary work of the church, its ministry, its houses of worship, its schools, Bible societies, publications, charities to the poor, all require money, riches; and rich men are needed for these things. And God has promised that if His altar is loaded with the offerings required, He will open the windows of Heaven, and pour out blessings so abundantly that they cannot be measured. These blessings are evidently temporal, earthly, as well as spiritual. Let this be done with riches, and the superabundance may be expended in gratifying any lawful desire in dress, jewels, perfumes, houses, equipages and the fine arts as the possessor sees fit he can enjoy without sin.

4. But the trouble arises from the fact of storing away, not using for themselves, nor suffering others to use, the abundance that God has given. And the burning, eating up of the flesh as fire, arises from the lying, and being convicted of it by the stores uselessly on hand. You know a man's face burns when he blushes. So intense will be the conviction of the false representations that are made by the rich of the means and ability given by God to them, that they will feel as though they were consuming away with fire.

5. Your garments are moth-eaten. You had more expended uselessly on clothes, than you could use. Yet sent the naked poor away, pretending that that you would gladly clothe them if you could. Old Dorcas did not weep and howl, for the poor held up around her death-bed the garments she had given them.

6. Your riches are corrupt. More money is extravagantly spent for luxuries and wasted in necessities, than would feed many starving children who are sent hungry from your doors, with your regrets, that you cannot enjoy the pleasure of relieving them.

7. Your gold and silver are cankered. You have more laid up in store than you will, or can use, or that will do your children any good, which they cannot use (aright) and usually consume on their lusts, and yet you are very sorry that you cannot give more to help on the work of the Lord !

Oh ! what lying, downright lying, many rich persons are guilty of, and that too unto the Lord, and about Him ! You are very sorry you cannot give fifty dollars. You are called upon so often and your family expenses are so great that you cannot afford it without serious injury. If you cannot, you ought not. For we are to give only as God has given, only as He has prospered us. A man is accepted according to that which he hath and not according to that which he hath not. But see ! A horse worth two hundred dollars dies. Another is bought for three hundred. The carriage is unsuitable. It is exchanged at one or two hundred dollars advance. A house is burnt down ; another is built up at a greater cost than the first. A debtor absconds, thousands in debt ; yet business goes on, credit is not affected, the family enjoys

itself as well as ever, and the loss is not felt, and soon forgotten ! I once solicited twenty-five bushels of corn from a rich planter, an elder in the church. He approved highly of my object, but regretted that justice to his creditors and his family forbade his giving. Shortly after, a freshet swept away thousands of bushels from him. When I met with him I offered him ten dollars, remarking that I could give him more, but thought that I had done my share. He looked surprised and asked what it was for. I told him that from information I had received, from a gentleman whose word he would not like to hear disputed, that his credit was seriously injured, and his family likely to suffer, and thought in such a case I ought to aid him. He was very angry. Wanted to know who dared to slander him so. His credit was good, and his family wanted for nothing. I said, "Have you not lost a large amount of corn?" "Yes; but I am able to pay all my debts, and I have old corn enough to last until another crop. Who told you that tale?" "You did yourself, for when I asked you for twenty-five bushels, you said you would love to give it, but justice to your creditors and family would not permit it. If parting from twenty-five would thus affect you, surely the loss of hundreds would do the same." He plead guilty to the charge, made a liberal donation in money, and I trust, has not had "burning" since. I saw as I came to this city an advertisement, calling a meeting of the ladies, to provide fuel for the poor. No doubt, the ladies would love to do all they can to supply this want. I made a calculation that if the ladies would be content with the shape and bones and muscles that a wise Creator had given them, and abandon their corsets and bustles, they

would not only have finer health, both for themselves and their children, but would be able to make many a poor widow's kettle sing for joy. The heathen mothers are still offering in sacrifice to their gods their precious infants. To stop this fiendish practice and teach their mothers how to bring their children to Jesus that he may bless them, is a delightful Christianity. No doubt every lady would do all she could to do so. But they have given all they can, and do not feel able to do any more. Well, let us see. I believe there is no virtue in being unfashionable, nor sin in following the fashions, provided they conform to health and virtue and do not consume the means God has given for other purposes. Last year all the ladies were in the fashion. It then took only a little over a yard to make a pair of sleeves. Now it takes from three to four yards to do the same. If the difference were paid to the Missionary cause by the ladies in the United States, it would amount to millions of dollars; and all might be as fashionable as they are to-day, and not ask their husbands for one cent more than they now cheerfully give them. If hundreds and thousands of stocks and bonds could be secretly stolen from the rich, they would not find it out from any inability thereby resulting, to do all the good they now do, and live without diminution of luxury or comfort. Corrupt worm eaters, cankered, rusted, hoarded, heaped up riches for the last days, that do no good for God nor man, cause the weeping, howling and burning as with fire.

After the congregation was dismissed, one and another came to Mr. M. and said, "Here are fifty dollars." "Here are a hundred dollars for the causes you asked for last week. We did not tell the truth, nor make a fair

report of God's dealings with us. We said we would like to give, but were not able. Tell that preacher to call on us, and we will aid his school too. He has convinced us of our sin. We hope to repent and sin no more." A few such remarks caused Mr. M. from whom I had parted to come up to me and say, "Brother Hunt, will you preach for me again to-night?" "No, I thank you," I said, "You feel much better now and may preach for yourself." He laughed heartily at the hit. I preached for him every Thursday night while I remained there. The judgment will show the fruits. By the next Wednesday, I had been presented with a complete outfit, including a watch, and preached in my new gift the next Sunday. I do not think I did any better in the bran, span, new blacks than I did in the old greys. I also had sent me liberal sums for the Donaldson Academy from the same congregation, without making personal application to them.

I had letters of introduction to some wealthy bankers in New York. One of them made a dinner in honor to me, and invited several clergymen to meet me. After the cloth was removed, wines were brought on. Total abstinence was then no part of temperance. All seemed to be ready for a drink, when asked. I determined to hold my peace, if I were let alone. But I was soon requested to join in drinking "To the health of our hostess." I remarked that whenever I was convinced that my drinking would promote the health of the lady, I was at her service; but until then, I begged to be excused, as I drank wine only when I should commit sin by not doing so. This led to quite an investigation on the subject. I do not know that I made any converts. But no

cork was drawn, and the entertainment passed off very pleasantly. A beginning had been made and the way opened for total abstinence.

In collecting money for my school scheme, I called upon a gentleman who wished to get rid of the application, without refusing to give. He referred me to another merchant, offering to give me fifty dollars if I could induce him to subscribe anything. I told him, the gentleman was an entire stranger to me, and I did not call on such. He gave me a letter of introduction to him. When I reached his counting room, I found him surrounded by several of his friends. On handing him my letter of introduction, he read it with a smile and handed it to his friends, at the same time, introducing me as his friend, the Rev. Thomas P. Hunt, Agent, collecting funds for the Donaldson Academy, under the care of the Fayetteville Presbytery, North Carolina. I saw that fun was brewing, and that they calculated to have a high time of it, at my expense. He began, "I understand that you are collecting money and are a minister of the Gospel? Yes, sir. Well, you preach that men ought to give of what they have. If I were to ask any thing of you, you would have nothing to give but your blessing. If I refuse to take that, I would go without anything." "Yes, sir, if that was all I had to give." "Then sir, I deal in hardware, and have nothing else to give. Will you take this hammer?" handing a very fine one from his sample case. I took it, before he had time to draw back, thanked him for it, and got him to enter it on my book. There was a laugh, but not at me. I was treated very handsomely by all present. I did not care about the hammer; I had an eye on the fifty dollars, promised by the other merchant, and getting

it. On presenting the hammer, he paid the fifty; but laughed louder than did the party of hardware. It seems the hardware merchant was a generous, liberal, social man. He gave by hundreds and thousands to theatres, race courses, club rooms and such things; but would not give a cent to religious purposes. He said that those who professed to serve God were bound in consistency to pay liberally to benevolence. He made no such pretensions, but was serving the world and was willing to pay for it freely. The hammer was his first departure from his resolution. The news soon spread that ——— had given to a religious object. Next day, as I was passing down Wall Street, a gentleman addressed me, and asked me to walk in. Several of his friends were in his room. He asked to see my subscription book as he intended to subscribe. He gave me ten dollars. Looking over the book, he called to his friends, and said "Here is the hammer, as certain as pay day!" They enjoyed the joke, and many a dollar I got for the sight of that name.

On another occasion, I had good success, but in a somewhat different way. I met an agent for a university coming out of a counting room. He seemed to be much mortified and told me not to go in, unless I wished to be insulted. He said he had never met with such a man. He had actually ordered him out of his store. I determined to venture. When I entered, I saw that the merchant was very intent on his books, and seemed to be at a loss about something. I spoke to him and sat down and read the papers. After awhile he came to the fire to warm himself, and handed me a fifty dollar check, saying, "I heard you preach on Sunday and suppose from

what our pastor said you are engaged in a good cause. I have not time to examine into the numerous objects pressed upon me daily for aid. This morning a gentleman called and insisted that I should examine a scheme for a university for which he was collecting. I told him that it was of no interest to me whatever, and if it were, I was too busy at that time to attend to it. He still insisted, until I got angry and ordered him out of my room. The fact was, there was an error in my bank account and I had but little time to discover and correct it. My time was very valuable to me, and he would not let me alone. You came in, and seeing that I was busy, waited, without troubling me. My donation is as much on account of your common sense, as it is for your object, which I suppose no commonsense man would undertake, if it were not a good one. We parted, with an invitation on his part to me, to call again. The agent who had met with a rude rebuff was astonished at my success.

I was invited to a wedding in New York. The family was wealthy and stylish. I had never seen such a display of profusion in luxuries and apparel. I had no trouble in keeping wide-awake, and managed, as I supposed, to avoid observation while I avoided the wine cup. But I was mistaken. A gentleman who had heard of me at the dinner at which I refused to drink a health, determined to see how I would hold on to my principles. He informed the bridesmaids that I had been overlooked and had had no wine offered me. Soon they came (attended by a servant bearing a costly silver salver on which were superb cut-glass decanters and wine cups) and in the most winning manner invited me to drink a glass of wine with

them. I confess that it cost me an effort to refuse an invitation from such lips and hearts. But I did so, perhaps not in terms and manner as soft and gentle as the occasion required. One of the girls, with some appearance of wounded vanity, said, "Have you not gallantry enough to drink the bride and bridegroom's health with the bridesmaids?" I quickly replied, "It is not want of gallantry, but the reverse, that keeps me from it. If I were invited to drink by an arid, crabbed, unrefined set, perhaps I would drink. But I would hate to confess that the blood runs so coldly in my veins, as to require the drunkard's stimulant to make me cheerful, social and happy in the midst of the wit, youth, beauty and refined intelligence, by which I am now surrounded. And if there is a man who cannot enjoy himself here without liquor, the sooner he goes to the grogshop for his pleasure, the better. You may rely upon it, that he who will not render tribute to your fascinations without liquor, will, by and by, love his wine better than he does his wife." I gained a victory. No more wine was offered to me; and some of the cold-blooded soon left the house. I never could understand why people should feel the necessity of using intoxicating liquors, when all their surroundings were pleasant. Usually, at weddings, this is the case. I have heard of men taking liquor because their wives had ceased to be as lovely and attractive as they were during courtship. And cases not a few have occurred in which, if drinking will drown sorrow, the wife might be always drunk on account of the sad mistake of being made one with a liquor vessel instead of a man.

On my return home from New York to join my family, I lectured a night in Philadelphia. Some time

before this a call to the friends of temperance had been made in one of the towns of New Jersey, headed by the leading clergymen of the place. A wild young friend of Bacchus determined to play a trick on the meeting. He gathered a number of young men, good hands and throats at drinking, and explained to them his plan and they attended the meeting. A minister was elected president, and another clerk, all voting for them. A committee was appointed to prepare a constitution and by-laws. They reported among other articles, the old Ardent Spirit Pledge. Now commenced the fun. The young leader of the trick arose and said, "The object of our society is to do the greatest good to the greatest number. Very few men are able to get drunk and keep so only on ardent spirits. The mass can afford to use wine, and the rich men and their sons get drunk on wine. Let the few beggars who use nothing but whiskey go. Let us try to save the rich and educated. There is no danger of ministers getting drunk on ardent spirits. Noah and Lot got drunk on wine and so, it is said, did the Corinthian Christians. I prefer, therefore, that the pledge be amended, so as to prohibit wine and not exclude ardent spirits. A long debate ensued, in which ministers stood up for the use of wine. Cana of Galilee, Timothy's stomach, and Paul's advice to the Corinthians to drink at home, etc., etc., were dwelt upon with great critical skill and acumen. The question, as being put, was carried by the boys, in favor of forbidding wine and allowing the use of ardent spirits. The proceedings were ordered to be published and signed by the president and clerk. The wicked fellows enjoyed their ardent spirit rations by vote of the meeting and rejected the wine drinks as enemies to

the cause. The leader of this band had removed to Philadelphia before I arrived. Hearing of my lecture, he gathered several hundred of men of like mind, and brought them to the meeting, intending to overrule us, as he had done others. But he soon saw that I was laboring against drunkenness and every kind of drink that produced it. He spoke out and said, "I admire consistency. If you are going the whole figure, send me up your pledge and we will sign it." The list was returned with five hundred and fifty names, many of them hard cases. So far as I know, never did the same number of men hold on more faithfully to the end than did those. Those who knew George Seist, remember him as one of the warmest friends that the poor drunkard ever had. His purse, his time, his house, his heart were always open to the unfortunate inebriate. And many have called him blessed. He was the leader that broke up the meeting in New Jersey. I intended to have given reminiscences of many of my early acquaintances in the ministry and many of my first co-workers in the Temperance cause. But I found that I would have to write a Biographical Dictionary if I did. I wished to speak of many and had many things to say of Rev. John Marsh (with whom I became first acquainted in Philadelphia, at this time). His works on Temperance, especially as editor of the *Journal of the American Temperance Union*, do credit to himself and honor to the literature of the nation. But he has lived his own life and written it better than I could do. I always found him self-sacrificing, warm, zealous, prudent, persevering in the good cause.

The winter of 1835 was very severe. The night I lectured in Philadelphia all the rivers were frozen up, so

that we had to hire stage coaches to take us to Baltimore. The coach I was in contained nine passengers. One of them was a wealthy New York trader. He drank moderately. I begged him not to drink on the road, or, if he commenced, to take a bottle along. This he declined to do out of pride, as there was a lady with us. When we reached Harve De Grace, Md., there was no fire, nor supper, nor bartender to be found. All connected with this miserable house had gone off on a frolic. The New York man was nearly frozen. The stimulant had ceased to act, and the system was suffering from its effects. We had to wrap him up in our buffalo robes to keep him warm. Glad enough we were to get him alive to Baltimore. He promised to profit by my teaching and his experience. But whether to quit drinking, or take a bottle with him, I never learned.

The bay was covered with ice at Baltimore. We went on in coaches to Washington City. The Potomac River was tightly bound with ice. Many passengers waiting their turn to go South, in the only public land conveyance, a two horse mail wagon, carrying only four passengers. A friend from Fayetteville, N. C., and myself found that our turn came on the Lord's Day. We had been a long time separated from our families, and without much reflection concluded to take our seats on Sunday. I went up to the House to hear John Quincy Adams make his celebrated French War speech. After he concluded, there was a general gathering around him and shaking of hands and congratulations from all parties. War seemed inevitable. I began to think of its cause. Sin against God, national sins. But in this country there is no nation, but the people. Individual sins help to

make national ones. I began to examine myself. I thought among other things of my intended travel on the Lord's Day. I knew the Lord was jealous for his holy day, and punished severely its desecration. I became uneasy ; determined that I would give up my turn in the coach and wait for some other opportunity to go on. My friend was a pious man, and he consented to remain over Sabbath. The night we were to start, the coach upset and greatly injured all the passengers except one, and all were detained. Early Monday morning, I found a private carriage and as I was about hiring it to take us to Fredericksburg, the stage proprietor overhearing me, offered to take us in a four-horse coach. In it, we reached Fredericksburg as soon as the passengers who left on Sunday, and with sounder bones and limbs. My experience is strong that nothing is lost by keeping the Sabbath Day. I had occasion to go from Wheeling to New Orleans. I resolved that I would not travel on the Lord's Day if I could possibly avoid it. On going on board at Wheeling, Wednesday night, I made a bargain with the Captain to put me ashore on Saturday night, if we did not reach Cincinnati before Sunday. He laughed at the idea of not getting there before that time. The ice was running in the river and cut into his vessel so that he had to repair it. I lectured on Temperance and preached every day and night. The bar was closed and most of the crew and several of the passengers joined the Temperance cause. It was evident that we could not reach Cincinnati until Sunday night. I reminded the Captain of our bargain and insisted on being put ashore on Saturday night. There was another minister on the boat who tried to convince me that as I had paid my passage and started in sufficient

time to reach my journey's end, and nothing but the providence of God prevented my doing so, it would be right for me to go on. I told him "That Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." And that Jesus Christ was Lord of the Sabbath. He knew his providences and overruled them for good to such as trusted in Him. But I could not see where he allowed us to do any kind of labor on the Sabbath day because His providence prevented our doing it on the week days. He did not see it my way, nor I his. I determined to stop, he, to go on. The Captain was anxious that I should go on. He made generous offers. Would stop three times that I might preach to the men, and at last said, "Is it right to leave the men without preaching?" I told him Mr. ——— would preach for them. Forgetting himself, with an oath he said, "What, that man! Do you think we would hear him? He does not believe in Sunday." And yet he did not see the inconsistency of urging me to go contrary to my belief, nor of refusing to hear a man who believed as he did.

About 11 P. M. I was landed at Ripley, Ohio. It was very dark and there was no porter to take my baggage. I observed a gentlemanly man on the boat, who was rather reserved, but very polite, get off also at Ripley. I asked him if he would direct me to a hotel. He directed me to give my baggage to the man to whom he had entrusted his own and to follow him. He took me some distance from the river, to a large, fine house. On going to bed he informed me that it was his habit to have family prayers in which his boarders joined, and invited me to do so. In the morning I found his family and several young men assembled for prayers. I went to hear the Rev. Mr.

Rankin preach. After sermon I was introduced to him, and he invited me to dine with him and to preach for him that evening. I agreed to preach, but declined going home with him, as my landlady would be expecting me. "At what hotel are you stopping?" I pointed to the gentleman who introduced me, as my landlord. "Why he does not keep a hotel. He is one of my members and one of the wealthiest merchants in town. His clerks board with him." I was surprised, yet thankful, that the lines had fallen to me in such pleasant places. It was finally agreed that I should go with Mr. R. He was a kindhearted man, but an out-and-out abolitionist. He was in earnest and consistent with himself. I found a genuine son of the hated race in his family and at his table, treated as though he were a descendant from Adam. Brother R. did not set his heart on the varieties, nor luxuries of time. If he secured heavenly gifts in the same proportion that he neglected earthly goods, he was rich indeed. I tried to relish his cold pork and beans, but could not avoid thoughts of what they were eating at my rich landlord's table. I lectured Monday night, for which I received a donation of twenty dollars. My landlord, of course, did not charge me. I left Tuesday morning and arrived safely in Cincinnati, no loser by keeping the Sabbath. At Ripley there was an old woman who was devoted to Indian relics and kept a museum of them. She was famous for searching the Indian mounds and graves. I said to her jestingly, that she had better look out, for fear some Indian's ghost might catch her for disturbing their graves. Oh! how she would like it! If she could only get an Indian's ghost to put in her

museum! I left her meditating on the subject. I suppose by this time the old lady has seen a good many ghosts without having a museum for them.

I lectured several days in Cincinnati to crowds of men, women and children. Strong efforts were made to get up a riot against me. And one, whose position in the city required him to keep order, had a good deal to do with the agitation. I heard of the threatened uproar, and on the evening of the expected attack went alone to the steamboat landing and persuaded as many as I could, to go with me and to defend me from the land sharks. I succeeded in getting enough of those hardy, hard cases to make it uncomfortable and unpleasant for the liquor sellers to attack me. The meeting passed off well, and I was not troubled after that, in Cincinnati.

Leaving for Vicksburg, on Monday morning, I made a bargain with the captain to put me ashore if we did not reach our destination before Sunday. There was more than ample time to do so. The officers of the boat and most of the crew were joint owners of the vessel, and interested in the freight. If precaution could make safe traveling, there was no danger here. At the least appearance of a storm or a cloud at night, we were made fast to the shore, head up. Delayed by this precaution, we found ourselves at Memphis, Tenn., instead of Vicksburg, on Saturday night. I had preached and lectured every day. No gambling was allowed on the boat and no liquor sold at the bar, and none used except what was ordered at the table. The captain was a Universalist, who felt a little shy of hell in this life and thought it best to be as good as he could here. So we had arguments enough to convince us that we were both right in our own opinions,

however wrong we had convinced ourselves all others were. The captain seemed anxious that I should proceed with him. When he found me determined to stop, he offered to refund a part of my passage money. This I declined taking. We parted in friendship. I landed at a wharf-boat hotel at the bank. What a collection of men, gambling, drinking, swearing, I found there. I did not hesitate to give them good advice and soon had the satisfaction of clearing the saloon of the worst of them. Early the next morning, one of the elders of the Presbyterian church, hearing that a minister had stopped on the wharf-boat the night before, came to inquire about it. The keeper of the boat sent him to my cabin. He introduced himself and told me that as it was their Communion day and their minister was unexpectedly sick, he would be glad if I would preach for them, if I were a Presbyterian. On giving him my name, he knew who I was and told me that several of my old college Virginia friends lived in town. I preached and administered the Communion to the whites in the morning, and did the same for the blacks in the afternoon, and lectured on Temperance at night. I then went back to the boat, anxious to take the first boat passing down the river to Vicksburg. Just as I was getting into bed, a servant brought me a note containing twenty dollars, as an expression of obligation for my services. So I lost nothing by stopping over Sabbath and got to Vicksburg as soon as my cautious friends on the other boat.

At Vicksburg, my lectures were followed by marked effects and my preaching, especially to the young ladies in Rev. Mr. ———'s school, seemed to be blessed. The Mayor and many of the leading men took hold of the

subject of Temperance and enforced the laws which were very stringent against unlawful selling. This roused the gamblers and mobbers of that place against me. When I left Vicksburg, I traveled through the interior of the country by land, visiting Oakland College, Port Gibson, and returning to the river at Grand Gulf. I waited there for a boat to New Orleans, that would take me through during the week. None came until the next week, in which I could attain my object. I lectured and preached every day in Grand Gulf. On going to the boat for New Orleans, I met a young lawyer, the son of one of my old college friends. On being made known to him he said, "You are my father's friend and I have paid you no attention at all ——" "I will kill him. I will break every bone in his body! The scoundrel!" "What do you mean?" I asked. He ran into a store and bought me a fine Panama hat, saying my cap would be uncomfortable in New Orleans. He paid my passage and wished the captain to wait until he could go to his office to get some money to give me. But it was too late. I left him raging against somebody, I knew not whom nor for what.

On the passage to New Orleans, a gentleman widely known as an active, influential politician came aboard. He was a most profane swearer, interlining all of his sentences with fearful oaths. I sought an opportunity of conversing with him. I told him that I hoped he would excuse the liberty of my seeking of him information in reference to the education of his region of country. "Certainly." "Is it a part of education to make profane swearers of your children?" "No, sir." "May I then ask, where you were taught to swear? Did your

mother or wife teach you?" "My mother or wife! I would not let them know that I swore on any account." "Do you never swear within their hearing?" "I never swear in the presence of any one for whom I have respect." "Then, sir, I would like to know why you swear in my presence and that of those lady passengers. Have you no respect for us? God is ever present with you. Have you no respect for Him? You are ever present with yourself. Have you no regard for your own self respect?" He was silent for awhile, then thanked me for my reproof, invited me to visit him on my return and make his house my home. He swore no more during the voyage and spent much of his time with me. I tried to persuade him to become a Christian. It may have been bread cast on the waters; I know not.

After being in New Orleans long enough to make arrangements for lecturing, advertisements were sent to the papers announcing the time of my services. I soon received a polite invitation from the editors, for me to meet them at the office of the "Picayune." Reaching there they informed me that they could not publish the advertisements of my meeting. They advised me to leave the city as privately as I could, for as soon as it was known publicly that I was there, I would be mobbed. They did not wish it, but could not prevent it. I asked why. They asked me if I had seen the Vicksburg papers, and showed me one in which there was a certificate, sworn to by two men, that they had heard me say on board of the boat from Memphis to Vicksburg that my object in coming down to New Orleans was "to stir up an insurrection among the negroes." The editor of the paper in which the certificate appeared gave credit to it and de-

nounced me and warned the public against my movements. Unless I could disprove the statement, I could see the folly of my appearing before the public in New Orleans. I told them, situated as I was it was impossible for me to offer to prove a negative ; that I had no opportunity to cross-examine the authors of the libel, and while any man of common sense could see that I would probably have been lynched on the boat for making such a declaration, yet my escape from such punishment did not amount to proof of my innocence. While we were talking about it, the Vicksburg papers were brought into the office. In one of them was a furious, bitter, abusive attack made by my young friend Allen, of Grand Gulf, upon the editor, Hickey, of Vicksburg, for publishing the libel of two worthless gamblers against me. Allen had compelled the editor to admit the falsehood and apologize for the offense. All was right now, for Allen was known and respected in New Orleans. So my appointments were made, accompanied by highly complimentary remarks and warm commendation. I had a fine time of it in New Orleans. If I had gone on from Grand Gulf without regard to the Sabbath, I would not have seen Allan, and would have been before the public in New Orleans before the proof of my innocence reached there ! I lost nothing but gained a great deal by "Remembering the Sabbath Day, to keep it holy."

New Orleans, when I visited it in 1848, was the best policed city I ever visited. There was a great deal of open, licensed vice and a stranger saw it all. But after a certain hour of the night, all was still and quiet. A stranger was treated with great attention and respect. And I have never seen a place in which more marked and hon-

orable distinction was given to religious men, provided they were sincere and consistent. I could have spent my life there, very pleasantly. I remember with gratitude the attentions I received from Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholics. All seemed pleased to have an opportunity of rendering acts of kindness to me and to each other. I have departed somewhat from the chronology of events, in order to place under one head several providences, respecting the keeping of the Lord's Day. It is an important thing to keep before this Republic, that our safety as a free people depends upon our preserving the Sabbath Day. Religion that is practical demands a holy day of rest. Formalism and despotism may do without a holy day, as they do without a spiritual religion. But true religion and true liberty must have its day as God has provided, or all will soon be formalism and ritualism and despotism. The history of the world proves this. Violations of the Sabbath do not generally prosper and no true Republic is to be found, where men reject or neglect God's Holy Day. God honors men and nations who honor him.

On my return up the river I was invited to lecture on the boat by the passengers and officers. I commenced by taking the vote of my audience on the following points:

1. The object of all good government is the protection and security of the rights of all, every one who looks to it for security and defence.

2. The object of all penal laws should be to protect the honor and dignity of the government and not for revenge.

3. Penalties should be equal to the value of the right intended to be protected and should not be too mild nor too severe, but always in just proportion to the nature of the offence. It is unjust to punish a small offence with a severe penalty, or to punish a great crime with a small one.

The audience unanimously voted in favor of these propositions. I then stated that the counterfeiting of money and forgery were great crimes against the rights of society. They were felonies and punished by severe penalties, great fines and long imprisonment. This was just and right. No government has the right to punish men on account of their character, but only for their acts, as they injure the rights of others. It matters not whether a man's character is good or bad when put on trial. Unless he throw himself on his general reputation in defence, no one is permitted to bring it into question. The simple object of inquiry is: Has he violated, in the case as charged, any right of Society? If not, it matters not how worthless he may be, he is acquitted. If he is guilty, his previous good character will not save him. A good man has no right to do evil against his fellow man. I then called upon witnesses, if any were present, to say what great injury they had known personally, to result from the counterfeiting business. Did they know, had they ever seen impoverished families, beaten wives, starved children, ruined young men, disease, riot, suicide, murder, to result from the counterfeiter's business? Several had heard of some injury to the property of society but did not, of their own knowledge, know of any. I then called upon witnesses if any were present, to testify whether or not, they had any personal know-

ledge, such as was desired from what they had seen and heard with their own eyes and ears, of poverty, cruelty, neglect of families, crimes, and as associates, suicide, murder, riot, disease and death, lost reputation, etc., etc., to result from the Liquor Seller's business. Testimony came with a rush from all parts of the audience. Every one present had knowledge of the great injury done to parents, wives, children, to society in general, by the liquor business. I then took a vote on the following: Is it good government to punish counterfeiting by severe penalties and to license Liquor Sellers to carry on a business, that is known to do incalculably greater evils and wrongs to society than can possibly be done by counterfeiters and forgers: Ought not Liquor Sellers to receive the greater punishment? The vote was a loud Aye, that drowned the sound of the low pressure engine by which the boat was moved. After the lecture a gentleman pointed out a tall, fierce looking Kentuckian and told me to be on my guard against him, for he had heard him swear that he would shoot me, and had seen him go to his trunk and take out his pistol for that purpose. After all had retired to their cabins, someone knocked at my door, and said he wished to speak with me. I suspected it was the Kentuckian. On dressing, I opened the door. There stood my "Kentuck." He asked me to go forward with him. I did so. In great wrath he said, "You say that I am meaner than a counterfeiter." I replied, "I never knew you, nor said a word about you personally in my life." "Did you not say that Liquor Sellers ought to be punished more severely than counterfeiters?" "I did not vote on that question. My audience so decided." "Well, it is the same thing; your arguments made them

do it.” “No, it was the testimony given, and I gave none that made them do it.” “Yes, but you took the testimony.” “Well, what is that to you?” “I am a Liquor Seller.” “That alters the case somewhat. But do not get into a passion. Wait awhile and I will prove that I did you a great favor. In North Carolina horse thieves are hung. A man stole a horse there, and being hotly pursued, fled into Virginia and stole a horse at a Court House, the Court being in session. He was arrested by a bench warrant and immediately put on trial. He confessed his guilt. The Judge told him, if he preferred, he might plead “Not Guilty” and the Court would appoint some one to defend him. ‘Guilty, if you please, your Honor.’ Then said the Judge, ‘I send you to the Penitentiary for two years and a half.’ ‘Thanks your Honor, you have saved my life. I have stolen a horse in North Carolina; they are after me, and if I am caught I will be hung. They cannot catch me in the Penitentiary of Virginia.’ So, my good fellow, I can prove that liquor selling does as much harm as murdering, and ought to be punished accordingly.” He laughed and said, “It is no use in getting mad with you,” and left me. The next morning I went to pay my fare. I was told that it was paid. I insisted that I had not paid it. “Never mind; It is paid, and the man who threatened to shoot you last night had something to do with it.” So instead of being shot, I was rewarded for saving him from the gallows by sending him to the penitentiary.

On another occasion I was lecturing on the same subject in B., Penn’a. The meeting was most enthusiastic, and testimony and voting given with a will. A little boy, whose father was a liquor seller, attended the meeting.

The father would not go to hear the "old blackguard," not he. His son, on getting home, asked him if he would like to be a counterfeiter. "No. Why do you ask that foolish question?" "Would you like to be worse than a counterfeiter?" "What has got into the child? What do you mean?" "I have just been to the Temperance meeting. The people there all said that liquor selling did more harm to the property, peace, mind, soul and body, for time and for eternity, and proved it by witness, than counterfeiting. And they voted that the business that did the most harm ought to be the most punished." "Go to bed, you little rascal! What are we coming to? Here am I, a respectable man, following a lawful business, and these fanatics are teaching my children, that I ought to be sent to the penitentiary. I will sell out and leave the country. That old blackguard Hunt!" After awhile the father went to bed; but he could not sleep. He began to call up his customers and the ruined young men; the wretched wives and children; and mourning parents, living and dead, came at his call. He left his bed, went into his cellar and destroyed all the destroyers of his neighbors' peace and happiness he had there. He joined the blackguard fanatics in their efforts to make just laws that would protect all. On another occasion, the same lecture produced the same testimony and the same vote. A man who was recently from the State prison for counterfeiting, seeing a liquor seller near him, said, "I'll be hanged if I do not feel like a gentleman beside you!" The effect on the liquor seller was that he abandoned his business.

I reached A., Mass., one evening in time for supper, which I took at a boarding house, where several young

men boarded. Among them was a young lawyer, who was exhausting his legal knowledge and his eloquence in defending the liquor traffic and giving hard hits at temperance, intolerance and priestcraft. I remarked to him that I feared he had not examined the subject and that if he would attend my lecture, I would convince him, or any other man that liquor selling ought to be punished, either with imprisonment or the halter. He waxed warm against ultraism and said that Deacon —, one of the most pious, intelligent and consistent advocates of temperance, would not approve of such fanaticism, which was doing more injury to the temperance cause than all the liquor selling in the land. He offered to bet me one dollar that the deacon would vote against my views. I declined betting. He then said he would give me a dollar if I could get the deacon to vote with me. The meeting was crowded. The witnesses were called upon both sides, none of their own personal knowledge proving any injury to have resulted from counterfeiting, many testifying to abounding evils, known personally to result from liquor selling. The vote was taken, leaving the lawyer in a very attenuated minority. I inquired if the deacon were present and if so, how he voted. "I am here," he answered, "and vote with my whole mind against the liquor traffic, as being a worse, much greater offense than counterfeiting." I called upon the lawyer to walk up to the captain's office and settle his fare. He did so at once, and paid me the promised dollar amidst the loud laugh of those who had supped with us. There never was a more earth-cursing woe permitted to fall on suffering humanity than liquor selling. War, famine and pestilence are blessings compared with it and owe much

of their horrors to it. One cannot think of liquor selling without thoughts of wife whipping, child starving, alms houses, jail, gallows, graves and hell. All stand associated with this fearful evil. All nations endeavor to control it, but endeavor in vain. One might as well attempt to control a whirlwind by law, as to regulate liquor selling by license. There is no more reason why men should be permitted to sell liquor, than that they should be licensed to sell any other commodity or convenience that the vicious appetites of men may demand. The time will come when liquor selling will stand associated and condemned with the vilest pursuits of wicked men. I recommend the state prison first. If that will not do, then hanging. Fining does no good ; for liquor sellers can and do combine to pay the fine out of a common fund, and make more money from the false sympathy of their customers than the fine they pay. Take the penalty out of their bones, if you wish to put a stop to their ungodly gains and doings.

Shortly after reaching home, I was invited to remove to New York City to lecture on the subject of Temperance. My friends thought I ought to go, and I concluded to remove. It was a sore cross to leave my native land. I had been born in it and born anew in it. I had been raised and educated there. Those that I loved most among the living and among the dead were there. All of my early associates and associations were there. My love was there. I was, and am still justly proud of Old Virginia.

The land of presidents and the land of the first declaration of independence were mine. Every spot in it was dear to my soul. I had grown up with the desire

of doing all that I could to keep it great and glorious. I loved the ministers who had taught me, and the friends who had prayed for me, and those who in youth had aided in my young Christian life. Now, I must part from all and at an age, too, when new attachments grow slowly and new friendships would be hard to cultivate. And my wife, too, must be thrown into new and strange habits of living, and dwell among strangers. But then, as now, the United States was my country, too. I loved it then, as I do now. In serving it and promoting the good of one member, I was furthering the interests of the whole body. I had trusted God, and was not disappointed, in giving up my property for His glory. I could trust Him still, and had His promise that I should not suffer loss for giving up home and country and friends for His sake. So I broke away from all my heart's desires except to serve God, and went to New York, leaving my old, my widowed mother without any other child, and all, to God's covenant care.

Two wealthy gentlemen of New York, J. W. Leavitt and Danial Word, the first a Presbyterian, the other an Episcopalian, guaranteed my salary. R. M. Hartley, so well and deservedly honored in New York as the untiring judicious manager of all good causes, was secretary of the City Society and directed my movements. My labors were great in that city. No house could be found large enough for the people who attended. Broadway Tabernacle, the old Chatham Street Theatre (then Chapel) were not large enough for our audiences. Meetings were held in every part of the city and many of the first gentlemen and ladies then became warm, active, generous advocates of total abstinence. The dispute about the Bible warrant

for the use of intoxicating liquor, in one sense helped the drunkard maker's cause. In another sense it helped the truth. The young men who attended church in Brooklyn, but did business in New York, wished to hear me in Brooklyn. There was some difficulty in getting a church for me. Many ministers had preached against the doctrine of total abstinence. The young men threatened that if they could not hear both sides they would not come to church. At length one of the largest churches in Brooklyn was obtained. A crowd attended, including many ministers. The young men had furnished me with a brief of the arguments used against total abstinence. I replied to them :

1. Every creature of God is good and nothing is to be refused if it be received with thanksgiving. True ; every creature of God is good, when used for the purpose for which God gave it. Our Savior taught that it was not a good thing to give a scorpion for a fish nor a stone for bread. You read this passage at evening prayers. The chambermaid asks if ice is a good creature of God. You reply, "Yes." When you go to your bed, you find it covered with sheets of ice. You begin to scold your maid. She tells you of your evening explanation of the good creature, and bids you to receive the sheets of ice with thanksgiving. Or you read the same passage at morning prayers. Your nurse brings in a brick and a bunch of poisonous berries, and asks, are these good creatures? You reply, yes. In a short time your child is taken seriously ill. You inquire of the nurse what she had been giving to the child? Nothing but good creatures. It cried for the berries and I gave them to it, with the brick pounded up. Who would be the most to blame,

a credulous, ignorant servant, or the man who thus loosely interpreted the sacred word? Prove that intoxicating liquors under any name are beneficial and proper drinks for men in health, and that virtue and piety are promoted by their use, and you have proved that they are in that sense good creatures of God. But this cannot be done. Intoxicating wine has proved a curse, from its first use by Noah and Lot, down to the present day, and will continue to do so as long as men will use it in any case in which they can refrain from it without sin.

2. And wine that maketh glad the heart of man and oil to make his face to shine and bread which strengthened man's heart. Ps. 104: 15. Here wine that cheers is classed with other known blessings, oil and bread. It may be used with them, as they are. There is a wine that brings sorrow, that biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an asp, which we are warned not to *look* upon because it intoxicates. Now any wine that will cheer without bringing sorrow or without intoxicating is not included in the temperance pledge. The wine of Sodom and of Gomorrah certainly is no blessing, because it bites and stings, is the cruel poison of asps. A young lady, one of our converts, is engaged to be married to a Brooklyn preacher. He desires to have every blessing at the wedding. She is opposed to having intoxicating liquors of any kind. He appeals to this Psalm, in favor of the use of wine as a blessing. She says, "Yes, if it is not intoxicating wine." He answers, "The Bible says wine, and I am sure, wine is wine." Willing to oblige, she consents that wine shall be furnished. The happy hour arrives. The bridegroom goes for the bride. But he finds her face shining with rancid blubber oil. "What

does this mean?" he inquires. "You were anxious to have every blessing at our wedding. You chose the wine, I, the oil." "But you ought to have reflected that while there is a kind of oil beneficial to the skin, making the face to shine and not at all offensive, the kind you have used is injurious to health, as well as offensive. Why did you not get the other kind?" "You said that wine was wine and I said that oil is oil." Who would have the the better of the argument? I am certain that the minister would be indebted to his bride for a little common sense in interpreting the Bible hereafter.

3. But the early Christians used wine, and Paul tells us that the Corinthians were drunken, which could not have happened if the wines were unintoxicating. A man must be hard pushed when he slanders his fellow Christians in order to justify his drinking intoxicating wine. The Bible does not say that the Corinthians were intoxicated. Paul would not have directed them to go home, and do there what he reproved them for doing in the church, if they had been drunk; for then his advice would admit of drunkenness. The word translated *drunken* when put in opposition with emptiness, hunger, means satiety. One is hungry, the other satisfied, filled with sufficient quantity. No Greek scholar will deny this. The offense for which Paul reproved them was the paraded selfishness of their love feasts. If they desired such shows, have them at home and do not shame your poor brothers by reminding them of their poverty, and of your selfish, unchristian conduct. There is no proof here that either liquor or drunkenness were present.

4. But wine was ordained to be used in the Holy Supper. Wine as a generic term embraces the product of

the vine in all of its stages and formations and conditions. This cannot be denied. But it is remarkable that the word *wine* is not used in the New Testament, in reference to the Eucharist. The cup, the *new* fruit of the vine, drink it *new*, are the terms used. Why, if the wine of Sodom, the wine that moveth itself aright, that biteth and stingeth, that is, that maketh drunk, was to be used, was the term that embraces such wines, avoided? In the times of Joseph, the juice of the grape was freshly expressed into *the cup* and drank *new*, unfermented. And there is some reason to believe that this was the case at the first celebration of the Lord's Supper, from our Savior's expression, "I will not henceforth drink of *this fruit of the vine* until I drink it *new* with you, in my Father's Kingdom." It will be lawful then to use the fruit of the vine just expressed *new*, why not now? Be this as it may, total abstinence is lawful, for the Savior himself refused to drink wine when on the way to his last hour. When He drinks it again, it will be from the fruit of the vine, new. There are two kinds of *cups*, wines. One, the cup of the Lord, full of blessing, the other, the cup, wine, of devils, full of biting, stinging, cursing. "Ye cannot drink of the cup of the Lord and the cup of devils."

On the subject of the use of wine at the Eucharist, my mind is clear, and I think I have the mind of Christ, on it. My duty in reference to that feast of love's memory of my dying Lord is to examine *myself*, not *wines*. I therefore partake of what is set before me, taking it for granted that the proper officers of the church have done their duty in providing as the Lord has directed. I must confess, that often I have had reason to know that great neglect of duty in this respect was evident. I believe

that there can be no mixture of, nor substitute for water in the sacrament of Baptism. Milk, beer, brandy, other liquids will not answer. So I believe that the Lord has ordained that nothing but a liquid obtained from the fruit of the vine, and that without mixture from the juice of other fruits, or other material is to be used, as the emblem of His shed blood. Wine made of currants, or mixed with the product of the cane (sugar) or of corn, wheat, rye, apple, peach, or any other thing, is not lawful. I saw on one occasion, what was called wine used in communion, that did not contain one drop of the fruit of the vine. It was made of currants and brandy. On another, it was made of logwood, sugar of lead and whiskey. I believe that this is just as unlawful as it would be to baptize with whiskey, and far more injurious. The generic word for wine, that is for the liquid juice of the grape, in all of its stages and modifications, is not used by Christ nor the Apostles in reference to this ordinance. It is carefully avoided. Why? Because it was not intended that wine in all of its stages should be used. The wines of Sodom and Gomorrah, the poisonous, biting, stinging, drunk-making liquors, that were not for kings and princes nor priests to drink, nor lawful for any to look upon, that caused war and sorrow and babbling and wounds and deaths are not proper emblems of the life-giving, soul-cheering blood of the Lamb of God. When I was a settled pastor, I saw to it that as far as possible, that neither the mixed, counterfeit things, representing the pure fruit of the vine, nor the joy and rejoicing of the drunkard, should be used at the communion. As nigh as I could, I had furnished the fruit of the vine, liquid, unmixed, unadulterated and *new*. Why

should I not? Did not my Savior command the use of the fruit of the vine? Has He not promised to drink it *new* with me in His Father's Kingdom? At that table where no bishop will be admitted, who is given to wine, and no praise or song will be uttered from the influence of wine, wherein is excess, new wine, the fresh, unfermented juice of the grape, will be the cup of blessing used. Why should it not be now? It can always be obtained just as easily as water can, where the providence of God makes the use of either necessary in the holy ordinances. And he who ventures to refuse and abuse as "stuff and trash and wash," the fruit of the vine, new, must settle the consistency of his taste and appetite, with the acts and promises of Him, who is Lord of all. While I do not permit myself to contend for trifles, I do believe that it is trifling with God's word to contend for and to defend the use of the wines of commerce and of drunkenness, at the Lord's table.

5. "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess." Eph. 5:18. Does this not prohibit drunkenness, but not wine, if it is not used to excess? The heathen made themselves drunk, and in that state uttered their orgies. The Apostle warns against thus being indebted in any degree to wine, as the heathen were, for their religious feelings and utterances. "Be not drunk with wine wherein (in which wine?) is excess, but be filled with the Spirit (through its influence, not that of wine) speaking to yourselves in Psalms and Hymns and spiritual songs, etc." So far as the text applies to the question of wine, it prohibits its use on all such occasions. It can by no means, mean, use wine moderately, its excess only, is excess. For Peter I: 4:3-4 speaks of once walk-

ing in lasciviousness, lusts, excess of wine, revellings, banquetings and abominable idolatries, wherein they think it strange that ye run not with them, to the same *excess* of riot, speaking evil of you. The ground for evil speaking was not that Christians were moderate in the excess of these things ; but abstained entirely from them. Moderate in riot, abominable idolatry, excess of wine, lusts, banqueting, revellings ! ! What sort of moderate, very moderate Christians they would be !

6. But Paul directed Timothy to use a little wine for his stomach's sake and often infirmities. And he would have been right to have ordered strong drink, or laudanum or any other remedy, necessary to restore health. But would Paul order Timothy, a total abstinence man, to use laudanum or brandy or intoxicating liquors of any kind as a luxury in health ? It is absurd to think he would, and he did not. No one objects to any kind of prescription necessary to save life. But what kind of wine did Paul prescribe ? Certainly not every kind, for some of them suitable to one disease, are dangerous and injurious in others ; and none of them beneficial in health. If you are sick, find out what kind of wine Paul would prescribe for you and take it. But do not take that vile stuff called wine, concocted of drugs and poisons, or fermented, alcoholed, into the cup of devils, and as soon as you get well, let it alone. For Paul does not direct sound stomachs to run the risk of being ruined, as do all who use intoxicating liquor in health. Timothy's stomach, if he had been a wine bibber, would not have been greatly improved by *using a little* wine, as many wine drinkers could testify.

7. But the Savior made wine and authorized its use at the marriage at Cana of Galilee. Yes ; but what kind of wine did he make ? Certainly not some kinds that are spoken of as curses, poisons, venoms. The ruler of the feast said to the bridegroom, " Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine, and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse ; but thou hast kept the *good* wine until now." It was, and still is, the custom of wine growing countries, to begin their feasts with the best wines. Abundant evidence proves that the nearer the wine was free from affecting the head, (intoxicating,) the better it was considered. No man who regards his standing, furnishes heady, alcoholic wines to his guests or drinks them himself, in wine growing countries. Now if this were true at this marriage, the good wine offered last was better than the good wine used first, and was not intoxicating. There is no necessity that it should be so. And it curtails the force of the miracle, to insist that Jesus could not make a good wine, unless he made it more intoxicating than the first. Besides, is it reflecting honor on the Savior to say that after all intoxicating material was exhausted, and men had well drunk, he furnished a large supply of a more heady nature, and remained among wine bibbers, while they continued to drink ? I think not. The two wines were both good. One was better than the other. What made the first good ? It did not bite, sting, poison, or make drunk. The Bible forbids the looking on such wines. What made the second better than the first ? Because it had more alcohol in it ? No ; but because freed from poison, it cheered, without making drunk. Here is a miracle worth recording, showing forth the glory of Jesus. He

could out of water, make a wine that was delicious, nutritious, exhilarating, yet free from all noxious qualities. The most celebrated vintages aim to do the same now. The nearer they succeed, the greater their reputation. They have never entirely succeeded. Until they do, it is lawful not to drink of their experiments. True, the nearer the success, the less injury they do. But the farther we remove their products from us, the safer we are.

Independent of all this, the doctrine of expediency justifies total abstinence from meats and drinks, or anything whereby a brother is offended or injured. And unless the glory of God requires me not to regard this law of expediency, I sin in disregarding it. No man liveth for himself. If by drinking moderately any kind, or every kind of intoxicating liquors as a luxury, I can reclaim the lost, secure the young from ruin, and turn the current of intemperance, I would drink. But if my example weakened my precept, my practice endangered myself, and countenanced and sustained the drunkard maker in his traffic, and encouraged the inexperienced, in the beginning of their journey to a drunkard's grave and hell, I dare not quote the Spirit nor the word of the Bible as justification.

The result of this address was good and the cause of total abstinence progressed. My friend Hartley was kept busy in receiving pledges and encouraging the work throughout the city.

We held a meeting on Manhattan Island, for the benefit of the numerous mechanics in that vicinity. It was to be a debate. As we had to hire the house, a collection was taken up to defray expenses. As the plate was being carried around, I overheard a man request his

friend to loan him something, saying, "I have not a cent." After I commenced my address, this centless man said to me; "I will never join your Society. I have been priest-ridden in England long enough. I hate priest-craft." "How hard did the priests ride you?" "They took one-tenth of my grain, my fruit, my eggs, my fowls, my everything. I said, "Poor fellow! Some men seem to be born to hard luck. You were priest-ridden in England and are rum-ridden in America. Will you be pleased to tell me how hard the liquor sellers ride you in America?" He said it was none of my business. "Well, never mind; I know. The priests left you nine-tenths, but the liquor sellers take all, they have not left you one red cent." "You lie, you old villain! I have got as much money as you have." "Well, if you have one cent left, let us see it." He declined doing so. After awhile, he left the house, but presently returned. Proudly walking up to the table he threw down a cent, saying, "There, you old liar, is my cent." "Yes, I see it; you have borrowed three cents, drank up two of them and brought the last one here." He retired to his seat, saying to himself, I wonder how that fellow finds out everything. After the roar of laughter occasioned by this circumstance had ceased, I proceeded to show to the ship mechanics how the liquor sellers thrive and fatten upon the labor and toil of honest men. While I was doing this, my priest and rum-ridden friend said, "Sir, may I tell you a piece of my mind?" "Certainly." "Well, then; you look like an old dog!" "Perhaps I do; and I will tell you a secret. When you grow older, you will look like an old dog too. At present you look very much like a puppy!" He slipped off his seat, saying, "I am done with you."

CHAPTER VI.

TEMPERANCE CONVENTION AT SARATOGA. NIAGARA FALLS. TOTAL ABSTINENCE. PECULIAR PEOPLE AND PIGS. THREATENED MOB. RESULTS FLOWING FROM LIQUOR SELLING. TABLES TURNED ON LIQUOR SELLERS. THE WASHINGTONIAN MOVEMENT.

I was sent as a delegate to the Convention at Saratoga, of the N. Y. State Society, that was called to adopt the Total Abstinence Pledge. It was a highly interesting meeting. Mr. Fillmore, afterwards President of the United Societies, was Secretary. During the Debate on changing the pledge, a gentleman undertook to denounce and ridicule the advocates of the change. I replied to him, returned him some of his own coin, but somewhat heavier than he had been in the habit of receiving. He became much excited, called upon the house to protect him and compel me to apologize. There was some confusion, many insisting that he should take his seat and take what he deserved, others calling for order. Seeing that there was likely to be a muss, I advanced to the President's chair and made an effort to be heard. As soon as silence was obtained, I said, "Mr. President, I am willing to offer an apology and do apologize most sincerely, and regret deeply that necessity was laid upon me to treat the gentleman's arguments and rhetoric as I have done, and promise not to repeat unless the same

necessity is laid upon me again." The apology was sufficient, and the gentleman was careful not to play that game again.

I had intended to take my wife with me, that we might visit Niagara Falls. But owing to a slight indisposition, I had to leave her in Albany. Several friends from New York accompanied me on my journey. We agreed that we would record in the register at the Falls, our first, strongest impressions, after seeing that wonderful work of God. I confess that the first sight of the Falls did not produce impressions strong enough to banish my wish to see my wife and child. A strong desire to be with them, for the time excluded all other thoughts. So I wrote the following lines as truly expressing my first feelings at the Falls:

I came all the way to see
This mighty sheet of water.
Oh! that I could only be
At home with wife and daughter!

I remained part of two days at the Falls, spending the night in the Tower to witness the effect of moonlight and sunrise upon the Falls. I was not gratified in either case, for the night became cloudy. I had pleasant and I hope profitable thoughts of the God of creation, Providence and Salvation. How sweet it is to feel that this Lord is my shepherd! The best description I have ever seen of the Falls is by Anna Royal of Blue Book memory. She was said to be deranged. If so, she certainly had method in her madness. Her powers of vile abuse were unequaled; and she employed them in levying blackmail to a large extent. I am not willing to make a

fool of myself by permitting a fool to excel me in powers of description. Many have attempted to describe Niagara with pen and brush. Vain attempt! It rolls on, an undescribed work of an indescribable Creator, wonderful in His works, glorious in His praise! I went over into Canada. I did not feel at home among the Redcoats and the obliging sellers of curiosities. I staid but a little while longer than was necessary to take a walk under the sheet of water at the Falls. We do a great many foolish things, just to say we did them. That is all the profit I got for that performance. I intended to return from Lockport to Albany by canal-boat. But we could get no truth about the route out of anybody. The hotel keepers all said the packet would not pass again until next day noon. So we chartered a stage to start for Rochester by three o'clock A. M. Just as we got into bed, along came the packet. It was gone before we could dress and reach it. Three o'clock came, but not a soul in the hotel was up. We rang the bell, banged the doors and had to make quite a uproar before we could rouse the landlord of whom we had freighted the stage. He had overslept himself. The stage would be ready in a short time. We waited until eight o'clock, got our breakfast and up came the stage. Curtains torn, tires loose, one horse blind, wind-broken, would not hold back. One kicked; wouldn't draw except down hill. Seeing our prospect of being delayed, so as not to reach Rochester in time for the boat, we refused to pay unless we made time according to agreement. Twelve o'clock found us twelve miles on our journey. We dismissed our establishment and procured another. We reached Rochester in good time. A liquor seller joined us on our journey. I judged that he

was a liquor seller, from his arguments. I got him into a conversation on that subject. After humoring him for awhile, I began to bear down on the iniquity of the business and made him confess that it was far from being a blessing to mankind. He hoped to escape, by making this admission. But I began to urge him as he valued his family, his salvation, his country, to abandon it. He could not stand it and took refuge outside with the driver, saying, "That fellow makes me sick, talking so much about temperance." Poor fellow! I fear it was not well for him thus to seek health, by sickening at the truth and flying from it.

On the boat from Rochester to Albany, there was a man who probably was rich and no doubt was very vain. He thought himself a wit, and assumed a kind of patronizing air over me, pretending to be very anxious for my comfort. I saw that he knew who I was, while he pretended to be ignorant on that subject. He was constantly inviting me to drink and directed the bar-keeper to let me have as much liquor as I desired, on his account. I got tired of him and determined to teach him a lesson if I got an opportunity. Towards evening, he asked me to deliver a temperance address. I consented on condition that it would be agreeable to all on board. He informed me that he had ascertained that there would be no objection. After supper the cabin was prepared and I commenced my lecture by informing my audience that I labored under a difficulty which must be removed before I could proceed. It was this. My mind could not be occupied with two subjects at once. It was then taken up with a question of rights growing out of the following circumstances: I had a valued friend, generous and

hospitable to a fault. Indeed, all his faults leaned to virtue's side. He had an antipathy to cats. He had struggled in vain to overcome it. If a cat came into the room where he was he would jump out of the window, if he could not escape in any other way. If he could not escape at all, violent nervous convulsions would ensue. Now the question on my mind was, would we have a right, knowing this man's infirmity, if he were a passenger with us, to introduce for our amusement a cat on board? My officious friend spoke for the company, in a most authoritative tone, "Certainly not, sir." I thanked him, but requested a vote. It was unanimous in the negative. "Then, ladies and gentlemen," I said, "what a cat was to my friend, a wine-bibbing, beer-swilling, whiskey-gulping man's breath in a close cabin is to me." Pointing to my persecutor, I asked "Shall we put the cat out of the cabin?" There was no need of a response. He started for the deck assailed with the cry, "Scat cat! Scat cat!" on all sides. He went ashore at the first landing. I reckon he never troubled another lecturer. The passengers were greatly pleased at the result and we had a pleasant time home.

The doctrine of Total Abstinence had among its warmest advocates, as well as its most determined opponents, learned and pious ministers of the Gospel. I confess, that it sounded strange to me, to hear any one who professed to be crucified, dead, buried to the world, its pleasures and its lusts, pleading the sanction of the Bible in favor of the drunkard's drink. No doubt, some were more anxious to restrain what they considered fanaticism, than to defend the use of wines on their own account. But I do not consider it to be uncharitable to fear that

the stomach of some had more to do with their arguments than their consciences had. The impediment thrown in the way by the Bible advocates of poisonous liquors, called wine, did much to retard the temperance reformation. The charge, that they were on one side or the other, could not be denied. I had proof that they were not on the side I advocated. At a Temperance Convention of a county in C., a gentleman dressed in light colored summer clothes, was addressing the meeting when I came in. I was an entire stranger to him. I replied to his arguments and suggested that if I were on the gutter-wallowing side, I would be thankful for the aid the gentleman had given to it. There was a recess at noon and I was directed to the Pastor's house for dinner. I was astonished to find in the Pastor the advocate of wine at the convention. He received me so coldly, that I declined dining with him. He said I had injured his influence. I replied that I was glad of it, if it were to be used in sustaining the tide of intemperance; but that I did not know at the time that he was the minister of the church. I was sorry to find him on the drunkard's side. He denied that he was. I told him if he would attend my lecture in the afternoon, I would prove that he was, or publicly apologize for what I had said, if he were not. He agreed to attend. His wife urged me to resume my seat. I did so. After dinner I went to the tavern and found two men, who would be acknowledged as drunkards anywhere. I induced them to attend my lecture, and to take their seats immediately in the rear of the minister. They did so. After debating the question of Total Abstinence, I requested all who were in favor of it, to rise. Nearly all, except the minister and a few scattering

voters with the two drunkards, arose. Addressing the minister, I said, "Brother, look behind you!" He turned his head and saw the drunkards on his side. He could not resist the evidence and had the manliness to join the other side.

At the close of one of my meetings, a clergyman commenced asking me such questions, as would require much time to answer. I told him it was too late in the night, to reply to him, and proposed that he should publicly debate the Total Abstinence question on the next evening, if he wished to do so. He accepted the challenge. At the appointed time, a large audience being collected, he took his seat in the aisle, while I was speaking. Presently a notorious drunkard came staggering up, threw his arms around the minister and exclaimed, "You are my man! Stand up to him, and I will stick to you!" Of course, that minister had nothing to say in that meeting. No man can serve two masters. And it is not pleasant to be always on the fence; and when one gets down, the side he is on, is not the other side; and men are usually found on the side of the principles they advocate.

That the precepts of the Bible favor luxurious use of intoxicating liquors, none will affirm. No commendation of such use can be found in its sacred pages. To the poor, ready to perish, it was lawful. But kings and princes could not claim it. It was not for them to drink that which might cause them to forget the law and prevent the judgment of the afflicted. If all are bound to remember God's law, and intoxicating liquors have the tendency to make us forget it, and give a wrong bias to our judgment, I do not see how the Bible makes that to be right for me

to do, which would be wrong for others, it being liable to the same abuse in both. Every man is bound to serve God with all the powers God has given him. Reason is a poor guide without revelation, but revelation would be useless without reason. It is addressed to reasonable beings. While it reveals great and general principles which we are bound to follow and obey, it leaves to man by reasoning to find out how these principles can be best obeyed. Having found out the best way, which must be lawful in order to be the best, for no man must break one of God's laws, in order to keep another, nor do evil that good may come, we cannot reject that lawful, safest way, and pursue a less certain way without sin. The command requires all lawful, best means for its obedience and forbids the doing of things contrary to our best reasonings. I must not be drunk, nor a drunkard. How can I best avoid this sin ; best obey the command? Avoid all use, abstain from all use of that which leads to the sin. If I do so, I am certain that I never will be drunk, nor a drunkard. May I lawfully do so? Who denies it? John the Baptist did. Jesus refused to drink wine. Kings and princes and priests in the service of God dare not drink intoxicating liquor. So I may refuse. And in order to follow out my reason in reference to the best way of leading a godly, sober and righteous life, I have resolved that I will not use intoxicating liquors as a luxury, nor in any other way from which I can abstain without sin. Who refuses to approve of this pledge? Who refuses to adopt this principle? Can he point out any principle in Revelation that condemns it, or any reason that disproves it? Can he reject it without sin? If he does, and becomes a drunkard as many have done, can he say I did

my duty and failed? There is no safe way, no certain way to keep from drunkenness, but total abstinence. It prevents and it cures. The Bible does condemn as sinful the tempting of God. And when a man rejects his reason and walks after his lusts, hoping that God will defend him, while he walks in his own way, he does tempt God. Unto such God says, "Walk in the light of your fire and in the sparks that ye have kindled. This shall ye have at my hands, ye shall lie down in sorrow." How many thousands have found this to be true! Were it prudent, I could give a long list of names gathered from church records of laymen and ministers, of strong minds and lovely characters, who have thus walked and thus fell. What! drink the drunkard's drink, run the risk of disobeying God, when no duty calls for it, and refuse to follow the only safe, lawful way, and yet not sin? It is worse than vain to prove that there is no sin in the *drop* use of poison. Men do not argue for theories. It is not the single pat of the foot, keeping time with music, nor the single handling of the card that dancers and gamblers wish be justified. Nor is it the single drop of intoxicating liquors, that these Bible advocates of such drinks wish to defend. It is the use, where it may be refused without sin. If they will consent never to drink, except when duty to God or man requires it, all would be Bible doctrine and practice. But this advocating the lust of the flesh and refusing to drink only to the glory of God, has no Bible, and much sin in it. The drop use does the mischief, and is not usually long continued without sad effects. It is not the single move of the foot, nor throw of the dice, nor cut of the card, that the Bible or the church condemns; it is "The more than this, of which

cometh evil." It is the tendency, the influence, the positive, practical results almost always following the friendship and pleasures of a world at enmity with God, that renders it safe and best to abstain from the drops gathered into a pool that too often fills and feeds the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, that men must avoid in all cases where it may be done without violation of duty. It is sinful not to do so. Indeed, total abstinence from all that leads to sin, where it can be practiced without sin, is God's law, and the only safe law that man can follow. Obedience to it, secures happiness in all the social relations of life. A departure from it, is always the beginning of sorrow.

1. A man's personal happiness depends on this rule. Let him resolve that he will avoid everything that has a known tendency to injure him when he can do it without neglect of duty. He will be happy indeed after he has disciplined himself to this rule. Let him commence the occasional *drop* practice and indulgence in things tending to his injury and he will find the habit growing with his growth and binding him with fetters of woe.

2. Let husband and wife resolve in the fear of God that they will abstain from everything calculated to diminish each other's happiness, when they can do it consistently with God's will and they will know why God said, "It is not good for man to be alone." Let them occasionally disregard this rule, and act where no necessity, no duty requires it, in opposition to each other's wishes and they will soon begin to think how foolish they were to marry.

3. Let parents and children follow this rule and God's description of the happiness of the parental relation

will be realized in all its bliss. Let them begin occasionally to pursue their desires, when they might without offense to God restrain them and soon the thought will become painfully oppressive that the barren are more blessed than the fruitful.

4. Let neighbors and friends make a conscience of it, to abstain from all malice, envy, evil speaking, tattle, slander, unless duty requires it, and the beauty of brethren dwelling in peace and unity will prove more lovely in practice than it seems even to be in sacred song. But let this rule be violated and the busy tongue spread abroad a neighbor's faults and proclaim reports, founded or unfounded, to a neighbor's wrong, when no duty demands it; and the cry for wings to fly away from the dwellings of men, into the lone wilderness, will soon be heard. I appeal to every man, husband, wife, parent, child, neighbor and friend. Is it not true that most of the unhappiness you have known, results from the drop beginning of a departure from the rule of total abstinence, from the cause that now makes you unhappy, that now pains and wounds and crushes all your joys. A young married couple once listened to my lecture on this subject. They had once been happy, but both of them had fallen into the habit of acting, in small things which they might have let alone as well as not, without reference to each other's wishes. They still loved each other but were wretched and knew no peace. They resolved to follow God's rule and refrain from everything that injuriously affected each other's happiness when they could do so without sin. I saw them years after. They came to thank me for teaching them God's rule for their happiness. Their peace was like a river.

One of my last lectures in Philadelphia was to enforce this rule on my friends, who had adopted it only in reference to the temperance question. I urged them to make it the rule in reference to all things sinful and injurious. Several years after, when I was lecturing in Bucks County, a man walked all the way from Philadelphia to thank me for that lecture and to tell me how much happiness he enjoyed now, and hoped to enjoy forever in God's presence hereafter, in that world in which no appearance of evil is seen.

An aged clergyman said to me, "The church is God's organization for the reformation of the world and the Gospel the means of its salvation. Temperance societies and lectures will not do." "How long have you been preaching here?" I asked. "For more than thirty years." "How many drunkards have you been the means of reforming?" He could not remember one. "How many of your hearers have become drunkards?" He was silent for a while, and then with deep feeling, said, "Many, and among them some very promising young men." "How do those hold out, who joined the temperance society the first time I was with you?" He answered, "Very well; the reformation seems to be sincere." "Now," I replied, "I may be wrong, for I know that success is not always evidence that the course pursued is right; but I am not willing to learn from one who has not succeeded, by his own plan, in reforming a drunkard, nor in preventing intemperance from spreading around him." No form of doctrine or of government, in church or state or social life that justifies practices, unnecessary and yet unfriendly to human happiness, can promote man's chief end. Every great departure from

virtue, is made from almost indiscernible points. Drunkenness, profanity, theft, Sabbath-breaking, lying and all other vices have small beginnings, and the first thought and act may be theoretically harmless. He who resists the first temptation to any sin, is wise.

While residing in New York City, I had to visit surrounding places. Constant applications were made for my services. I had not one day's rest for eleven years. And during that time my speakings averaged one and a half a day. If I could get a few hours' rest in the stage, steamboat or cars, I felt refreshed and strong. I was invited into the State of Connecticut. The ministers of one of the largest towns in that State urged me to visit them. They informed me that the cause of Temperance was dead among them, and desired that I would come and revive it. When I arrived, a consultation was held to determine the course I should pursue. I was told that I was to labor among a very "peculiar people." That I must lay aside peculiarities that I was reported to have, as they would not be well received by the citizens. They were a calculating kind of persons who were affected by facts and statistics and solemn appeals to their judgments and consciences. I had never yet been to any place in which the people were not a "peculiar set." I told them I thought it strange if they understood this people so well that they did not work with them themselves, but had sent for me an entire stranger whose way they feared, would be objectionable. They replied that a new voice uttering old truths, was sometimes more effective than an old voice announcing new ones. Although I did not like to be in leading strings, I determined to follow their advice. So at the first meeting, consisting of

about one hundred and fifty persons, I put on a very long face and spoke of the length and depth of the lake necessary to hold all the ardent spirits drank ; the size of the canal required to hold all the blood shed ; the ocean that could contain the scalding tears of hearts broken ; the dreadful, tremendous earthquake that all the shrieks and groans caused by the sale and use of ardent spirits, would make ; the pyramid that could be built from the bleached bones of the drunkards and those murdered by them ; and the enormous grave required to bury the fifty thousand who died annually, without hope. Then I made a pungent appeal to my audience, to arouse and do something for these unfortunate, ruined men. A vote of thanks was unanimously passed for my interesting and eloquent address and I was invited to lecture the next evening. On that occasion, I lectured to a considerably diminished audience. But I followed advice. From the number that were leaving from time to time, the looking at watches, gaping and sleeping, I began to think I would get no vote of thanks this time. But I was mistaken. The renewed vote of thanks and repeated invitation to lecture again on the next evening, were encouraging. I thought, verily, I was before a "peculiar people." On the next evening, the audience had dwindled down to about fifty. It was evident that I had not succeeded in rousing them from their peculiar want of interest in the Temperance cause. Perhaps I had made a mistake of a few feet in my pyramid of bones, or of a few cubic feet in my canal, or in the number of wretched, ruined families, or in the size of the lake of tears. Or the sounds of wailing and of sighs might not have been loud enough or too loud, or I failed to present a work of sufficient importance to call

forth their sympathies and talents ; or I made the work to be done too great for their time and money. I do not know what reason they assigned for falling off as they did. Perhaps none. I said to my learned advisers, "You see your plan does not work. I have faithfully tried it. Now let me try my own way. I cannot hurt the cause, for you said it was dead. I can help bury it, if I can do nothing else." They reluctantly consented to let me have my own way. As the larger part of my audience were pure temperance ladies, I determined to operate on them. I said the greatest sufferers from intemperance were women. I was sorry for it ; but many of them brought it on themselves by neglecting to make home neat and comfortable ; by complaining, fault-finding and curtain-lecturing their husbands, when they came home hungry, weary, longing for rest, enjoyment and peace. Every thing was in disorder. Meals late and poorly cooked ; nothing of that cheerful appearance which makes "No place like home." This drove them to spend their evenings from home, at the hotels, where every attention was paid to them, by the artful liquor seller, where they were tempted to drink by young companions, and formed the taste and habit that sent them home to curse their families. I also said that great complaint was made against the use of alcohol, on account of the disease and death it caused. This was well and true. But the fact was, that where one man was made sick and died from *alcohol*, many sickened and died from devotion to *fashion*. I had seldom seen a woman who dared to be unfashionable. And it was hard to find, even among the best educated, a woman who admitted practically that the Lord knew how to make a woman. Efforts were con-

stantly made to alter the shape of feet, head, form, from what God made ; and the devotion to fashion often fatally interfered with the beauty, health and lives of women and their offspring. I took up tight lacing, and when I got on the ribs, I made them rattle. There was no going out, no yawning, no vote of thanks that night. It was evident that the ladies did not feel very thankful for my address. As for the clergymen, they felt that I had injured the "dead" cause indeed, that I had buried it most ignominiously. There was to be a meeting the next night, in one of the largest churches in the city.

Early next morning some of my friends called on me to persuade me not to lecture that night, but to leave the place at once. "What is the cause? What have I done?" "Why, your lecture last night. What you said about the women." "Did I say anything untrue or indecent?" "No, but they say you had no business to say what you did. They came to hear you on temperance, and not on fashions and hen pecking. They say they will not stand it, that you shall not lecture again ; and if you do, no one will come to hear you." I told them I should certainly make the attempt to meet my appointment. If no one came, of course, there would be no lecture. The hour for meeting was 7.30 o'clock P. M. At 6 o'clock the crowd began to pour out from all parts of the city. A gentleman offered another five dollars if he would give his place to his wife. The church was rammed, crammed, jammed to its tightest holding capacity. When I arrived, it was with great difficulty, that I was hoisted into the pulpit. I spoke for more than two hours. When I was about to stop several times, the cry was "Go on ! Go on !" No yawning, nor sleeping, nor leaving the house. I intro-

duced the Total Abstinence pledge there, then, for the first time, and received thirteen hundred signatures, probably the largest accession gained at that period at one meeting. I remained three months there and in the vicinity. The whole country was moved and to this day the interest has not ceased.

In my lecture that evening, I told how I had failed in my first lecture and had succeeded in waking up the "dead" cause now. When I entered into the cause, I determined to make it as dear to me as life and dearer than self. I was willing to sacrifice all claims to refined dignity, and to use common sense in a common sense way, if by so doing, I could free the land from intemperance, even if my own name became a proverb among those who regarded dignity of more value than success. The Bible sent me to the ant and to the beast for instructions. I determined to see what I could learn from hogs, as too often, in some respects, drunkards are like them. In North Carolina there are tracts of land abounding in rich alluvial soil, making such fine ranges for hogs, that they grow and thrive and fatten without attention. The hogs are marked and turned out to shift for themselves. The only difficulty is, to catch them when they are needed. It is in vain you call to a wild hog. The louder you call, the faster he runs from you. The plan to capture them, is to erect a blind, in which you can conceal yourself at a proper distance, split a small sapling, catch a young pig, fasten his head in the split so that he cannot get away, then hide yourself with rifle ready. It is the nature of a pig to squeal when he is fastened, and it is the nature of old hogs to rush up regardless of danger, to rescue the squeal-

ing pig. Secure in your blind, you take your choice and fire away. So I did last night. I fastened the heads of the ladies and set them to squealing. They have been at it all day, up and down town, telling everybody not to go to-night to hear the old blackguard. They have been better than so many bell ringers or bill posters. They have brought out the old hogs." The fact is, Christian men are not as wise in their generation as other folks. The showmen publish large handbills. When they get an audience, they entertain it, say, or do something that interests them, so that the people remember and will come again. We are afraid to use common sense, fearing our dignity will be injured. Let us not be afraid always to say something that will make a direct impression on our hearers. Pleased or displeased they will talk about it, and crowds will come to hear us. Two of the most popular preachers I have known, always had one or two, seldom more, striking sentences which the people remembered and talked about. In other respects they had no greater power than others, who preach to a few hearers and many empty benches. Interest them when they do come; they will come again. Curiosity draws people. My deformity has done good. A warm and devoted lady told me recently, she was converted to temperance under my lectures years ago. She was induced to go and hear me, by another lady, who described me as one of the most curiously humpbacked beings she had ever seen. They went to hear what such deformity had to say, and came away under the impression that I was among the finest looking men they had ever heard. A great compliment indeed, for they remembered my appearance only from my words. How I do wish I could

always forget myself and make all who hear me remember nothing but the truth I desire to teach.

The cause of temperance greatly revived in ———, where I was lecturing. The liquor sellers became alarmed and raised the cry "Great is Diana!" Preparations were made to break up our meetings and to tar and feather me. After my lecture had commenced, a parcel of fellows disguised, rushed into the house. A panic ensued and all seemed to be paralyzed. As the leader drew near, I said to him, "Stop, my good fellow; you have made a mistake if your object in tarring and feathering me is to put an end to my lecturing on temperance. You could do it, by killing me or cutting out my tongue. But just as certain as you tar and feather me, I will lecture in your new coat. It will draw crowds you never dreamed of; and the way I will give it to you, will be a terror to such evil-doers to the end of their lives." They shrunk back and left the house, amidst a loud peal of laughter, that the wicked always dread and cower under; and the audience was restored to self-possession. But the liquor sellers were not satisfied. They longed to get me into their hands where there were none to deliver me. They invited me to address them in the Town Hall. Their plan was to fill the room with poison venders and the chaps they called their friends, so as to exclude the temperance men and then have it all their own way. I was apprised of their intentions and advised not to attend the meeting; but as I often prefer my own advice to that of my friends, I determined to go. There was a good deal of excitement and many threats. On the morning of the appointed day, a keeper and owner of a large and fashionable hotel offered to give fifty dollars to have me

mobbed that night. I informed him that I should hold him responsible for any injury done to me that night or on any other occasion while I was in the city. He said he was only jesting when he made the offer. I told him it might be so, but I was not jesting, but in earnest, and he might depend upon it, I should look to him for damages if my meeting was interrupted that night. He became alarmed and was very busy in his endeavors to prevent the action of the mob. At the hour of meeting, I found the room filled with a motley set and redolent with the odor of all kinds of liquor. When I entered, the door was immediately closed. I saw triumph in the eyes of the liquor sellers and malice and mischief in the eyes of their poor votaries. I felt as if I was in a tight fix. I began to think that Daniel could scarcely be willing to change his lion's den for mine, and that Shadrach, Meshech and Abednego might conclude that there were some places not more desirable than theirs. I was in the power of the mob, but under the protection of One who could make the wrath of man to praise Him, and who could restrain the remainder of wrath. I was by no means greatly alarmed. I knew that I would not be attacked for a while, so I commenced my address by saying, "I differed on some subjects from some men and did not wonder that they differed from me. They had the right to do so. I was glad I had an audience before me who could determine the error or truth of one thing in which I differed from many. I was glad of having an opportunity of settling the question as to the original character of drunkards. Many say the drunkard is a poor, worthless nuisance; that he cannot be saved and is not worth saving. If he goes into decent company, he is

shunned. If he ventures into a church, the sexton puts him out. If he goes even into a liquor place, his last penny gone, the liquor seller kicks him out. Now, I have always maintained that naturally before they became drunkards, and when sober, drunkards were among the most social, kind-hearted, generous, honest men to be met with. I have never seen the wife of an intemperate husband, the father of a drunken son, nor the friend of an inebriate who did not say, 'Before he was a drunkard, he was all we could desire.' I have never met with one such who refused to do me a favor. It is the generous, open-hearted, confiding men that fill up the ranks of the poor, despised drunkard.'" Now here were liquor sellers who made their living from these men and of course knew them better than I did. I wanted them to decide upon the correctness of my opinion and asked as many of them as believed I was right, *to stand up*. The vote was unanimous, for the drunkard makers, even if they had doubts, dare not vote differently in the presence of their customers. While they were rising up, the man they had hired to commence the attack on me and who was standing near me, coat off and sleeves rolled up, ready for his work, exclaimed, "He speaks the truth so plain that if any man dare touch him, I will die for him." Attempting a violent gesture in attestation of his sincerity, he fell prostrate on the floor and feeling steadier in that position, he could not or would not get up. But his spirit was that of every drunkard in the room. Seeing that I had carried the flanks of the enemy, I made a bold charge upon their centre. I said, "What kind of business is this you liquor sellers follow, that turns these fine, noble sons, fathers, husbands and friends into beasts and fiends and

makes their homes a hell? Ought any good man who loves his own son, or father, or brother, or friend, just for money, ruin anybody's loved ones? Is not such a business unsuitable for any man who has a heart or desires a decent name?" The thing was getting grave and serious for the liquor sellers. They tried to leave the room, but they found themselves prisoners in the pit they had dug for me. Their customers compelled them to remain unto the end. They said to me, "Give it to them! Give it to them!" And I did give it to them with a will. For more than one hour and a half I poured out all the truth, the ridicule and sarcasm I could bring to bear upon the thieving, murdering idolators whose avarice led them to ruin those upon whose patronage they lived and grew rich. Liquor selling became below par for a while. I was not troubled with mobs in that place again.

I stated in one of my lectures that as a general rule with few exceptions, one, and sometimes all of the following results flowed from Liquor Selling.

1. Liquor sellers were generally drunkards. Not all of them, for some had more sense than to drink their own poison; but

2. The sons and clerks of liquor sellers were generally intemperate and the men in their employment were almost always so.

3. Liquor sellers were very often insolvent. A few seem to prosper; but

4. Their heirs generally became their own customers and squandered all.

5. Liquor sellers were often men of very loose moral characters, and their sons and daughters and wives did not always greatly improve by the society they kept, and the examples set them.

6. The sons and daughters of liquor sellers often married badly.

7. Other things being equal, the families of liquor sellers are more sickly and short lived than other families.

Wherever I have been able to make the investigation, the result confirmed this statement. I heard of a striking case on this subject in Connecticut, and determined to ascertain the truth of it. I visited the tavern and ordered dinner. The landlady waited on the table. She was very inquisitive. So gratifying her curiosity as to the cause of my deformity, the number, beauty and smartness of my children, etc., I proceeded to draw her out about herself, by asking where her husband was. "Oh! sir!" said she, "I am a lone widow." "Then you have seen sorrow." "Sorrow? Yes, a power of it. My father was a Revolutionary soldier, and had a pension. The tavern keepers and groceries tried to get his money away from him. Mother and I tried to keep him away from the tavern. But it was no use. So we concluded that it would be best for us to open a tavern and furnish liquor and amusement for him at home. We did a pretty good business. We got all his pension anyhow. But he died and people said liquor killed him. But it was all a lie. True, he loved a drink, and would never sign away the liberty for which he had fought. Mother did not live long after father died. I felt lonesome and found the work too hard. I decided to marry a nice young man to help me on. But he got too fond of liquor and led me a life of trouble until he died, leaving me two sons and a daughter to take care of. After a while I married again, a very decent man, drinking moderately. He grew fretful and hard to please and nothing but liquor seemed to com-

pose him. He died, leaving me a lone widow to do my best. My daughter married a young man who had been helping us. I am sorry to say, he did drink too much and treated her badly. Folks were ill natured enough to say that he was good enough for her and that she drank too. They are both dead. My oldest son was a great comfort to me, but they coaxed him to gamble and to drink. He had to leave the country. He may be dead. My youngest son is somewhat wild and hard to manage. He has left me and gone to sea. Sir, I have had a hard time of it.”

“Yes, madam! A father, two husbands, your daughter and two sons, all ruined by liquor. Is it possible you are still following the same business in the same house that ruined them?” She smote her hands, raved and stormed, shouting, “Get out of my house, you old slave holding abolitionist, hurting the feelings of a poor, lone widow, and meddling with her only way of getting a living. Out with you or I will ——” I had to leave her to herself and her business of death. She is not the only one whose dead go down to the drunkard’s grave and darkness from their own homes. The land is full of them. God’s curse rests upon those who make their living by liquor selling. The words of Habakkuk describes them most plainly, “shameful spewing” is upon their glory (riches.) “The way of the transgressor is hard. Whatever a man sows that shall he reap.” A man cannot be a contented liquor seller until he has embraced the murderer’s theology. He must renounce his guardianship of love over his race. He must be justified in doing evil on the ground, that if he will not do it, some one else will, and that he might as well enjoy the profits of it, as to let others do it. He must feel that it is right to put tempta-

tion and inducements in the way of men and to turn their weakness and infirmities to his own advantage. He must reason like Cain and Judas Iscariot, the High Priests, Pontius Pilate and all the murderers, or he can have no peace in his business. It is in vain that he says he does not wish to kill. He knows that he is selling "death by measure." Even when the liquor sellers were selling pure liquors, they knew this. And now, when nine-tenths of the liquors sold are known to be adulterated with deadly poison, they justify themselves precisely in the same doctrine of murderers that they adopted when selling the pure. I have long ceased to say that any liquor seller is a good man. He may be, but I will not vouch for him. I lamented one day that such a good man (naming him) should be a liquor seller. A woman present asked if I thought a good man would take a piece of cloth made by a drunkard's wife to clothe her shivering children and let him have liquor for it. I told her, "No, I should consider such a man to be a doubly rectified villain." "Then," said she "Mr. ——— knows that he has my cloth and that he paid for it in rum." The liquor seller was present, and dared not deny the charge. There was a liquor seller, who was a member of the church, had prayers in his family and had the reputation of being a good man. I was speaking of him almost as an exception, when a widow lady told me that her husband formed his habits of drinking in that man's house. When her husband died, the liquor seller tried to induce her to give up her husband's gold watch to pay a liquor bill he owed him! I could fill a volume with facts like these and worse. But what is the use? The whole world knows the character of the business and its effects. None know

them better than the liquor sellers. Yet they claim good character, and follow this low, mean, dirty, murdering calling.

I attended a temperance meeting in a place where I was not known. I put up at the tavern. The landlord was a talking man and among other things told me there was to be a temperance meeting there that evening. I asked him if he was not afraid that these meetings would injure his business. "My business? Yes, sir. It will injure every business in the country. I wonder what would become of the barrel makers, doctors, lawyers and courts if liquor sellers were broken up. I wish I could speak. I would soon use them up." I told him I was in the habit of speaking, and that if he would go with me to the meeting, I would sit by him, and if he would give me the hint I would reply to any point he wished noticed. We went. The speaker spoke of the great injury resulting to the community from the liquor traffic. I got a wink from my landlord. When the speaker finished, I arose and said that my friend the landlord had requested me to speak for him. I was prepared to prove by him that there was a good business followed in cutting hoop poles and staves and in making barrels, all of which would be a total loss if the whiskey business was ruined. That it by no means followed that the young trees, if permitted to grow would make fine timber for railroad ties, fuel, building of shops and houses. Nor was there any probability that barrels would ever be needed for anything else than the use of the liquor sellers. It is evident that most of the lawsuits and prosecutions grew out of whiskey. What would become of the lawyers, if the murders and assaults and battery were to cease? What would the

doctors do, if the accidents and diseases following drinking came to an end. How would the overseers of the poor get along, if the pauperism caused by intemperance was brought to an end? Indeed the grave-diggers and coffin-makers would be injured. The business of liquor selling was the mainspring to many other enterprises. The tax paid by taxpayers in consequence of the business and the loss sustained by others from intemperance was nothing in comparison to the gains made by the traders. How could they live as they do, if everybody was sober? The old man was pleased with the beginning of my remarks, but soon began to see that the defense made his business appear in a different light from what he had supposed. After the meeting I went for my horse and called for my bill. He said, "I do not charge you anything this time, you old fox; but don't you come this way again, a fooling folks."

I was invited to a place where there were large distilleries of gin, and most of the inhabitants were dependent more or less upon the manufactory of the article. It was determined to prevent the meeting and drive away the lecturer. Learning the state of things I went to the tavern in which the meeting of the mob was to be organized. The room was filled with men steaming up, and very nearly up to the point at which a drunken crowd is ready to do any deed of wrong that cowards can commit. The liquor seller was dealing out *free drinks* and the threats and oaths argued no very comfortable reception for the unfortunate lecturer. After a while, assuming as much indifference as the deeply interesting aspect of affairs would allow, I asked, "What's up? What's going on?" I was told that an old fellow called Hunt was

coming there to take away their liberty, and they intended to ride him on a rail out of town, and duck him in the river. I asked the landlord. "Do you know him?" "No. Do you?" "Yes, I have seen him and heard him; when he comes he will be very likely to say that such fellows as you, ought to be sent to penitentiary." "If he dare say that, I will give him a thrashing." I said, "You had better take care how you act. He is a Southern man and while he would lose his life in defending your rights, he will not be tamely handled by a mob." He replied, "There's enough of us to manage him." I said "No doubt of it, but in such a crowd, it would not require much aim to shoot and kill someone. Suppose he hits you. But more than this he will put the law in force against you, if you interrupt his meeting." They all said they did not fear his resistance, but that they did not like to be hauled up before Court. "Well" said I, "I think I can help you if you will take my advice. I am told, the house Hunt expects to speak in, is 'Town property. Has there been any vote of permission for the use of the house?" "No, sir." "Then I can put you in a way that will keep you from being indicted. Let us all go to the meeting, appoint a chairman, and if Hunt's friends interfere they will be the aggressors and we will go clear. I know something about these temperance men and am not afraid to speak the truth." The plan was adopted by acclamation and I was invited to take a drink. I declined urging as my reason that if any trouble grew out of the meeting, the temperance men might say that I was drunk, and I wished them to prove that I had not touched a drop. I also advised them to drink no more on that occasion, for the same reason. They took one drink more, and then took my advice. Off we started,

I, at the head, shouting and hurrahing. I was voted use of the house, surrounded by my new clients and a guard provided to protect me from "old Hunt's" friends, if he came. I commenced by saying that I had traveled a good deal and had heard much about temperance men and if all I had heard about them was true, they were not one bit better than they ought to be. I was not afraid to tell what I had heard. But I knew the world was given to lying and I did not like to bring charges against anybody without proof. I intended to tell what I had heard about these cold water fellows, and if any could testify to the truth of these charges, I hoped they would do so. It was said that a stout, healthy man signed the pledge, reserving the right to drink ardent spirits only as a medicine. His wife sometime after came with tears, beseeching the society that her husband's name might be taken from the pledge. "What for?" they asked. "Because," said she, "before he signed it, he was the healthiest man you ever knew; but now he has constant attacks of cramps, and all sorts of diseases which nothing but ardent spirits will cure. I am afraid he will die if he does not quit the society." Another very loud friend of the cause bought a demijohn of oil and hired a sailor to take it home. As the sailor was departing, the temperance man said, "I am sorry I cannot offer you anything good to drink." "Oh! never mind," said the sailor, "I took a drink out of your oil demijohn and never drank anything that tasted so much like rum in my life." I told them it was said that temperance men drank behind the door, and when they were far from home, that many were so stingy, they would let their horses go hungry till late at night, rather than pay for their feed; and that one was so close that he

would skin a flea for his hide and tallow. These reports were hailed with rapturous applause, and I was urged to go on, while my rum friends gathered near to protect me, in case the temperance men made any attack. When quiet was restored, I said, "If any of you know these things to be true, speak out and tell the names of the hypocrites, I will blaze them abroad." A dead silence prevailed. Finding no witness to testify against the temperance men and sustain these charges, I said fair play was a jewel, and as I had told somethings about the temperance men, it was but just that I should tell what I had heard of liquor men. One, it is said, whipped his wife and children for crying for bread. "I have heard that liquor drinkers sometimes curse and swear, quarrel and fight." "Yes! Yes!" "Do you know any fine men ruined by liquor?" "Many. Yes. Many." "I had heard of one, who sold liquor to a poor man, who stole the shroud of his little child to pay for it." I put several other statements of the results of liquor selling, all of which were testified to, as known to many present. The red noses began to smell a rat. Things were evidently taking a different course than was agreeable to them. I then asked if it could be proved that the temperance men had ever threatened to mob the liquor men for making wife whippers and children starvers. "No." "Now gentleman," I said, "it is needless to ask whether or not the liquor men threatened to mob the temperance men for trying to prevent these dreadful evils." I then gave a full statement of what I had heard at the tavern, and how I had come up to do my part in keeping my friends safe from the law, and ended by saying "I am the very old Hunt they intended to mob." The effect was wonderful.

The landlord retired in disgust. The joke was too good to make the liquor drinkers angry. They clapped and laughed and urged me to go on.

After the meeting, they insisted I should go and take an oyster supper with them. We had a pleasant time of it and no liquor was drank. Supper being ended, they insisted on accompanying me, and seeing me safely over the river to East Windsor, where I had to go that night. I believe that Warehouse Point has changed its name and business, greatly to its good and glory. The fact is all drunkards and drinkers have a contempt for liquor sellers. They know they care not for their good, nor that of their families, that they are seeking to grow rich out of their money and when that is all gone, the liquor sellers will kick them out into the streets, to die there rather than trust them for a gill. I saw this done at —, New Jersey. The ragged drunkard plead for a drink. He was refused. He told of the many days' wages he had spent with the liquor seller. He was still refused and his request denied with threats to kick him out if he did not leave the house, which were finally executed. When in the street, the drunkard turned and said, "You have got no soul. When you were made, souls were worth a shilling, and gizzards only sixpence, and they stuck a gizzard into you!" It is with moderate drinkers only, that liquor sellers have any kind of favor and from corrupt politicians that they have any power. I have never been afraid of the liquor sellers getting up a mob of drunkards, or getting the drunkard's vote, if I could only get the drunkard's ear for a little while. On one occasion, being satisfied that the liquor sellers had formed a secret society for mutual safety and defense, I determined to find out

all about it. After much effort, I succeeded in finding a man who admitted that he knew all about it; but all I could get out of him was that if I saw a call for a meeting of "The friends of equal rights and the enemies of priestcraft," and would get into that meeting, I could learn something about it. Shortly after, an advertisement of such a meeting was made. I addressed a note to the president, informing him that I intended to attend. He politely informed me that I was mistaken in reference to the objects of the meeting and could not be admitted. I told him I was not mistaken, and could read English as well as he could. The call was for "all the friends of equal rights and enemies of priestcraft. I was one of them and would come. When I reached the place the wife of the hotelkeeper, in whose dining-room the meeting was to take place, met me and with tears besought me not to go in. Her husband came and urged me if I had any regard for the safety of my body and life, not to venture into that room. But in I went. I never knew before what cursing, and gnashing of teeth and smiting of hands were. I went to the head of the room and seated myself near the president. Presently a motion was made to put all out of the room who had no right to be in. I seconded it in a speech in which I denounced not only priestcraft, but all other unrighteous crafts by which the people were cheated out of their rights and money. I went for equal rights to all. If one man had the right to follow his own business according to his own judgment all men should have the same right. The poor man had as much right to promote the public good and make money by so doing as the rich man; the wicked man, as the saint. Make all men stand

up to equal rights. I would do it to the death. The motion to clear the room was carried. Then came the tug. I was requested to leave. I refused to go, unless it could be proved that I was an enemy to equal rights and friend of priestcraft. I threatened to appeal to the law if I was forcibly ejected. Several desperate fellows who had no more than a collar to their shirt and no shirt tail at all, did not care about the law, but were willing to pay their part of the penalty if there should be any. Others thought that I had better leave, for if I did not, I might be greatly injured. I told them that they dare not touch me. I knew where I was, and by whom I was surrounded. "You keep (pointing to one) a den of thieves into which stolen goods are received in pay for liquor; I know it and you know I do." To another, I said, "You keep a dance house, into which unsuspecting young men and women are enticed and ruined. You know that I can prove it." "And you, sir, (pointing to another) could not live a week if the gamblers and counterfeiters and horse thieves who support you, were sent where they deserve to be, not more than you do. I know you would kill me if you dared. But my friends know that I am here. Let it be known that you have laid your hands upon me; and by morning there will not be a brick in your building. And the drunkards' wives and children will tie you up in their aprons, and beat your brains out on your own sign posts." Col. ———, one of the liquor sellers said, "Gentlemen, he is right. I have as many drinking men around me, as any of you. I have not seen one of them who does not regard this man as his friend. And if you desire to see trouble, you just start the women, wives, daughters, mothers and sisters of Philadelphia, by

hurting this old blackguarding intermeddler with other people's business, and you will catch it! We had better let him stay until he is tired." So I remained. I am sorry to say that there was at that meeting, a politician of a judge, who for popularity and re-election was teaching the liquor sellers how to evade the laws he was to execute. He went away evidently impressed with the idea that some one had no very high opinion of his judicial integrity. I procured a copy of the By-Laws and Constitution of this wonderful bulwark of civil and religious rights. Its whole foundation and superstructure was to evade the law and to support each other in its violation; and to elect men true to their pecuniary good. The time will come when all workers of iniquity, though they band together as gamblers, counterfeiters, thieves, liquor sellers, adulterers, and murderers did, against Mayor Harper of New York, will find no place to hide. The moral sense of the community is now against them. And this moral power, when executed as it ought to be, and will be, will put an end to liquor selling, in spite of their unrighteous, ungodly gains and the hopes and dependencies of such political aspirants, as a sober community would never elect, and who ride into office on a whiskey keg. Why the friends of truth should be afraid to do their duty is strange. They have all the elements of power, intelligence, property, truth and moral principle; and could if they would do their duty, have members more than enough to hold the balance of political power. They permit the ignorant, yet designing politicians to mould the legislation and destinies of this country, by corrupting and pandering to the corruption of the ignorant and vicious. Nay, many who ought to be leaders in righteousness, are followers

and dependents on leaders and parties at enmity with God and man. It is the respectable, fashionable, wealthy, wine, beer and gin drinkers, who give the majority to the liquor power. There are not drunkards enough to do it.

I believe that the problem of man's free agency and God's sovereignty, is to be solved in this country. If God is sovereign and man is a free agent, he must be responsible to God and therefore capable of self government, he must be treated more or less as a machine ; and think and speak and act as others bid him. Despots, tyrants, the strong, one man power on earth and in heaven must keep him with a chain on his hands and a line in his nose and ignorance in his soul. This is now and has for ages been the doctrine of almost all powers in church and state, except in this country. No one can be foolish enough to contend that the ignorant and vicious will govern to advantage. Virtue and intelligence make good citizens and rulers.

The temperance movement, by many, was regarded only as an experiment to reform drunkards. Many refused at the first to sign the pledge, because they thought it would be an admission that they were drunkards. In some cases this was true ; but the main object was to bring men under self government and willingly to restrain themselves from indulgence in injurious habits and appetites. The experiment of reforming drunkards has been made on a large scale. Thousands have been reclaimed. Among these thousands many have become true Christians, and some are living, while many have died steadfast in the faith. But thousands of the reclaimed, have returned like the sow that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire. I do not remember one of them who did not become true

converts to the Lamb of God, that remained firm unto the end. The friends of reformation were thankful for what they had attained. But fully convinced that the traffic in intoxicating liquors was an immorality, and was the main-spring in the perpetual motive power that filled the land with drunkards, had brought their energies to bear against the traffic. They informed the public by tracts, by papers, by statistics, and lectures, of the nature and effects of the traffic, until movements were being made in several of the states to prohibit the traffic altogether. It was wisely argued that almost from the beginning it was seen that the unrestricted traffic was unrestricted ruin.

Laws and efforts for hundreds of years had been made to regulate the evil. As in New England, when the first liquor was introduced, it was determined that it would not be safe to trust the sale in any hands but those of the best men, and the Deacons, who were constituted sellers, soon began to be "Drunk as a Deacon." So, ever since the men recommended as of good character for morals and sobriety and therefore fit to be liquor sellers, have too often proved to be among the most profane, lecherous drunkards and drunkard makers on earth. Instead of reformation, drunkenness has increased under the license system. Why then hold on to an experiment that has failed to secure mankind from the evils admitted to grow out of the traffic?

Just at the time that the public were prepared for action, and some of the states were resolved to act, the liquor sellers, who had not before, nor ever will regard any law that is intended to secure any rights that will restrain their wide range of ungodly gain, became very

warm advocates of legal suasion. They contended that the prohibitory laws were unconstitutional, and raised large sums and employed the best legal talent they could get, to prove that the country had no right to defend itself by prohibitory enactments, but must depend upon the tender mercies of liquor sellers, licensed by law for all the protection it could get. When the courts decided against them, then they joined any party that would repeal the law, and besides this, did all they could to have the law violated, and to shield and protect the evil doers, and to secure the election of men who would not enforce the law, and then proclaim that the law was a failure.

Not disheartened, the friends of the cause persevered, until in 1840, the Washingtonian temperance movement commenced. The originators of this Association were reformed drunkards. Three of the original members were self reformed. They believed that nothing but moral suasion was needed to reform every drunkard and that through their reformation the traffic would cease to be an evil. With sincere and deep convictions and burning, unflickering zeal, they went out conquering and to conquer. For more than five years their voice was heard, by night and by day, in all the land. In stages, steamboats, canalboats, railroad cars, school houses, churches, streets, groves, indoors, out of doors, wherever men could come or talk, there they were laboring to reform the drunkard by love, and the liquor seller by honied words. Nobody got a harsh word except those who believed that mankind could not be reformed by any plan that had reference to only one half of his nature. Moral suasion is not the presentation of only one side of the truth. It is the presentation of the whole truth for the whole man.

That law, which is only a praise to him that does well, is a defective law. That law which is a praise to those who do well, and a terror to evil doers, is perfect. It is the law of the Lord, His teaching, His command. He places before man His love and woos him to His service. He utters His terrors, and warns him of its consequences. By life and death, both temporal and eternal, by heaven and hell, He addresses himself to the whole man, to his hopes and to his fears, to his interests both of weal and woe, he invites, persuades or warns and restrains. My old friend and fellow laborer in the temperance cause, J. Pierpont, now gone in good old age to his rest, used to say, that there were men who could be governed only by "Dog Philosophy." Why does not the butcher's dog eat his master's meat in the stalls? For the same reason that the thief will not steal the same meat while the dog watches it. Neither of them debates the question, is it right or wrong to steal? The dog knows that his master will whip him, and the thief knows that the dog will bite him. It is not *safe*; we will be punished if detected. This fear of punishment, this unsafety is of greater security, both from dog and thief, than all the moral suasion that excludes it in the world, could be. The Washingtonians, however, thought differently. And as their success in gaining proselytes was wonderful, the old advocates of legal suasion let them have their day, and they had it. In some places no drunkards could be found. But the liquor sellers still dwelt in the land and were abiding their time. They did abide it. For upwards of fifteen years the Temperance Reformation had engrossed, almost absorbed all other causes and made them subservient to it. The young had been educated and trained to

it. The old had embraced it. But liquor sellers with love of Mammon in their souls, were still licensed and respected, and indeed raised to greater respectability than ever, because they tickled the Washingtonians and the Washingtonians tickled them. Now what was the consequence? Where are the mighty leaders of that mighty band of moral suasionists? Those of them that trusted in Jesus remained true. But where are the rest? Even John B. Gough, the mightiest of them all, and this is saying much, when Levin, Milner, Mitchell, Marshall and White are named, was twice struck to the earth by the poisonous hands of the liquor sellers, and would have perished long ago, if Jesus had not saved him from his foes.

Look at the land now, after it has passed through a two hundred year experiment of a license system, and through one of the most untiring, unyielding efforts of moral suasion that ever was made by mortals, and what do you see? Liquor sellers in office, making laws, liquor sellers in caucuses, directing politics; liquor sellers in velvet pews in churches; liquor sellers in shanties and palaces, at cross-roads and canal banks. The land filled with them, cursed with them, while they multiply like the frogs and lice of Egypt and not only fill the state prisons, poor houses and jails and bind the country with heavy taxes, but also creep and crawl into our houses and leave the dead in every house and home they enter. In vain we try to reform. We save one, and while we are busy here and there, the man is gone. Or while we are pursuing him, ten, twenty, a hundred are enticed to the dens and caves and filthy abodes of the little liquor seller and twenty, a hundred and a thousand are captured and

ruined in the spacious, attractive, splendid Great Man-eating Hotels. Whenever this country wakes up again, and it will awake to its work, it will strike at the root of the evil. Total abstinence from its use, total abstinence from its sale, and "Dog Philosophy" for the liquor sellers! Until this is done, we will have no rest, nor security in the land. We may rejoice over wanderers reclaimed, but we will have to mourn over thousands lost forever. Break up liquor selling. Send the liquor sellers to the state prison and their families to the almshouse, and we will soon have but few in the penitentiary and fewer in the poorhouse. And why not? Do they not fill the penitentiary with their customers and the almshouse with their innocent unoffending families? Why should the deluded victims of the rum traffic and the wives and children of the drunkard be forever wronged and forever suffer that their tempters and seducers, murderers and robbers and their families may live in comfort and splendor, while their vile business is cursing the earth? Break up liquor selling and no man will break his pledge nor need one. No meetings for reformation need be held again. But let the liquor sellers succeed and continue their abominable traffic, and we may work and mourn and mourn and work until life and time are ended, and still the earth will be filled with the breathing holes through which men go down to a drunkard's life, a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell. When the country awakes again, it will not try license, nor moral suasion against the iniquity of the liquor traffic, any more than it tries them against any other felony in the land. The liquor sellers know this and dread it. Man is awaking to the high responsibility of self-government, as he is account-

able to a Sovereign God, who made him free. Counterfeiting, gambling, thieving, lying, murdering, enslaving, are all now restrained by law. And so, soon will be liquor selling, without which but few of these evils would exist, and which in itself does more harm to all the interests of men both temporally and eternally than all the other evils combined. It has to cease. It must cease and that forever. The sooner the better.



CHAPTER VII.

NEW ENGLAND. VIEWS ON EDUCATION. ORGANIZATION
OF CHILDREN'S COLD WATER ARMY IN BOSTON.
SCOTCHING WITH A BISHOP. APPEAL TO MODERATE
DRINKERS. LIQUOR SELLER'S BURIAL. OLD AN-
DERSON. BELLMYER'S MARE. BALAAM'S ASS.
ANECDOTES. MARRYING A WIFE'S SISTER. MRS.
TIPTOP.

AT MY first tour in Massachusetts, I was greatly de-
lighted in meeting with society more like the
"old Virginia gentleman" than any thing I had seen
since I left that dear land of my birth. The same love
of family name, and of state pride exists in the descend-
ants of the old families. And a high, generous, open-
hearted hospitality, that welcomed the coming and speed-
ed the parting guest; and the same delicate, refined taste
and cultivated mind which expands without ostentation
and embraces without constraint or condescension was
manifested in many of the families, especially in and
around Boston. But comers to fortune and position are
arising there. It is true that some of the more valuable
and admirable, I found there, were of this last class,
mechanics and laborers, self-made and well-made. But it
is not to be expected that fish women and butchers unac-
customed to the refinements and elegancies of life could
be much more than imitators of the new manners they
laudably aspired to follow, any more than the uneducated
overseer of slaves, however honest and praiseworthy,

should pass from his quarters and his cowhide, into the great house of his employer and represent the "Virginia gentleman" that formerly graced its halls. He may swagger and swell as he please, but the condition of early life will show itself. It will not be strange if the old-fashioned idea of the F. F. V. be entirely a matter of tradition, as it is now a matter of ridicule in many parts of the country. When this shall happen, a disappearance of much that is lovely, will be felt. I believe in blood. It is seen and prized in the habits and qualities of plants and trees and all living creatures. Why not in mind and in man? Certain it is that you can find fine men and lovely women in all the conditions of life. Jennie Dean was a Queen as well as the born Queen of England. But if you wish to find a class of the finest men and loveliest women, you will do so by looking into the old first families of the North and South. As they die out and fade away, a new order not to be despised on account of its intrinsic merit will arise, but there will be weeping among the last worshipers in the Old Temple when they look upon the new building. Those who have seen both will wisely, truly say, the last is a glorious building, but its glory is not to be compared with the first.

In Rhode Island, I found the population in its simplicity more like that of the staid, reliable population of the "First Declaration of Independence" State, old North Carolina, than any other, I met with. Unyielding, unbending attachment to principle and following of their own plans without much regard to what others thought about them, mark the greater part of the well-to-do inhabitants, the middle class of both States. As a general remark the New Englanders carry their economy too far

for the continuous and well-developed bodily strength of their race. Pies and puddings and sweet cake and clams and on Fridays codfish and at other times mackerel, may be a cheap way of living. But stronger food would make a stronger race and prevent much of the basis on which the vital statistics are now formed. New Englanders are thinning out rapidly and a new race will soon make England new indeed, unless a change is made in all the binding influences that are leading to the lamentable end.

One thing struck me as peculiar—while the intellect at the North is *educated* to a very great extent, it does not seem to be learned nor well balanced in its judgment. If I wished to find all kinds of error and extravagant isms advocated by highly educated minds, I would look for the phenomenon in and around Boston, where from Cambridge to the other end, the whole way could be paved with school books and all could read them, and had read them. In no other city in the world could there be such a collection of curious minds as was seen in Boston in the year 184—. At a kind of omnium gathering held by the Women's (Fanny Wright's) Rights they had the Anti-human, the Non-Resistant, the Anti-Sabbath, the Anti-Slavery, the Anti-War, the Anti-Marriage, the Anti-Creed and any other sort of out and out radicalism and rantism that could be conceived of. When such men as Josiah Quincy could be induced to take part in such assemblages, some idea may be formed as to what educated, but unlearned, minds can do. A faithful representation of that body, would be the most laughable caricature of poor human nature that was ever written. Had the author of Don Quixote known of it, we would never have heard of Don and his wind-mill, nor of Sancho Panza and his ass.

The first difficulty was to organize. The Anti-Human Government and the Non-Resistant were opposed to everything but the Higher Law—which meant, Do as seemeth good in your own sight and answer for it to God ; while the Anti-Creed party denied that a man was required to believe in any God at all. The difficulty was overcome by the wise resolutions. First, to appoint a chairman and adopt rules. Second, every man might obey the chair and follow the rules, or not, just as he pleased. Thus greased, the machine was put in motion. The first resolution was by an Anti-flesh-eating vegetarian. Resolved, “That it is sinful to eat flesh.” He based his defense and support of his resolution on the ground of assimilation. All ravenous beasts and birds preyed on flesh. The English were “bull dogs” because they ate beef. The peaceful, harmless animals, such as lambs and doves ate grass and grain. The nature of the eater partakes of the character of his food. Just at this stage of his argument, up rose a man with stentorian voice—“Mr. Chairman, a resolution.” “Order ! order !” from all parts of the house. “Order indeed ! I will obey the Higher Law. I am in order.” “No, a speaker has the floor.” “Let him keep it then. I have a right to stand and speak and to offer resolutions, when and where I please, in this free country.” The first speaker’s voice was lost in confusion, and he took his seat under the thunder of his opponent’s lungs. “A resolution ! A resolution !” It was this—“Resolved, that it is sinful to eat vegetables.” “I never had my attention turned to this subject before. But the new, the inner light has sprung up. I now believe in the doctrine of assimilation. The gentleman’s facts and arguments are unanswerable.

For who that heard them can doubt that he was raised on squashes and cabbage?" There happened to be no Anti-Laughing society represented in the convention. If there had been no doubt the conscience and feelings of its members would have been greatly outraged and they would have left disgusted at the continued roar of laughter that followed these resolutions and speeches. Old Father Taylor, the seamen's friend and missionary, one of nature's own orators, and I believe God's own child, a man as fearless as he was eloquent, in the defense of truth, determined to attend the convention, which was open and free for any shade of belief, for, or against any proposition, and defend the Lord's Day against its enemies. Abbie Kelly, one of the leading spirits of come-outism, had applied for and been refused lodging and board at Father Taylor's, during the convention. As he commenced his remarks, Abbie arose and called out, "Brother Taylor! Brother Taylor!" "Don't you brother me, madam. I am in no way related to you, unless it is in Adam, and I am sorry for that." "Brother Taylor! Brother Taylor! I will be a swift witness against you in the coming day." "What have I done, madam?" "I was a stranger and ye took me not in." "Ah! Madam! There are a great many strange women in and about Boston. I hope I will not be severely dealt with, for not taking them all in." But I must stop this exhibition of what can and has happened in educated lands. May be that inimitable author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, may yet find time to be as truthful and faithful and life-like, in showing the vagaries and follies and sins of creeds without any belief of religion without any creed, of Unitarianism, running into Parkerism, and Parkerism into Universalism, and Universalism into Deism, and Deism into Pantheism,

and all into Atheism, each following Transcendentalism, Ritualism, Materialism, or any other ism that leads far from the humiliating doctrines of God's revelation. She may show how this wonderful affair is carried on, by highly educated minds. How these minds have determined that the State shall carry on the education, and education must exclude all definitions of defined truth, and leave every man ignorant, so far as the State dare teach, of that fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom. No definite view of God that will offend any mind opposed to the holiness of a sin-hating God, and to the plan, the only plan that God has revealed, faith in His justice to punish sin, in His promise to forgive sin, on the conditions of the New Birth, repentance, faith in the love of God, and holiness; all of which depend upon a wise, holy, sovereign God, who gives according to His own good pleasure, these gifts of His Spirit; and without which gifts, no sinner can begin to turn to God and live. Sooner or later, the only morals taught in the public schools, will be that system which dare not acknowledge the God of the Bible and its truths as the only and binding system of faith and practice. And as this system succeeds in educating without the knowledge and fear of God, so will the New England States cease to be the land of steady habits. In her first, her palmy days, a Catechism teaching definite truths of the God of the Bible, moulded the minds of the teachers and taught. But a new King that knew not the Josephs of the Mayflower and of Plymouth Rock, now holds the sceptre and rules the land. May God in His mercy either convert them or drown them in the sea of oblivion. While they govern the schools, Anti—anything good and wise will have conventions in the land.

The tendency of the day, to take the duty and responsibility of education out of the hands of parents, where God has placed it, and out of the power of the Church to direct it as God has ordained in making its great duty to teach, and to place it in the hands of the State, is the only way in which the first step can be taken to destroy the liberty and foundation of our growing Republic. If the State have the right to educate, it also must have the right of determining what kind of education it will give. The majority governs and must govern while the land is free. Our Constitution now (and I trust always will) protects every man in his religious faith ; and keeps the Church out of the Government, and the Government out of the Church. The only connection is, the Church upholds the Government and the Government defends the right of the Church's existence according to its own faith. In all other respects, they are separate and distinct and independent of each other. The State has not the right to exclude or to include anything in an education which the parent approves or disapproves, and which one body of Christians embraces and another rejects. But when the State is armed with power to educate, it must teach something definite about God, in which all Christians agree, or it must omit that in which there is a disagreement. In this land of free thought, the only plan the State now pursues, is, to avoid teaching much about God, that is, to teach as little about Him as can now be done. Increasing differences of opinions and advocates for those opinions will soon have an entire godless opinion, or system of education. It matters not how others shall be offended. An education in morals without the knowledge of God, is Atheism. Such moral education,

with all a knowledge of the God of nature, is Rationalism, Deism. Such education with the views of only a part of the Community in reference to God is Romanism, Despotism. I have no love for either. I see no way in which the State can avoid the one or the other of them. Let parents and christians awake and see to it before it is too late. Let parents choose their teachers and the course of moral instruction appointed of God. Let Christians rouse up and see that they use the abundant means which God has given them in educating the poor so as to make them fit for any position to which they may be called in the Providence of God. They have the funds to do it with. The largest, nearly the whole amount of the school tax is paid, after all, by those who consent that the State shall take it out of their pockets, and use it as the State sees fit. The unqualified, ungodly, ignorant of God, and God neglecting teachers, teaching an emasculated system of morals, if they teach any, are mainly supported from the property of those who profess to fear and to acknowledge God. And the larger, the much larger portion of children in our schools are children of parents who could pay for their education, and cause that education to be deep and pure in the knowledge of God as made known in the Bible. Nothing can save our land but the operation of God's spirit on God's truth, lodged deep in the understanding and conscience. There are more highly educated minds, rogues, than can be found among the poor who have been taught but little more than to know that Jesus is the sinners' friend. To know all things, yet know nothing of the authority, the wisdom, power, justice, goodness and truth of God, will not make man what he ought to be, and must be, in order to sustain a government like ours.

I was once directed to prepare a Report on Education for the Synod of New Jersey. In that report I insisted that the educational period of life was the time most appropriate to teach divine truth, and that divine truth was the most efficient instrument in developing and maturing the powers of the mind, as well as fitting it for its earthly and eternal state. I insisted that religion and its cognate truths as taught in the Bible, should constitute the main teaching of the educational period, other things necessary being made subordinate to it, and not, as is now the case, set aside and made casual for other things. I contended that parents alone were responsible for the education of their children, and derived all their authority over their children from God and were bound to care for them as guardians appointed of Him to take His place and as His representatives to train them, teach them, just as he would do, just as He ordered. I denied that intellectual education without deep religious instruction, made men good, but rather, fitted them to be the stronger instruments of sin. Consequently any system of education that did not make the child acquainted with the will of God, was contrary to that will. That the State has no right to take the parent's place, and could not attempt to educate in religious matters. If it educated without religion, it made men powerful in their influences against it. When the report was submitted, it drew forth more commendation than I expected. But presently a learned Doctor of Divinity, who was much devoted to the State school system, after commending the report as admirable, and binding the ribbons on the horns, began to lead it to the slaughter of criticism. His first objection was, that he could not analyze the report and he had become shy in

voting for general propositions. His second objection was that if he understood the report aright, it made the public school system a curse rather than a blessing and seemed to imply that the New England population furnished proof of this result. Did he correctly so understand the report? I nodded in assent. He replied, "The gentleman nods his head! I have seen a Chinese doll do the same thing. I have traveled through the New England States and have come to a very different conclusion. If the gentleman has been there he must have kept his eyes shut.

1. I replied to the gentleman's inability to analyze the report as no objection against it. Sir Isaac Newton's *Principia* can be analyzed but by few. This does not prove it to be imperfect, only shows the character of the mind that pleads its weakness and inability against Sir Isaac's superior powers. I have recently read a work that does good to the land and credit to the writer. But I cannot analyze it. I doubt whether the author can, yet taken in its concrete, conglomerate state, who could say that his inability to analyze that work and show the value and effectiveness of every line was a proper objection to it? It was that very thing that made it most effective. It was then supposed and afterwards known that my opponent was the author of the work alluded to.

2. The gentleman has said that he has seen a Chinese doll nod its head and that I must have traveled through New England with my eyes shut, to come at the conclusion I did. It gives me great pleasure to do justice to modest merit. The gentleman has seen much greater sights than a Chinese doll. If he will tell all he has

known and seen, he could tell of a man who traveled much with his eyes open and yet saw nothing but the sun. When some men travel, they are unknown and unnoticed. Reaching a station, they leave the cars and go to a hotel or the dwelling of some humble friend. If they wish to see sights, they must wander on the streets and wharves and among the lower and middle classes of society. But when an LL. D. starts on his travels, it is always announced, somehow or other in some way or other that the celebrated, learned and popular — is expected in — on such a day. When he arrives a wealthy gentleman meets him at the depot with a splendid coach and spanking horses and drives him to such a table and bed as his Lord never saw while on earth, a despised man of sorrows. He is feasted amidst the choice spirits of the place. Sees the splendid libraries and literary societies. Meets with the first in the church. Is invited into the costly temple and preaches in its marble pulpit, to the silks and satins, with gilded Bibles and hymn books and velvet pews, and listens to the organ and the superior music of the hired substitutes in God's praise. He sees nothing, hears nothing, knows nothing of the ground swellings and wailing and woes and muttering of the undercurrent. And leaves, under the impression that the public school system is an unmixed blessing to that unequaled and unexcelled people. While he is thus gazing, poor brother Hunt is being pelted with eggs, cautioned not to say a word in that mixed multitude of mortals he is seeking to benefit that would prove unacceptable to Unitarianism, Universalism, or any other Unit-ism that refuses to act from a moral sense, that dare not take a word from the Book of God, nor put one in its place, that God has not put there,

under the penalty of having his name blotted from the Book of Life. All these things I have seen and heard, mourned over with my eyes shut. There is no public assembly for any public purposes, in which a man dare urge the claims of a Holy God, hating sin, and excluding the unpardoned, unrenewed, finally impenitent, from His presence, or pardoning the penitent, only for the work of the Holy Spirit and his faith in One, in whom dwelleth the fulness of the Godhead bodily. You dare not do it. The grand leading truths of the Gospel must be kept back. What kind of people that will be, is not difficult to know.

My report was submitted to a Committee on Reconstruction. That is the last I have heard of it in Synod. But it is working and will work. For unless our youth are early taught the whole will of God, it is in vain that we expect them to bring forth fruit in their old age. The State cannot teach them this. We must have day schools, that teach as we do in Sunday schools, which have proved such great blessings, not because they are taught on Sunday, but because they teach religious truth and a morality of which God, the God and Father of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, is the Author and Sovereign.

While in Massachusetts, I met with Dr. Charles Jewitt. He had a large family in a small house, with small means to sustain them. But he had a strong, bright mind, a pure, generous heart and was learned as well as educated. I urged him to throw away the lancet and pills, and take hold of the Temperance Banner. I told him that with divine favor, he and I could whip the liquor sellers out of the land. His heart was with me. But he needed the eggs, the clams and the codfish with which he was usually paid for his services. I urged him to go with me. I

would see that he was taken care of, until he could determine what he ought finally to do. There was to be a large Convention in Marlboro Chapel the next day. I would get him an opportunity to read a poem he had. He agreed to go. He read his poem. It was applauded, encored, requested for publication and a vote of thanks enthusiastically given to him. I arose and said, "These clappings of hands and votes of thanks are very gratifying to us public lecturers. And when we go home and tell our wives and little ones about our reception, they too enjoy it. But when wife and mother says 'We have nothing for breakfast and nothing coming' our vote of thanks cannot stop the cravings of the stomach and it has made us too proud to beg. I speak from experience. Now gentlemen, if you order that poem published and each take a number of them and give the proceeds to my friend Jewitt, I will stand for it that both he and his family will more deeply appreciate and longer remember the thanks." By acclamation the publishing was ordered. The next day my friend went home with his pockets well lined. Since then his voice and his pen have accomplished as much if not more than those of any other man in the temperance field. Untiring, unyielding, witty, wise, he has given the liquor sellers no rest. They will be glad when he is dead, and glad they will not find him in the place to which they go. How I would love to see him once more. I hope to drink of the water of the River of Life with him.

One night the liquor sellers of Boston, at least some of them, determined to break up my meeting. Cries of "Fire! Fire!" were made. I suspected the trick and urged the audience to remain. It was water,

not fire the liquor sellers were afraid of. Seeing they could not get us out, they came in, and began to throw rotten eggs at me. One struck the ceiling, another the wall to the left, one struck a lady, none struck me. I at last said "Come, now it is time to stop. You are too drunk to hit the pulpit, much less me. Besides you have struck a lady. She may be the Poll of one of these sailors in the gallery and they will not stand it much longer to see their sweethearts thus abused." In a moment, quick as squirrels, the sailors climbed down the gallery posts, but as they descended, the egg throwers vanished. They depended on rotten eggs to support a rotten cause. It is their best weapon.

At Charleston opposite Boston, the enemy determined I should not escape. A very warm-hearted advocate of temperance, an Episcopal clergyman had gone with me to the meeting. He was about my height and we both wore blue coats. As he came out of the house, they commenced breaking eggs, over me, as they supposed. But the other man got them and took to his heels. They pursued him and ruined his cloak. I went on my way, undisturbed and unnoticed. My Episcopal friend lost nothing by the egging. The friends of temperance gave him a new cloak and he was proud of the marks on the old one. I often long to know where he is. I hope to see him in Heaven.

In Boston, I organized the "Cold Water Army," composed of children whose parents judged of their fitness to join its ranks. I published there for the children, a little book, called "The Cold Water Army." This army swelled by recruits throughout the land to a mighty band. It was then customary to let the boys who procured the

most signatures to the pledge, carry the Banner and make the speeches on the Fourth of July which was the day of gathering and feasting and rejoicing throughout the land. I did not make this first move among the children with the view of earthly honor and distinction. I hope I can rejoice in good being done in any name. But I have sometimes felt that those who were taught how to place the egg on its end so that it stood, might have let him, who taught them how to do it, keep the name he gave to it. But whether it be Cadets, or Bands of Hope, or any other name under which the children are gathered into temperance ranks, let them be gathered. The strength that these, then young, soldiers, now give to the cause, will be needed in the now rising generation, when the first shall pass away, as nearly all their fathers have done, and will do, as the old man who now writes these lines, must shortly do. Educate the children in temperance. When my mother asked my dying father what she must do with her children, he said, "Educate them." So, I, now perhaps the oldest living among the first fathers of temperance, say, "Educate your children to avoid drinking liquor and to hate liquor selling." As I told the children the only way that David could kill Goliath, was by knocking out his brains. So they must throw at the brains of the liquor sellers: not as some little ones did in Hartford, Conn., who stoned a liquor seller, thinking that his brains were in his head. Hearing the uproar, and seeing the boys' mistake, I told them they would find the liquor sellers brains not in their heads, but in their pockets. "Throw at them boys, and you will soon make them quit. Do not trade with them. When they find it is a losing business, they will quit it."

In the year 1837, I was invited by Dr. Gordon of Bucks county, Pa., to review Bishop H.'s tract, in defense of Bible authority for drinking intoxicating liquors. Due notice was given, and a large audience assembled to hear my lecture. An Episcopal clergyman, an entire stranger to me, was among my hearers, who listened very restively to my review. At last, he said, "I will thank you to be more respectful to my bishop." I replied, "I did not know you had a bishop. I am not speaking about him, but about certain things he has made public property by publishing them to the world. It is the bishop's arguments to defend moderate drinking, and not himself, that I am reviewing." He answered, "I do not care what it is. You shall treat my bishop with respect." "Well, I reckon I can go on without him for a while." I then proceeded briefly to recapitulate the evils resulting from wine drinking. History both sacred and profane, recorded many mournful instances of the sore curses resulting from the use of the intoxicating cup. A vast multitude of widows, orphans, broken hearts, paupers, criminals, diseased and dead fill up the record of wine's doings. Now in view of all these evils, suppose all the liquor that causes them could be gathered into one vessel, placed near an unfathomable gulf and a proclamation made, that if that vessel should be rolled away, all these evils would forever cease. But if they refused or were unable to roll the vessel into the gulf of destruction it should roll on through the earth, crushing and cursing as it once did, is now doing, and will forever do. Would there not be an effort to roll it away? Most certainly. I would call on my "Cold Water Army" of children and they would come, and with them rejoicing mothers and fathers would come.

Old grey-heads leaning on their staffs would come. Young men in their strength would come. Even the drunkards would come ; and not a man would stand back except the moderate drinker who does not believe liquor will hurt him. The vast army gathered together with levers of faith and screws of love proceed to the work of destroying the juggernaut car before them. A strong, long, all-together heave starts it. It begins to move in the right direction. What thrilling joy ! Wives, mothers, children join in the jubilee. Even the poor, helpless abandoned drunkard begins to see his redemption drawing nigh, and joins the song of victory. There is joy among all that love God or men. The song is "Glory to God in the highest, on earth, peace, good will to men." It is the angels' own, old song. They repeat it in Heaven. One deep moan is heard on earth among the wine drinkers. One deep moan is heard in Hell for the stronghold about to be overthrown. But what means this sudden silence ? This wailing among the ones just now so happy ? This rejoicing among the wine drinkers and this triumphant yell in hell ? The vessel has stopped and begins to recoil, threatening to destroy all in its course. Oh ! what sorrow now, what blasted expectations ! what bitter tears ! what blackness of thick darkness ! But I am not easily discouraged. I say to the dejected, almost despairing crowd, hold on, put in new strength until I can find out the impediment that prevents our success. I run around the vessel and exclaim, "Courage ! Courage ! I have found it." Some moderate drinkers, preachers of the gospel of salvation have taken a fat, old bishop, who claims to be descended in a straight, unbroken line from those apostles, who refused even to eat meat or to drink

anything, if by so doing they did injury, and pitched him as a scotch under the vessel!! With the shout of a conqueror, we pull the bishop out and with one more effort roll the vessel and all its woes and curses from the land. The effect of this representation proved that the bishop's tract would do no more harm in that region. The people all saw it, and many who had been scotching the vessel by moderate drinking and Bible authority resolved not only to help pull the bishop out, but also aid in rolling the vessel away.

Moderate drinkers are the cornerstone and the capstone and the wall of the liquor seller's bulwark. Take them away and no license would be granted, nor asked for, nor pretended to be needed. No one would be willing to confess, nor will confess, that they keep accommodations for drunkards, or sell to them. None pretend that the drunkard needs or desires such accommodations. All the whole machinery of drunkard-making is manufactured, maintained and kept actively employed, only for moderate drinkers, and men who love the Bible because they can turn its meaning to suit their stomachs. Shame upon such men! When will they help to make the land happy and save themselves, by joining in that only wise gospel remedy, Total Abstinence from the use and traffic of the cup of devils, the drunkard's poison? Take the reputable apprentice to the drunkard's trade, as all moderate drinkers unwittingly are, away, and drunkenness ceases. The tempter and the tempted, the drunkard-maker and the drunkard are known no more. Moderate drinkers! You dare not deny this. And you will for the sake of the momentary taste and excitement produced by moderate drinking, still demand that this cruel traffic

in bodies and souls of men and rights and happiness of wives and children and glories and prosperity of the world shall be continued. If you love God, you cannot. If you love men, you will not. But if you love liquor more than these, you will. And when you do love liquor, then what next will you do! Even, as you are now doing. Run the risk of becoming a drunkard. What security have you that you will escape? Total abstinence is the only cure for drunkenness and it is the only preventative, certain and unfailing. Why refuse the prevention until you are compelled to use the cure? It is not as easy to reform as it is to fall. What is the matter with that ruined companion of your jolly hours? He is a drunkard. Why is he a drunkard? Because he drinks too much? No; he was a moderate drinker as you are. Then why does he drink too much now? He is not a drunkard because of his drinking too much as you call it, but he drinks too much because he is a drunkard. Moderate drinking is the cause of drunkenness and every moderate drinker who becomes a drunkard is so, long before he, or his friends suspect or admit it. Drunkenness is the physical effect of a physical cause. It is a disease produced by the gradual introduction of a virus, poison, found in all intoxicating liquors, under whatever name, or condition in which they are found. It works always the same way, producing in kind the same effect and differing in degree only as the cause is more freely introduced and employed. Every drink tends to produce this disease, and repeated moderate drinks renew the constant effect in kind. The effect is permanent. Every indulgence strengthens the desire to renew it. Every renewal weakens the resolution to abstain, as well as

increases the disease already formed and working silently, yet none the less powerfully, in the unfortunate victim. On what do you depend to escape this fearful malady? Not on strength of mind, for what can mind do to prevent the physical effect of physical cause, if mind will not avoid the cause? Do the weak-minded only become drunkards? What has moral principle to do with physical causes to prevent their effects? Nothing in the world, unless the moral principle is strong and active enough to resist and remove the cause. Do the low and the abandoned and despicably mean only, become drunkards? You may have that disease already. If you have not, why drink on until you have? If you love liquor well enough to throw away reason and follow your appetite and yield to custom and fashion rather than escape the disease, you had better have a mill stone fastened around your neck and be cast in the midst of the sea. Become a drunkard and the justice of a Holy God will cast the drunkard, both soul and body, into hell. No drunkard has eternal life abiding in him. Every drunkard comes from the ranks of moderate drinkers who owe their escape, if escape they do, to the fact that they made some approach to the doctrine of total abstinence. Press not only nigh, but into the refuge and be safe.

I found some difficulty in getting a church to lecture in, in ———, N. J. One of the churches had some very *respectable liquor sellers* in it, who gave very liberally to its support. I had become somewhat known as “the drunkard’s friend and the liquor seller’s vexation.” And it was said that I was like the old preacher who saw arguments against prelacy in every text in the Bible. So let him take what text he would, Episcopacy was sure to

catch it. His friends requested him to lecture on the first chapter of Genesis, hoping to hear one discourse at last that had nothing in it about "The Succession." The old man delivered his lecture without hinting at the Jure Divino claim, until he came to the last verse in which all the works of creation were pronounced to be very good. "See, brethren," he said, "how complete, perfect and finished everything was, when the Maker completed His work, and there is not one word said about his making a Bishop. He had not made one then and all was good. He had never made one yet, and never will, for His works were finished from the foundation of the world." So I would bring in liquor selling, it mattered not how I started. There was some discontent at my not being invited into the church. The minister was in a straight. He was a gentleman acquainted with the rules of etiquette, which require brother ministers to invite each other to preach. He also knew that there were some elements in the temperance cause, that while they asked no favors, it was not safe to slight. And he knew precisely the despotic tyranny of the friends of the liquor traffic. He no doubt would have been glad if I had kept away, but there I was. What to do with me or rather to do for himself, he knew not. In his dilemma, he concluded to find out if I had a sermon that bore a great ways from the liquor sellers, and if I had, to invite me to preach it for him. I showed one, Revelations 14:13, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors and their works do follow them." My introduction was to prove the truth of the Scriptures from the perfect agreement of all known moral truth, in reference to man, found in the text. He selected that and

gave notice that I would preach for him on Sunday night. A large audience attended, the rich liquor sellers with their families. I said, "when a witness is not reliable, he is almost always caught, if he is aiming to establish only one thing or truth, while there are many other things and truths to which his attention is not turned, bearing on the case." The text is a conglomeration of many truths. The sole object of the author of the text, was the condition of the dead.

1. All know that wise men and philosophers can tell us nothing of the dead. The text does not come from them. We would not listen to it if it did. But "I heard a voice from heaven," from the place to which the dead go. We listen now. We may hear something that is true, but if it contradicts truth known, without Revelation, or makes Revelation contradict itself, we cannot believe it.

2. What does that voice say? Blessed are *all* the dead? If it did, could we believe it? Is that in the doctrine of immortality? It is that death is only a change of place of being. That the same identical being that now lives on earth, will always live in eternity. We know that a man's happiness, when thrown on his own character, does not depend on his place of being. Vice is its own punisher, and virtue its own reward. Men are happy or miserable, according to their moral character. Let the good man go where he will, he carries his reward with him. And so does the vicious man. The one has the approbation of a good conscience and of God. The other has neither. Besides, the Bible says, that there are virtuous, good men, and vicious, bad men, living on the earth. We know that is true. These men die different

deaths; one desirable, the other dreaded. We know that is true. But here our own personal knowledge ceases. The Bible continues its statement. There is to be a coming day of judgment. The virtuous hail it with shouting. The wicked call to the rocks and mountains to hide them from it. The Resurrection precedes the Judgment. One class comes forth to the resurrection of everlasting life, the other, to a state of eternal death. The Judgment comes. Two books are there. The one, containing the names of the one class, called the Book of Life. The other, those of the other class, called the Book of Judgment. All of the one class is at the right hand of the throne, the other at the left hand. The one, receives a sentence, "Come ye Blessed." The other, "Depart ye Cursed." The one is freed for ever from death. The other is cast out into the lake of fire and brimstone, which is the second death. Now, if the voice said, "Blessed are *all* the dead," could we believe the Bible agrees with it, or that it agrees with our own experience? But besides this, we know that there are different kinds of labor, the one of love and mercy, the other of malice and selfishness. The one that casts blessing around it as a shower of gold, the other that leaves bleeding and sorrow in the earth. We do not, we cannot believe that these different kinds of labor make all happy, blessed. And if the voice said, "Blessed are *all* the dead, for they cease from all their labors and their works do follow, to meet their approbation and to escape all condemnation," we could not believe it. But the voice says no such thing. It says, "Blessed are the dead who die *in the* Lord." Those who by nature were sinners, but being converted by the spirit, became new creatures in Christ Jesus, bap-

tized into the body of Jesus, one with Him, they have His spirit. If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of His. Having His spirit they cease to do evil, learn to do good, make it their business to labor to bless, and the blessing of the ready to perish comes upon them, and God says of them, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." In other words, "Blessed are the virtuous, holy dead, whose lives proved the holiness of love; they rest from their labors and their works do follow them." Those who make their fellow men to mourn, we cannot call "Blessed."

3. The common moral sense of men settles the question. There are in all communities, some ministering spirits who are in the Lord, the salt, the light, the joy of all who know them. One of them dies. Notice is given of his funeral. For miles around old and young, rich and poor, saint and sinner come to honor his memory. As the coffin descends into the grave, I exclaim, "Hark! I hear a voice from Heaven say, 'Blessed is this dead!'" Every ear that hears me, every heart around that grave where none sorrow without hope and none mourn without confidence, in reference to the departed, cries out "Amen!" So be it! Thus recording their testimony to the universal moral sense that good men are happy. In all communities there are wealthy men who pay their debts and find both dogs and beggars at their doors. Men who can be elected to honorable positions in both church and state, who have friends that love them and many things that are lovable, whose character among men is respectable, whose children are well raised and who do desire to stand well in the estimation of society, and therefore are given to hospitality and make generous

donations to some charitable objects. Such a man dies and notice is given of his funeral. A vast crowd collects. The aged parents, the suffering widow with her beggared children, the inmates from the poorhouse are there. As he is being lowered out of the sight of the living, I exclaim, "Hark! I hear a voice from Heaven saying, 'Blessed is *this liquor seller*. He rests from his *labor* and his *works* do follow *him*.'" Would not grey heads brought to the grave in sorrow for ruined sons pronounce the statement false? Would not widows, orphans, many of them join in the accusation? Tell me, would there be one of the countless multitudes ruined and made miserable by this earth-cursing beverage who could believe the voice? Not one in Heaven, Earth or Hell believes it, but all exclaim, "It is a lie! Liquor sellers' labors never yet blessed the earth and never will and never can. Therefore no voice from Heaven will be heard saying that which no man can believe.

There was a fluttering in the audience. The minister was kept busy in mollifying the liquor sellers and their friends. He had no thought that any such use could be made of *that* text. It was unexpected to him. Brother Hunt had his own way of interpreting the Bible according as he called it, to common sense. He was an eccentric man with some genius and many fine traits, but injured himself by his rashness and unexpected blows. How he succeeded in gaining and retaining the respect and confidence of the liquor sellers, forms a part of his history, not mine. It cannot be too often repeated, that liquor sellers tried simply in the character of their business, their work for which God will judge them, will find horse-thieves, counterfeiters and many other workers of

iniquity, rising up against them and faring better than they, in the Day of Judgment. And it would not be an interesting question for all who aid, abet, defend, or Pontius Pilate like, pretend to do nothing, or Meroz like, come not up to the help of the Lord against these mighty men of strong drink, to ask, Inasmuch as we did not do it against the liquor sellers, did we do for them all that they^{re} required of us to do, let them alone? All are to be judged according to the works that follow them. How I would hate to die and have liquor sellers following me to my grave, unless it was to mourn to repentance for their sins, and confess that I had faithfully warned them of their sins and their dreadful end. The liquor sellers' work continuing, is no result of my labors. Could I have had my way they all would have given up their work, or have been in the state prison long, long ago. I am old now, but hope to see one or the other before I die. Will the work of cursing never cease?

While I was in Massachusetts, I preached from the same text (Rev. 14:13) in a Unitarian Church. I did not know that Unitarians had any affiliations with the Universalists, and I was satisfied that no Universalist could or would deny the truth of the principles of that sermon. The next day as Doctor Edwards and myself were returning to Andover, we met the Unitarian minister. He was so cool and rude in his manner to me, that I asked an explanation. He said my preaching had done harm to his young people, who had been guarded against my views on the subject. I asked him if he believed I had said anything not taught in the Bible. "No." But the inferences he drew, might differ from mine. "Did I draw any inferences?" "No. But my young people."

“Well, your business is to train them to draw correct inferences from Bible doctrine. If you do your duty all is well. I do not reckon your young people will be much injured if they bear in mind that those who are in the Lord and labor for good will be happy when their works follow them beyond the grave. Will it benefit them to believe that they may labor so that their wicked works may meet them hereafter and they yet be blessed?” “No.” And it was not so much for his young people he cared, but for Gen. ——— a most worthy, liberal, supporter of his church, but who was a professed Universalist. He was afraid the General would be offended with him for admitting me into his pulpit. I informed him that the General had invited me to stay with him after the sermon, and handed him an open letter that he had sent to Deacon Moses Grant endorsing that sermon as one of the best he had ever heard and proposing to be one of ten to engage me on a liberal salary to deliver it in every parish in the State. The Unitarian was amazed. I advised him to go home and urge his young and old people to be in the Lord and labor in Him and follow Him in such labor as would be followed by the works and fruits of the Spirit. If he did so, he would not regret the result when he and his works met at the Judgment. We parted. I wonder if my labor with him will be manifest in any other way than of that peace which resulted to me for trying to be faithful. Dr. Edwards, of cheerful inbred gravity could not restrain his peculiar manner of expressing his satisfaction at the results. He was afraid we would come to hard words and part in anger. But the labor was in love; and we prayed that its works might be love too.

In writing "Things" and impressing "Thoughts" I try to omit any thing or thought that might injure the ministry, but I must say that the most fearful delay in the success of the temperance reform has been caused by the timidity and conservatism of many ministers of the Gospel, and of those who look to them as guides and directors. I try not to judge them and pray for the charity that thinketh no evil, and that covereth a multitude of sins. Had all ministers of all denominations come up heartily to the labor instead of standing aloof; had those whose voice and pen were only used in exposing what they supposed to be the excess, the ultraism of temperance, proposed and executed a better plan instead of giving aid and comfort to the enemy, as they undesignedly did, the labor of temperance would long ago have been followed by works of unmeasured blessings.

The friends of temperance invited me to address them at ——— church, Pa. When I reached the place I found the doors of the building locked. The minister and trustees had resolved, as had many others in the land, that the house of God was for the worship and service of God. And inasmuch as temperance meetings were no part of God's service, they could not be held in the church. There was a fine grove around the church and it was resolved to go on with our meeting. After comparing the evils resulting from intemperance with those following the bite of a mad dog, I supposed that a hue and cry was made "Mad dog! Mad dog!" We all started, armed, in pursuit. The dog runs into a canal boat. The boatmen attack him with us. He gets aboard a railroad car. Conductor, men, passengers—all join for his destruction. He runs into a hotel. He is not safe there. He hides

in a distillery. The distillery is as fierce as any to kill him. He escapes from there. All follow him. He shortens his gait; he cannot hold out much longer. He is nearing the church; in he goes. He is safely lodged under the communion table. Now we will have him. But, no! The door is closed against us; and outside stands a minister, a deacon, or a trustee, with a resolution: "This is the Lord's house and the killing of mad dogs is no part of the worship of God;" and we shall not go on with our work. The dog is safe; but who saved him? Liquor dealers can be pursued all over the land and there is no place where these workers of iniquity can hide themselves and be safe except in some churches. They and the mad dogs find refuge with the professed worshipers of God. That church has since been opened and the dogs and they whose business cause a death much more dreadful than hydrophobia, the liquor sellers, are no longer safe in that sanctuary. Shame and sin that they ever were!

A *Friends Meeting House* was once closed against me. I had not "Inner Light," and, of course, had no right to labor against works of darkness, within the walls of their building. They had most capacious sheds for their horses and carriages. I proposed to speak in them, saying, that inasmuch as my Master was born in a stable, I saw no harm in preaching in one. The Quaker friends of temperance thanked me for that *light* and its works. This "Inner Light" is a curious thing. It is not the work of God's Spirit bearing witness to God's revealed truth and enabling men to see and feel the beauty and follow the love of God's wisdom as revealed in the Bible as the only rule of faith and practice. But it is somewhat

like a new revelation, a new understanding to discover and discern truths not even revealed in the Bible. An impression, conviction, emotion, something not dependent, nor connected in any way with God's revealed word, but known to be the inner, newer light from Heaven by its recipient. With it, not only new truth is reached, but without it, even an old truth cannot be understood. Determined to understand this matter if I could, I inquired if the Orthodox friends had it. The Hicksites said they had not. The Orthodox said the Hicksites had it not. Both told me they had it. How was I to know the truth? Could either be mistaken? Might I not be also? What standard settled this question? Under my present belief, the word of God settled all strife. If they speak not according to this word, receive it not. I never got any satisfactory answer to the question. On one occasion, one who professed to have it in great abundance and seemed to think it was one thing I greatly lacked, often urged me to seek it, for it would enable me to explain the Scriptures better. I asked him if it enabled him to do so. Could he explain the Scriptures more fully to me so that I could understand it better than if it were explained by a man who had not the "Inner Light." "Yes, he could." "Then," said I, "You are the very man I wish to see. You know there is a variety of opinions in regard to Paul's advice to Timothy about drinking wine. Now, can you tell me what kind of a thing that was that the apostle meant when he said to Timothy, "Drink no longer water, but a little wine for your stomach's sake?" He replied that longer water was a vile kind of mixed liquor and ingredients very injurious to men's stomachs, and the effects could only be cured by good wine. Therefore the apostle

advised his patients to abandon longer water and use wine. I showed him the passage. He gave up enlightening me, for what reason he knows best.

In New Jersey is a place called Port ——— on the Morris and Essex Canal. Near this is Anderson Town, in which lived a man nearer fitted to follow the respectable business of washing tumblers and scrubbing up drunkard's spew, than most of the men laboring for the public good, in that very popular occupation. I had an appointment at Port ———, and a company gathered by old Jim Anderson, determined to use the only argument befitting their dirty calling, rotten eggs, to break up my meeting, and aid him in his patriotic purpose of preventing me from taking away the liberty of the people. When they entered, I was stating that many attempts had been made to slander and make me angry. None of them had yet succeeded. But I did not know how I would stand it if I were called a "liquor seller," a name that had more meanness associated with it than any other word in the English language. Old Anderson could not stand this. Pressing forward and shaking his fist, he said, "I am a liquor seller and am a ——— sight better man than you are." "Like enough," I replied, "but you cannot prove that from your being a liquor seller." He said he could prove as good a character as I could. I told him that inasmuch as I was a stranger in the place and he was well known, he might have the advantage of me. But if he invited investigation I was willing to go into it; confident that he could not prove that as a liquor seller he was entitled to any more respect than a horse thief, or counterfeiter. He challenged the experiment. I said, "I will be satisfied with your own testimony. How do you prove

that as a liquor seller you are a respectable man?" "I have the certificate of the Court and my license to show that I am a man of good repute for morals and temperance and that is more than you can show, you —— old rascal." "Never mind the men that recommended you. At present I wish you to blow your own horn. Did you not use profane language here? Is it the first and only time you ever did it? Does it prove your good repute for morals? Are you not somewhat intoxicated now? Is it your first and least offense of that kind? Does it prove your good character for temperance? But never mind that. Can you point to a single deed that nobody but a liquor seller does, or can do, from which you can prove that you deserve thanks of one child, or woman, or man in the community?" This was a new view to him. He was silent and looked hopelessly around for deliverance. I then urged him to call up his certifiers, friends and customers to prove that he or any other liquor seller had ever done, as such, any good to the public or any thing, for which anyone ought to rise up and call them "Blessed." His friends looked as forsaken as himself. Memory had never stored away one fact that could answer favorably for them. Their anxious, perplexed looks caused a good deal of mirth; and many, besides them, began to think it would be hard work for a man to prove his good character simply from liquor selling. After I saw that no proof of the liquor seller's good character could be produced, I stated that I thought I could prove almost any crime or meanness as being connected more or less with liquor selling. I asked if he wished me to try it. He said, "Yes; go on, you will prove yourself to be a —— liar before you get through." I continued. "Do

you keep the Lord's day according to the laws of God and of the State?" "No," was responded by several persons, "he keeps open bar on Sundays." "Do you know of any deaths that have happened when they would not, or as they would not if you had not sold liquor?" The liquor seller said "No." A Quaker present, said, "Friend, thou liest; thou dost know that two men have died drunk at thy house and that a little boy who was sent to thee for liquor was made drunk and froze to death on the canal path home." The old fellow could not stand this accumulating testimony. He began to beg me to let him alone. I went on regardless of his wishes and proceeded to handle the business rather roughly, if that is possible, questioning him and getting answers, until in despair, he cried out, "Make him stop! Make him let me and my business alone!" The merriment even of his own followers mingled with the audience was indescribable. I let him off. It was supposed I would return to Washington that night. Accordingly the liquor advocates intended to rotten egg me on my return. One of the egging party asked permission to ride in the buggy with the young man who came with me. When they reached the ambuscade a fearful popping of eggs commenced. As their friend was sitting next to the line of fire, he got most of the discharge. He hallooed, "I am not Hunt. He is not here. Stop! Stop!" But they heeded not. "You can't fool us! Give it to him, boys!" And so they did. But sure enough, I was not there. I had gone home with old Mr. M. and was eating buckwheat cakes and honey, not dreaming of the salute that was given on the road. Old Anderson determined to sue me for libel. My next lecture was at Belvidere, the seat of justice.

Here he went, and meeting with a young limb of the law, whose fame and power had not become as yet equal to his talents and wants, he engaged him to bring suit against me for slander and libel against the respectable liquor sellers. The plan of serving the warrant, was to wait until all had left the house, and then serve it on me, so that I could not then give security, and must spend the night in jail. They had kept their secret, however, no better than did our Government theirs from the rebels, who often had our orders before they reached our own commanders, until Grant got to the head of the army. I was ready for them. Mr. S., one of the best men and lawyers in Belvidere, concealed himself in the church. When the sheriff arrested me, he evidently felt pleased, but somewhat ashamed of the part he had acted. Mr. S. presented himself most unexpectedly to the sheriff and the rag tag crew, waiting outside to enjoy my march to prison. We went to Mr. S.'s office and fixed up bail. I asked the sheriff if he thought his mother would be proud of raising a son who was willing to disgrace himself by taking part with such men as the liquor sellers were, against a decent man. I do believe he would rather have become my security himself than to have got the pity I poured out for his being engaged in such a company. Every lawyer in the county volunteered to defend me, except Anderson's young pettifogger, who had undertaken to engage in the most herculean task of proving that liquor selling was a business any decent man ought to follow. But "old Jim" dared not appear against me and he had the cost to pay. Poor fellow! He died sometime afterwards a most wretched death.

I once said to a man who desired me to recommend him for license to sell liquor, that I would recommend him sooner than any man I knew, but I had one objection to him that prevented my doing so. A gentlemen who heard of my statement said he was surprised that I would recommend that man in preference to any I knew. He was the meanest man in the county. I told him I knew that, but my opinion of liquor selling was that it was so corrupting and villianous that none but the meanest scoundrel on earth was fit to follow it. And although this was the meanest man I knew, he was not quite mean enough for the business. In my works, "Liquor Selling a System of Fraud" and "Death by Measure," I fully exposed the cruelly wicked practice of adulterating liquor, of rectifying and manufacturing artificial resemblances of various drinks with and by most deadly, potent poisons followed by almost all sellers both in the Old and the New World. These exposures have never been denied nor can they be. No liquor seller is ignorant of them. He who pretends to manufacture a pure article warns people not to purchase of others, if they do not wish to be poisoned and also to look out for counterfeits of his mark. Indeed very few men will drink many of the liquors they make, knowing that they are poisoned. But those who do make pure liquors will sell them to those who they know will adulterate them with poison and then sell them to others as pure and unadulterated. Can any good man do this?

Few parts of the world excel Pennsylvania in the number, beauty and fertility of its valleys. In the region between the Juniata, West and North Branch of the Susquehanna and away to the Maryland, Ohio and Virginia

borders, may be found valleys of tempting inducement for pleasant hours and profitable culture. Among them is a sweet narrow vale not far from the Western Branch called Pasadia. To it, as well as to many others might well be ascribed the land

“Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.”

For Satan had entered, as of old, into these Pasadians, or claimed them for his own. The rumites had complete sway. They showed how dangerous it is to the liberties and rights of the world, when all are of one mind and can have it all their own way. Indeed they were like the rest of human nature, much disposed to feel and act as if liberty consisted in power, and that those who did not belong to the power had no right to think or speak except as allowed them by their masters. This has so far been the tendency of concentrated consolidated power, ever since the Disciples wished to forbid the good men doing good because “they followed not us.” In Church and State, in religion and infidelity, unity of spirit is usually the unity of persecution. And it is well for that people, both in religion and politics in which the rights of parties to think and act for themselves is carried out in thinking and acting. No harm, but great good results from checks which keep away from being so strong that they cannot be bounded nor restrained by others, who if not strong enough to govern are yet strong enough to resist and make it dangerous to the one man power to trample on the rights of any. A one minded republican democracy is only a hydra-headed tyrant, if strong enough. A *jure divino* aristocracy is only the hydra on fewer heads. A

despotic autocracy is only the hydra on one head. The liberty of mankind is not safe under any of them. These blue-nosed rumites had the power to break up and mob all temperance meetings, to shut up all churches and school houses, shave the horses tails and take out the lynch pins of all advocates of sobriety. And they did what they had the power to do. They also became defiant and boasted that no temperance meeting should be held anywhere within their domain. I was informed of this boasting and threat of the hydra of the still. I resolved to resist and test the strength of this power of darkness. Aided by zealous friends of liberty and temperance in Danville, Milton and the surrounding country we procured a place for our meeting in a grove. The liquor party was aroused and circulated the news as much as the squealing pigs. There came with us quite a temperance force and we found on the ground a full corps of the tangle-leg party, well armed with liquor and bottles and eggs. Flushed with recent success in chasing away the last gathering of temperance men, they waited with impatience for the signal of attack. After prayer, I commenced by saying I would be gratified by ascertaining how many were present who were opposed to temperance and would thank all such to rise. I knew that I would not get the full vote of that party, by taking the sense in this way, some being unwilling to admit that they were opposed to temperance, although found in the ranks, living and dying with the enemy. But quite a number gloried in their shame and proudly arose. I thanked them, and then requested those present to rise, who were in favor of defending our constitutional right to hold our meeting in a quiet, peaceful way. Hundreds rose in favor of it. I heard one of

the leaders say, "I did not know there were so many teetotalers to be found about here. We had best be cautious." I felt sure they would not attack us then. I had not proceeded far in my lecture, before a distiller, whose name I learned was Bellmeyers, determined to get me into an argument. He made several remarks. I paid no attention to him till he said, "Mr. Hund, 'tis monish makes de mare trot." I replied, "You cannot speak that in English as plain as you can in Dutch. You mean that I am lecturing for money." "Vel, dat ish vat I means." "I understand that you are a distiller. Do you distill for nothing?" "No, I isn't such a fool. I gets paid for it." "Then it seems that it is money that makes both our mares trot. If it is right for you to make money, it can be no sin in me to do the same. Now, as the people have to pay for the riding, suppose we trot our nags out and let them see which it is best to ride. I will show off mine first. Gentlemen, did any of you ever ride my temperance mare?" "Yes," said many, "we have." How much did it cost you to ride? Some said twenty-five, fifty cents, or five dollars a year. Some said they had never paid a cent and that all who chose could ride for nothing. "Did it do you any good?" "Yes, we have been healthier, happier in every respect." "Did your children ever ride her?" "Yes." "Did she run away with them, throw them, break their limbs or injure them in any way?" "No, not any of them in the least." "Have your taxes for crime and pauperism increased?" "No, they have diminished." "So it seems that my mare costs but little, does no harm, but a great deal of good. Now, Mr. Bellmeyers, trot out your nag." He evidently was not expecting to be

called upon in this manner, and yet felt a kind of conviction that the request ought to be complied with. I said, "Come, gentlemen, this is Mr. Bellmeyers' whiskey mare. Did any of you ever ride her?" "Yes, we have." "What did it cost you?" Some said ten, twenty, thirty dollars a year. Some said hundreds or more. "Did it do you, or your families any good?" "No, but instead of that, it did some a great deal of harm. This mare would run away with our young men, set them to fighting and quarreling, make us all ill natured and ruin our property." "Mr. Bellmeyers, I saw about a mile from this place, a house with the clapboards and shingles off, the fence down, the gate broken, old hats and hay stuck in the windows, and one or two miserable, poor pigs rooting up what had once been a garden. Do you know who lived there?" "Yesh, I does." "Does he ride your mare?" "Vel no, not now; he gots no monish to pay for it." "No, because your mare ate up everything he had; hard riding that." "Do you know that man lying on the ground there?" "Vel, yesh, dat ish my son." "He has been riding your mare and got an awful fall. Do you know that man holding on the tree?" "Yesh, that ish my tother son." "He has been riding your mare too, and got into a quandary. If he lets go the sapling he will fall; if he does not, he cannot go home. Do you know——" Here the old man could stand no more. He exclaimed, "Stops, Mr. Hund, stops. I'll make a child's bargain mit you. If you lets me alone I vill lets you alone!" The effect of this surrender was such as I never witnessed before, or since, on an audience. That grove never resounded with the prolonged shouts, hurrahs, clapping and laughing as it did then. I am happy to say

that riding Bellmeyers' mare became unpopular. The distillery is abandoned and with it opposition to temperance meetings has ceased.

There was a man of good, natural ability, whose education, limited as it was, had been wrongly directed as to moral and religious subjects. The little learning he had, was derived from stray works in favor of materialism. He became an adept under such teaching and found much gratification in displaying his arguments in all places in which he could find hearers. On being invited to lecture in the town in which he resided, I was informed of his intention to interrupt the meeting by drawing me into a discussion on his favorite theme and to prove that as man had no immortal part, no soul, it was his duty to eat and drink and do whatever his natural soul lusted after while he lived, as all enjoyment would cease beyond the grave. He came into the meeting accompanied by several of like mind with himself and claimed the right to be heard. To this there was a loud demur. I advocated his claim. I asked it as a favor; the truth feared nothing. He spoke for awhile and then took his seat, waiting for my reply. He soon discovered that I did not intend to notice a word he had said, and he was determined not to be evaded thus. He arose and interrupted me. The audience became indignant and insisted that he should be silent. I again took his part, and asked that he should be heard. I said that "those unaccustomed to speaking did not understand the matter, as the speakers did. Sometimes a very bright thought strikes the mind and a man feels that it will do good to deliver it. On attempting to do so, he gets confused and forgets the idea, and beats about in vain to recall it. When he sits down

and becomes composed, the lost treasure re-appears and he longs to utter it. This may be the condition of my friend. For it is evident, that if he had anything to say worth hearing, he did not say it in his first address. Let him say it now." Old Mr. Powell, an excellent, firm, consistent, intelligent Christian, greatly respected by all who knew him and whose memory is still present to those who loved him, got up, and said, "No. We did not come to hear him. He shall not speak again. What is the use of hearing a man who declares he has *no soul*?" I instantly replied, "That is no reason at all against him. Balaam's ass had no soul and he made a speech. Let this fellow try." Consent was given. But all thoughts were knocked out of him by the terrible laughter raised against him, in which even his companions joined, and said in smothered tones, "Come, bray away, they are waiting for you." But it was of no use. He sat like a statue, neither able to leave the house, nor make a speech, and will never venture again to disturb any meeting where I am to take his part. Whether he believes that he has a soul, or if he has, that it is worth saving, I do not know. But one thing is fearfully true, that many who believe in the immortality of their souls, eat, drink, and live, only for the present time, never solving the question, "What is a man profited if he gain the whole world?" And "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Against them, this man may rise in judgment. He has talent, and wishes to use it. But he was poor and probably had none to instruct him fully in the word of truth. Had he enjoyed greater advantages in early life, more might be expected of him than there is reason to fear will be realized from many who have "line upon line and precept

upon precept," all their days. "Unto whom much is given, of him shall be much required." "That servant which knew his Lord's will and did it not shall be beaten with many stripes," while "he that knew not, and did it not, shall be beaten with few." Reader, how will it be with you?

In New York City, a wealthy, proud liquor seller, attended one of my debates in Chatham Street Chapel, on the comparative merits of liquor selling and counterfeiting. On leaving the house he dealt out no measured abuse against me. "What has he done?" asked an acquaintance. "While I was listening to him, he made his case so plain and interested me so much that I forgot I was a liquor seller, and when he called upon all to rise who believed that liquor selling ought to be made a state prison offense, before I knew it, there I was, standing up like a fool, and voting that I ought to be sent to the penitentiary! It is enough to make a man swear." He did not quit the business. Many condemn themselves in the sentence they pronounce on others, who call themselves fools when they discover the bearing their sentence has upon their own case. A perfect man sins not. A good man repents when he discovers his sin. A wicked man sins against light and truth and conscience. Reader, what are you? God knows and so do you.

A mob, urged on by a liquor seller, once attempted to drive me away. I said to them, "mobbing is not the worst thing that can happen to me; I have known much better men than I am, mobbed by much meaner men than you are." Said one of them, "You lie, you old rascal, you never did." "Well, may be I am mistaken. I will take it back and say, 'meaner men than I am, have been

mobbed by better men than you are.' Do I lie now?" The fellow saw where he was caught in his own snare and could not stand the laugh raised against himself. It was often urged against me that I made the people laugh. I always promised to cease doing that, when the moderate drinkers and liquor sellers would cease making them cry. It is not laughing, but being laughed at, they hate.

At a large meeting in Broadway Tabernacle, I was reviewing Daniel Webster's argument in opposition to the restricted measures against liquor selling. Mr. Webster had been employed by the liquor sellers to defend their cause in an appeal to the United States courts. I was regretting that a man of his great talents and standing, should consent to defend such a cause. A liquor seller, knowing how easy it was to excite a New York population, especially when any political favorite was concerned, and wishing to raise a disturbance, cried out, "Dan. Webster is a black leg." Instantly I said, "I know nothing about the color of his legs and have nothing to do with them. I am only replying to, and criticising his argument for liquor sellers." This sudden turn quieted the audience, which contained many friends and admirers of Mr. Webster and convinced them that I had no intention of interfering with their favorite's character.

At the convention at Saratoga, at which the pledge was altered for the National Temperance Union, I opposed any creed being expressed in the pledge. I did not care for what reasons a man signed and kept the pledge. Some might do it for one reason, some for another. Ours was not a theological society. We aimed to bring about the uprooting of social evil, and the overturning of the most vile business on earth. I had then the names of upwards

of twelve hundred ministers of the Gospel to total abstinence. Probably not one could be induced to sign it, if required to do so, on principles perfectly satisfactory to others. Let all sign who will, on such motives as they deem satisfactory. I lost some friends by this stand, but have never regretted it.

At the meeting of the New York City Temperance Society to alter the pledge, some difficulty was encountered so as to suit all views. The speakers could devise no plan, and the audience seemed as much perplexed as their leaders. Near the close of the meeting, I was called upon for a speech. I declined as it was too late in the evening. I would, however, tell them an anecdote. A philosopher employed a carpenter to make two holes in his door, a large one for the cat, and a small one for the kitten. On being reminded by the workman that the little kitten could get through the hole made for the cat, he said he did not think of that before and one hole large enough for both was philosophical. The audience came to the conclusion that the total abstinence pledge from the use and traffic of all intoxicating liquor was large enough for all true friends of the cause; and so ordered it.

When that wise and untiring friend of temperance, R. M. Hartley, then secretary of the city society first introduced the total abstinence pledge, he left it optional to all to sign either the old ardent spirit, or the new total abstinence, pledge. Upwards of nineteen thousand out of twenty-five thousand names obtained at our meetings in one year, were on the total abstinence pledge and many, indeed most of the ardent spirit or old pledge signers were teetotalers. All began to see that if it were the evils of intemperance, intoxication, we were striving against,

we must fight against all usages, customs, habits and traffics in the articles that produced the evils, it mattered not under what name they were called. Indeed no man now pretends to advocate the temperance cause with a glass of poison in his hands.

I was appointed as the *first* delegate from the Presbytery of Luzerne to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church at its meeting, in Richmond. Elias Boudinot, of New Jersey, had given a fund to the church to be used in supplying *feeble* churches and pastors with valuable books. The Presbytery sent in an overture to the assembly, requesting that the minister might select what books he desired, instead of being compelled to take such books as were sent him. When the overture was reported, a brother minister, either ignorant, or desiring to be witty, inquired of the moderator, what was meant by the term, *a feeble minister*. The moderator looked to me for the explanation. I told him I did not know exactly what Mr. Boudinot intended by it. But I considered him to be a feeble minister who had not money enough to purchase a library, nor brains enough to do without one. The definition, I believe, was satisfactory to the enquirer.

At that assembly, the celebrated McQuan case, the marrying of a wife's sister by her husband, was brought up. I maintained that the sentence of excommunication by the Presbytery was not according to the Bible and ought not to be approved. I believed that such marriages were contrary to the Bible and ought not to be encouraged nor allowed. It is strange how the most learned, pious, prayerful and cautious Westminster divines could have fallen into the error they did, if such marriages are lawful.

And how could the whole Christian church be of the same opinion if they are clearly in error. Incest like homicide is of different degrees. The 18th chapter of Leviticus enacts what is incest. The 20th chapter marks the degrees and assigns the penalty, For some degrees it is death, for others and marrying within the degree forbidden in this case, it is, "They shall be childless." So decided was this sentence by the Jews that there is no case on record of any venturing such marriages, to incur it. It is a penalty addressed against the most prevailing and powerful motive to control such alliances, which is, that the sister of a deceased wife will make the best mother to her sister's children. True, or false, no man, nor woman would be willing that our children should be regarded as illegitimate in order that their sisters' or brothers' children might be cared for. Let Church and State enforce the penalty and the children of such marriages be counted unclean and illegitimate, the parents treated as childless, and there would be but few cases of this kind in the world. The wrong penalty being enforced and the wrong degree of incest being considered, causes all the trouble in settling this question. Persons will run their chance of being excommunicated, but who would encounter such fearful penalty as is affixed in the law against this sin. By the way, it would be well to determine the truth of the statement, that sisters and brothers always make the best step-parents. I have known some instances in which it was not so, and can see no reason why it should necessarily be so. My heart has been pained at the evidences I have seen that such marriages have always produced as much happiness as the parties expected. I would advise none to contract such

unions. Where the law of the land allows them, it is difficult to prevent them. But who can change the penalty of God's law, "They shall be childless?" The sentence of the Presbytery was not confirmed by the assembly, by which the law is still maintained. There is a great indifference and laxity on this subject, even in states where the law of the land forbids it. I have known some excellent persons, both in the Church, and out of it, following their own ideas, and marrying within the prohibited rules. I wish it were otherwise. Either prove clearly that it is not morally wrong, and repeal the law, or if it is doubtful, good men ought not to venture. If it is clear, then attach the right penalty and enforce it. There are many social reasons against such unions. I know of none in their favor. If they ever were unwise, they are so now.

There was a place in —— in which I had persuaded an Irish grocer to abandon the sale of ardent spirits. Some time after I found him at it again. He gave as a reason for resuming, that some of my own denomination were selling liquor. On inquiry, I found that one of the members of our church belonged to a firm in which liquor was sold. That he had done his best to exclude its sale, but could not do it. But he had no lot nor profit in that part of the stock. I could not induce the others to abandon the traffic. I was invited to preach in that place. I took for my subject, "No man can serve two masters. You cannot serve God and Mammon." I showed that the difficulty arose from the adverse conditions of the service. God required men to serve him with all their minds and strength, at all times, in every thing; that disobedience in one thing, was regarded as

disobedience in all things. The whole man must be God's only, entirely and forever. But Mammon's terms were different. He was willing that his followers should seem to be good and to do good, sometimes. All he required, was to be served whenever he demanded it. He did not wish all men to be as bad as they could be. They could not serve him effectually if they were. If he wanted the service of a minister to aid him in drunkenness he would not employ a drunken one for the service. Who would quote the opinions of a drunken minister? But if he could get a minister to preach a flaming sermon against drunkenness, and wind up by advising his hearers to do as he did, drink moderately, and make his heart merry at a funeral and merrier at a wedding; and revive his perishing body after its fatigue after preaching, or traveling; and keep his stomach right by a little wine; his opinion would be of great authority and his influence unbounded in sustaining moderate drinking, in which way alone drunkards are made. If he wants vice and immorality to reign among the rich and higher walks of society, he would not wish that Mr. Tiptop should associate with Moll Muggins in a low dance house groggery. No decent young man would go there. But if she will only keep the best of wines and liquors and use them and offer them to her guests and have fashionable waltzes in her parlor and quote the Bible that "*There is a time to dance*" and "*a time to embrace*" in justification of that tightest kind of hugging; and have cards and gambling, besides drinking, to prove that there is a *time for all things*; it is all that Mammon wishes. Her parlors will be vacated very shortly by some in the higher walks, and Moll Muggins' rent will be raised, and she will be able to pay for it out of the ruin of Mrs. Tiptop's former guests. So if he wished to

ruin men by the liquor traffic, he would not have any friends quit selling ten cent liquor and engage in the traffic of costly drinks. His customers have no love for anything but "bald face" and will not buy it if they had. He might as well shut up shop and quit Mammon's service. Nor would he have my wealthy friend — abandon the sale of the costly liquors he now sells, and supply the place with the low-priced adulterations of the day. His customers would never buy the vile stuff, and he too might close his devil's agency. But do you not see how Moll Muggins on her way, and Mrs. Tiptop on her way, and my friend — on his way, make a clean sweep of it for Mammon, and gather into his service the vulgar and refined, the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the old and the young? It was not very long after this that the discovery was made, that that church was not dedicated to temperance but to the worship of God and that certain kinds of temperance work could not be done in it. I was informed of it, and issued a call for temperance meetings to be held in the streets of that place. Both my friends the liquor sellers thanked me for my sermon. The one whom it was thought would be most offended thanked me most, and urged me to try and save a friend of his who was perishing from intemperance. In my lecture I told the crowds in the streets, they would be disappointed if they supposed that I intended to complain at being turned out of the church. I was an advocate for fair play. If I had my way I would turn all the liquor sellers and drinkers out of the church. They had their way and had turned me out. It was consistent. Both of us could not rule. They had acted according to their principles. I loved consistency. But I doubted whether they had served the devil by this move. If the devil's friends were

always as wise as they are zealous and self-sacrificing, they would do better service for him than they sometimes do. I have more frequently heard of greater injury done to him at that street meeting, than at any other I ever held in that place. It is wise to remember that that which sometimes seems to make most against a good cause, proves in the end to be the very best thing for it. A high ruling power of wisdom and love guides and controls the destinies of truth and righteousness. No weapon formed against them can prosper. All that has been done against temperance as well as for it, works for its advancement. We may injure ourselves, but the cause is in the keeping of Him who does His will among the armies of Heaven and the inhabitants of the earth. Every drunkard made, every soul ruined, every heart broken and hearth made desolate, only works the downfall of a traffic enriched by widows' tears and orphans' sighs. The present fearful overflowing of the land, rising like the flood of old to the mountain top, and covering the valleys, will be staid, will subside. And the time is not far distant, when liquor selling and its fearful offenses against God and man, if it exist at all, will be in secret places and confined as all other abominations against the peace and dignity of mankind mostly are, and all ought to be. I admit that liquor sellers have the stronghold on the vices, appetites and interests of the sensualists, the selfish, the ungodly. But that hold is not stronger than the truth, nor more powerful than God. I admit that of all classes of men, liquor sellers are the most unscrupulous and dishonest that have been found in ages gone, now, and ever will be, by the evasion of all law and cursings without law. But the time is at hand. Their days are numbered. Their power will soon be gone.

CHAPTER VIII.

REMOVAL TO PHILADELPHIA. TEMPERANCE WORK AND TRIALS THERE. ADDRESSES IN PENNSYLVANIA HALL. FESTIVAL AT PRATT'S GARDEN. DISRUPTION OF THE CHURCH.

IN 1836, I removed with my family to Philadelphia. I was employed by the State Society, but my salary was to be paid by one man who was to receive from the State Society what they paid, and he make it sure. I never got it. I labored on nearly the whole year, on such means as I could obtain. I had no house rent to pay; but the winter was coming on. I had no stoves, nor carpets, nor fuel, and the provision larder was growing smaller every day. I could have borrowed money, but this I had never done and never wished to do. I could have begged it. This I had never done and was ashamed to do. Once I walked from above Pratt's Garden to Market Street, and bought a peck of Indian meal and brought it home on my shoulder, prouder of it than I have been of a wagon load of flour that I have since brought home from the mill. I often did not know how I would get along. All this time I was lecturing to crowded houses. And many were saying "Hunt is getting well paid for it. He is getting rich." In this strait these warm friends of mine and true friends of all that God approved, John T. Smith and Matthew Newkirk, became the raven of God's love to feed me. Mrs. Newkirk, mother of Rev. M. Newkirk, Jr., came in a carriage

loaded with hams, sugar, tea and coffee and a purse and left all with her blessing. She has a long time ago gone to Him who forgets not the cup of water nor the visit to the stranger in His name. Mrs. John T. Smith and her husband came and when they left us, we knew that God would raise us up friends. John T. Smith has gone from his labors and his works do follow him.

The Old Northern Liberties Society determined to sustain me. We moved into the city and were comfortably fixed on Seventh Street, below Poplar. I labored on more vigorously than ever. My salary was honorably paid. I took no thought for the morrow. I preached on Sundays at the State Prison, in a mast shed above Poplar Lane and in a small yellow school-house in Cohocksink near which a large Presbyterian Church as well as a Methodist one now stand. Had my Presbyterian brethren believed me they might have had both places as well as another on Edward Street. But there was such a conservative spirit at that time somewhere in Philadelphia, as to cast a look of suspicion upon all working men. "Brother Hunt was eccentric and sanguine and rash and stirring. We had better let him work his own way." With the exception of Dr. Cuyler and my friends in the Central Presbyterian, I received but little encouragement and less attention from many who now act differently. There were other Christian friends and ministers, who while they knew that I was Old School out and out, welcomed me to their hearts and aided me in my work. They lost nothing by it. I believe it was thought by some, that because I had common sense, I had no other kind, and was a fool for that.

The liquor sellers had ousted the Temperance men from Southwark Hall. And no meetings on the subject of Temperance could be held in safety and order there. Provisions of all kinds were very high. I procured the hall to hold a meeting in reference to the high price of grain. It was densely filled at the opening of the meeting. I undertook to prove, and did, from admitted statistics, that the grain consumed by Distillers and Brewers, if not turned into poison, would afford bread to many an eater; and charged the rich men who owned such establishments as being the enemies in fact to the poor; first in raising the price of grain and then in manufacturing from it, that which cursed the poor man's family beyond poverty itself. It was soon noised in the streets that I was lecturing on Temperance. The Liquorites rushed into the room to drive us out. There was some confusion and alarm, caused by this interruption. A very fat woman rushed to the widow behind the stand, and evidently intended to run the risk of breaking her neck, by jumping out. Rev. Mr. Brainerd and I seized hold of her petticoats, and a tight scuffle ensued; she, trying to jump out, we, to keep her in. She, crying murder, we, attempting to soothe her. We laughed then and often afterwards about our work of love in saving this stranger. The outsiders found we were too many for them and had to leave. One ——— a great pugilist and good sized drinker became our friend on that occasion; and the way he struck about him was a caution to those who did not wish to be knocked down. Shortly after, he was riding with some drunken men, one of whom commenced abusing me. My friend, the boxer, took it up, and hurled him from the carriage saying, "Hunt is right and we are fools in not following his advice. No man shall abuse him."

At a meeting held in Moyamensing, I was thrashing the liquor sellers, for adulterating their liquors. A rectifier who was present, denied my statements and called for the proof. I told him the proof could be furnished and should be, if he would name a time and place for the investigation. No; he demanded the proof now, and I must furnish it now, or else stand charged with uttering lies against respectable men. I knew that he gained somewhat against me for the time, by assuming to be indignant, and challenging proof when he knew it was not at hand. I proposed to send a committee to my house for documents and certificates. "No! No! produce them now, sir!" At this juncture, a man asked the rectifier, "Do you know me?" "Yes, you are well known about here." "Well, sir, I hate to hear good men abused and falsehood asserted. Am I a man of good character for truth and veracity?" "Yes." "Then, sir, I say that I receive pay, night after night from you to put the very articles that this gentleman says are put into your liquors." This announcement caused the liquor adulterator to take to his heels. I could fill a small volume with proof of the vile, dangerous adulterations of liquors, wines and beers. At the time I commenced the investigation of this murderous work it was carried on in secret. Each rectifier, distiller, and brewer had his own secret, and the retailers and wholesale dealers had theirs. Brandies in France, gins in Holland, beers in Germany and England, that were dosed before shipment, were dosed again before sales here, and were lucky if they did not get the third and fourth addition before the drinker paid for his own death. A liquor seller once said to me, it made no difference whether his

liquor was good or bad. If good, the drinkers would praise it and drink it. If bad, they would drink and curse it. They would drink it anyhow. Now, the villainy is openly, constantly, unblushingly carried on. Each producer warns all to beware of counterfeits. To cheat their customers and defraud the government is now the pride and business of a set of men who have the audacity to follow the business and seek license and protection!

In my addresses to the Cold Water Army, I used to call particular attention to the fondness of rats for malt and of cats for rats and the consequent admixture of rats, cats, etc., with beer. The children called beer, rat soup. A large brewer in Philadelphia said that the prejudice raised against beer through the children would ruin the business.

Lager beer was then unknown in this country, Its introduction by the Germans was denounced as dangerous. But as for a while it was confined to them, but little attention was turned to it. It affords a convincing illustration that it is not the use that calls for the traffic, but that the traffic creates the appetite and demand. The land is filled with lager beer saloons and drinkers. Thirty years ago, neither was known, except, perhaps, in a few localities in this country. Like all other stimulants, lager beer has been and is proving to be a curse. It is a poor return for the liberty, security and happiness foreigners could not find in their own beer sodden land, to introduce one of the causes of their oppressed condition into the only land where the poor man is free, and the oppressed of all nations find refuge. I am happy to state that many foreigners take the same view. They all will,

when they come to understand their own best interests and the nature of our government. The idea that beer is nutritious to any extent in proportion to the price paid for it, was long ago exposed by Franklin. At the present retail price of lager beer, grain would be worth upwards of twenty dollars a barrel. Who could afford to feed a family at that price. Is it any cheaper to drink it than to eat it? Are there fewer robberies, murders, riots, paupers now than before lager beer saloons covered the land?

While I lived in Philadelphia, the mob burnt down the Pennsylvania Hall. It was a fearful night. On the opening of the hall, which was built mainly for the use of such as could not gain admission into other places, Abolitionists in particular, but also to accommodate all, the Temperance Society was offered the free use of it for one evening. I delivered the address. My subject was "The Duty of Temperance Men at the Ballot Box." I took the following positions.

1. The traffic in intoxicating liquors is dangerous to the morals and to the property of the country and therefore must be prohibited.

2. It is not necessary that travelers should be provided with the miserable accommodations and poisons of a grogshop. Good refreshments may be obtained without them.

3. Travelers have no more right to demand accommodation by law, for one vice, or immorality, than they have for another.

4. Moderate drinkers, for whose accommodation alone the liquor traffic is licensed, can do without drinking liquor for a few days, and if they cannot, they have no more right to have a nuisance provided for them, than any other moderate sinner has.

5. It is impossible to regulate liquor selling, so as to prevent its injurious effect.

6. Ample accommodations in a style to suit the most fastidious may be provided by hotel keepers without selling liquor. Let the additional charge be put upon food, fuel, lodging and waiters. What matters it to the payer whether his money goes one way or the other. He has got what made him comfortable without injuring others. Private boarding houses make money without selling liquor. And so could all hotels that may be needed. If they cannot, let their owners pursue some other calling.

7. Would you make Temperance a political affair? It has always been one, only the intemperate have had it all their own way. Moderate drinkers and drunkards and liquor sellers vote for no man whose politics are not sound on the Rot Gut question. They will never elect a man to office that will change the policy of the country now established in favor of liquor sellers. A wine drinking, rum elected Legislature will never do it. Will moderate grog drinking, rectifying, distilling, retailing constituents ever do it? They have always done the very reverse and always will.

8. But will not the moral force of temperance be weakened by mixing it with politics? It will improve the politics, and that will be some gain. Do the grog men moderators weaken their influence by mixing it with politics. Is not this the way in which they have obtained and keep possession of the land? The most profligate, unchaste spendthrift in the land, may be nominated for office. They care not for us. We are too much afraid of weakening our moral influence by mixing it with politics. They know that we will either vote for

them or what is the same thing, keep away from the polls. Let us dare abate one of their demands and the day of vengeance is at hand. We hear from them at the ballot box.

9. There is no danger of our losing any men of influence who are worth retaining. Men who love politics more than they do morals, cause no loss by deserting. Let them go.

10. Will not the liquor men hire themselves to the party that will sustain them. They have made the offer. But what party is base enough to pay them their price? There are as many pure friends of morality in one party as in the other. Let them see to it, and the rum men can never buy them by pretending to sell themselves.

11. There is no use in waiting until a favorable opportunity arises to agitate this work. Freemen will create opportunities proper and convenient to do what is right at all times. *Now* is always a good time to do right.

12. The advice, "Leave it to the constituted authorities," "Urge the Legislature to repeal and enact," given so sagely by some, is all owl wisdom, if we neglect the ballot box. We have tried this, and know what it is worth. We have asked the authorities to enact the laws and have been told to mind our own business. We have petitioned the Legislature and had no man to present it or attend to it. We have urged until it was assigned to a committee of drunkards and gamblers with a counterfeit-
ing, liquor selling chairman at its head, and we heard no more of it. We must get possession of the ballot box before we can get relief from those worse than Egyptian plagues. Until the moral influences of the country are

made to tell upon its political interests, liberty is nothing but the power of moderate offenders united with corrupt passions and interests of the desperate excuses of those who will make any country an Aceldama.

This speech was heard by a leading political drinking editor. When the mob collected to burn down the Pennsylvania Hall, he issued a handbill, calling the attention of the mob to it, and urging that the speaker's house and the Temperance Hall on Third below Green street, required their attention. Notice was circulated that the Temperance men would be attended to. I was advised to vacate my home and hide myself till the storm was overpast. I did not feel so inclined and determined to stand fast. I had some Southern young friends attending Medical Lectures, who loved to stand up for the right and who were not much afraid of a frolic. They agreed to stand by me in defending my house and rights. In my absence some friends, and among them the best of friends, John T. Smith, came to my house and carried away my wife and little babe Ruth, and my other two little daughters, leaving a note informing me that they would be taken care of and restored in due time. It was best that I should not know, nor go where they were. I fortified my house. We also made arrangements to defend the Temperance Hall. The mob understood that no resistance would be made against them at Pennsylvania Hall. The Quakers were non-resistants. The Mayor had gone home to bed. A few butcher boys burned that hall. I tried to dissuade the mob from doing it, mingling fearlessly with it. When I used the argument that the city would have to pay for it, the shoeless, penniless, exclaimed, "We are willing to pay for it. Down with it."

But when they came to the Temperance Hall we invited them to send in a committee and see what was inside. When our preparations for defense both in arms and legal authority were known, the mob departed, hurraing for Temperance. Their next attack was on an asylum for colored children. The firemen dispersed them with ease. I was not disturbed at all and brought my family back the next day safe and sound. If the authorities had done their duty, there would have been mayors and sheriffs and common councils doing theirs. Elect drinking men and men like unto them will rule them, and they will rule to please their constituents. So it has ever been, so it will ever be. When will patriotism take the place of party politics, and good men vote for none but proper men to guard and guide the land?

Some of the "Friends" waited upon me with the request that I would aid in protecting the hall. I told them what we were doing to protect ours, and offered, if they would furnish five hundred men, to aid in defending theirs. They said that their principles forbad that they should resist. I told them that my principles forbad my having my head cracked for men, who would not let their own be struck in defense of my rights and theirs. Why should any man seek lot or part in any government and yet refuse to make its laws a praise to them that do well, and a terror to evil doers? In a community where no sin is, no penalties are needed. In a community where no virtue is, no penalties can be enforced. But where saint and sinner live together, penalties must be enforced by the virtuous, or society will be a curse.

The Temperance Hall was an old theatre, purchased by the friends of temperance. I preached in it on the

Sabbath, and crowds attended my preaching, as well as lectures. The bell was never rung except for temperance meetings. Whenever it sounded, all knew what it meant. The house not being large enough for the accommodation of all who desired to attend, it was determined to put in a gallery. There was but one door into the room. The gallery was over the door. The workmen employed did not finish the posts that were intended to hold up the front beam which was sprung into the walls. Temporary studs were placed under it. On a particular occasion, the house was unusually full, the gallery especially so. The workman who erected the gallery, pointing to it, whispered to me that the studs were yielding and the gallery would fall. I told him to be silent. I then said, "Ladies and gentlemen! I am accused of doing many eccentric things, because I am governed by common sense. If you will gratify me by doing as I request, I will show you one of the strangest common sense things I have ever done. I desire that every person on the floor and in the gallery fix their eyes upon me, and keep them there, until I direct differently. I desire that every gentleman in the gallery rise, two and two, and come down and march up to the stand looking straight at me." I was obeyed. The gentlemen in the gallery left their seats, two at a time. As the gallery was thus being emptied, I could see the studs and beams gradually resuming their right position. All was safe. A sudden jar, or movement would have shaken the studs down. The rush that would have followed any annunciation of the danger would have been fatal. As soon as the danger was over I explained my reasons for the request I had made. I succeeded in calming the audience, finished my lecture and

dismissed the people in safety. While the experiment was being tried I felt as if I had a world on my shoulders and could hold it there in safety. But when the excitement was over, and reaction took place, I was shorn of my strength and felt that a feather was more than I could bear. I was weaker than a babe, and found strength of body and mind both gone. I trust that I gave the praise to Him, who alone "can create and can destroy." It was He who did it. His arms, not mine, saved.

The Philadelphia Temperance Society held a temperance festival at Pratt's Garden on the 4th of July. They invited several speakers in whom I had no confidence. I declined to speak with them. I was, however, assured that I was mistaken in reference to their temperance standing, especially of one, and his own published declarations were produced to prove that he was a thorough temperance man, and bitterly opposed to the doings of a certain court with which he was connected, and which I supposed he had sanctioned. Satisfied and gratified with the evidence thus produced, I consented to speak with him. While I lived in New York, I had been invited to address a public meeting in Philadelphia, the object of which was to petition the Legislature in favor of a Recorder's Court in the Northern Liberties, which would refuse to multiply liquor houses and enforce the law against unlawful sales and all violations of the laws against vice and immorality. When I reached Philadelphia, I was informed by some warm friends that the meeting was purely political, and I determined to have nothing to do with it. But other friends, and of all political parties, assured me that this was a mistake. I used my influence in favor of the measure and the Court was established. It proved to be

the stronghold of liquor sellers. Houses of the vilest character were licensed. All remonstrances from the advocates of order were treated with neglect, derision and contempt. I had been under the impression that one of the selected speakers, was first and foremost in those evil doings. But I was assured that he condemned them as much as I did. One of the speakers who preceded me, introduced his speech with the following toast. "May the temperance cause be ever saved from the dangers of an *inn*;" by which he said he meant intemperate zeal and interference with things that did not belong to it. I followed him and proposed to butter his toast by the following additions. "May the temperance cause be saved from the danger of all Inns, whether licensed or unlicensed, and from the danger of insincere and intriguing politicians." I showed that it made no difference to the drunkard's family where the father got the liquor that made him a brute. And that if the public good required the sale, it should be left as all other beneficial pursuits were, under the restraint of common law and not licensed. I then went on to debate how the temperance influence had been sought by corrupt and designing politicians in securing the Recorder's Court of the Northern Liberties, and how that Court had been defending and shielding the vilest kind of men, in disregard and contempt of the law and wishes of its first friends. To substantiate all I said, I called upon the Orator who was to follow me. Instead of doing this, he construed my remarks as a personal attack upon him, and called for sympathy and protection. In vain I told him that his friends had vouched for his hatred and opposition and resistance to the doings of that court, and had guaranteed that he condemned them as

much as I did. I only wished him to confirm the truth of what I had said. He would not do it. He and his friends made a most furious attack upon me every day in the public press for some time. I gave the records of the Court, the testimony of witnesses to prove all I had said. They were never questioned nor denied. But personal abuse, descending so low as to ridicule my bodily deformity, was depended upon in defense. No intriguing, insincere politician has ever troubled any temperance meeting where I was, since. I hope never will. The gentleman who felt thus aggrieved, was a man of fine cultivated taste, a fine writer, a splendid orator. For a while after this he became a temperance man. How he held out need not now be mentioned.

I resided in Philadelphia at the disruption of the church. I felt sore and sad to see how things were tending. There were many things in the Old School that I could not approve, and there were many, very many New School men that I loved, and still love most dearly. Indeed, owing to the conservative position of the Old School generally, most of the city ministers were shy of me, while those who afterwards became New School were my most ardent friends and warm supporters in the Temperance cause. After sides had been fairly taken, I was asked by a New School brother where I was going, as he knew I did not approve of all that was done, nor admire the spirit of some who did it. I told him I was going with the Old School. That although I did not believe them to be all I admired, I was not certain that I would find none but angels of light among the New School. I believed that the Old School were contending for principles and established truth. I feared the New School

leaders were actuated by policy and covered and protected for the sake of it, more error than they held. I never quarreled with them. During the fierce contest that prevailed, I was opposed to all secret causes. I had the Act and Testimony turned out of the Presbytery of Fayetteville, forbidding those who attended the convention at Petersburg, to do so in our name and by our authority. I broke up the call made for a canvass by the New School leaders in Philadelphia in 1832. I had been invited to attend. I invited my step-brother, Dr. James Hoge, of Columbus, Ohio, to go with me. The meeting was temporarily organized, in order to make out the roll, previous to a regular organization. When my name was called, I refused to give it, until I knew for what purpose it was to be used. The chairman told me to wait until the meeting was organized. I told him it would then be too late. That if the meeting had anything to do with the business of General Assembly, I was opposed to it, desiring to transact business of that body in it, not out of it. The chairman said I could not at that stage make a speech, but if I desired I could make a motion. I told him I had no motion to make except one toward the door, and left, followed by many who began to see that it would be at least wise to know what they were expected to do, before they were committed. I never knew what the object was. It may have been one of those things, not evil, though it sought darkness. When I was thus accused of being on the fence, my reply was, I always took the fence as the safest place when the bulls of Bashan were bellowing and prancing around me. How strange has been my lot! I had to fight against the extremes in the church, and at last take sides against my best friends,

for the sake of principle. In the fearful Rebellion of our country I did the same thing. The pro-slavery men hated me, the "destroying heaven" men, "*ruat cælum fiat justitia*" men hated me. I strove against both. When the issue was made to destroy the Union, I was from principle opposed to my dearest friends. I think in both cases I sought God's glory, and do not yet regret the course I pursued. I was on the fence voting for Bell and Everett. It is well I got off that before it fell, for the ringing when last heard was among the extreme that had succeeded in the first step to ruin. I believe the other extreme would have taken it if the first had not. Neither had any love for the Union and the Constitution. Both would have been glad to have seen it perish. I am not on the side of either extreme yet, but with those who love the Union and the laws, and are determined to sustain them in spite of foes without and foes within.





RESIDENCE OF REV. THOMAS P. HUNT, WYOMING, PA.
1840—1860.

CHAPTER IX.

PURCHASE OF HOME IN WYOMING VALLEY AND REMOVAL
THERE. MUGGLETONIANS. SERMONS. SIN OF
DRUNKENNESS. HIS MOTHER'S VISIT TO WYOMING.
HER DEATH AND A TRIBUTE TO HER MEMORY.

UP to 1838, I had never had one thought of what would become of my family if I were taken from it. I was very ill in Alexandria, and my physician intimated that it would be well for me to attend to any earthly interest that required my attention. I recovered, and then took a serious view of matters. I found that I had not the means of providing for them in the city. I determined to seek a small farm in the country. In case of my death, their home would be secure, and the farm could be made to contribute towards their support. In this state of mind, I was invited to lecture in the Valley of Wyoming. I found it locked out from the world, with resources in prospect that would make it amongst the richest spots on the globe. The only access to it from the city was by stage. The river and a canal, offered water carriage. But the coal demanded a speedier and more perfect way of conveyance. The canal and river were closed for nearly half the year. There were no schools in it, such as its population would require. There was but little moral courage in it. The wicked bore sway whenever they chose. I determined to settle there. I bought a farm, hoping that I could pay for it and confident that it would sell for more than cost, so that the seller would

lose nothing if I could not keep it. I had begun to be in straights in the city. My first year's salary under the new arrangement had been paid so easily, that my friends had neglected to secure subscriptions for the next. That fearful crisis of 1837, '38, '39 had come. No man felt safe. But few had any money, and those who had, determined to keep it. Many were utterly penniless. When an effort was made to raise my salary, it could not be done except to a limited extent. I had some funds in New York City. They were in the hands of a generous, noble friend. He wrote to me, informing me that he was fearfully pressed and did not know how he would come out. He considered my funds simply in the light of a deposit. But stated that if it were possible for me to let him keep them, small as they were in his eyes, I would confer a very great favor on him. I consulted with my wife. We determined to trust him. He failed. So I was in a fix. But I had been poor before, and found that a man could be poor and happy too. My friend had been generous to me and to the poor. I would not forsake him in his trial. Two years after I had bought my farm, he met me in the streets of New York City and insisted that I should go to his office. I had never asked him for my money and never intended to do it. I had no bond for it. Taking up his books he made a calculation of the interest due and gave me a check for the whole amount. With tears, he said, "You do not know, can never know, how much good your generous confidence did me. I knew that you knew me well. If you had refused to trust me I would have given up in despair. But when you wrote to me to keep your money until you called for it I felt that I had not forfeited the confidence of all. I struggled on.

Your little fund helped me. I have recovered and am doing business again. God bless you.''

I felt good and happy and safe in my farm, and my new position enabled me to attend to calls for temperance services, that paid me two-fold better than I had been receiving for several years back. When I say that I labored in Lowell, Boston, Salem, Bridgewater, Springfield, Norwich and many other such places, it is only to say that my nest was well feathered by the generous citizens of those places, who know how to make money and how to spend it in a good cause. Thus aided my farm is paid for and rising in value. If God had not provided, He would. If He has not, He will. I have no other faith since the day I emancipated my negroes and became poor for duty's sake.

The Lord has fed and clothed me longer than He did the Israelites in the wilderness. He will do it to the end. I may say of a truth that when I have labored on, caring little for bodily wants, I have been the best provided for. Would that I could be more faithfully seeking *first* the kingdom of God!

The night before I left Philadelphia, I delivered three separate addresses, in three different churches, all crowded and many unable to gain admittance. I have two bedquilts containing the names of two hundred and forty females, on as many squares, as memorials of the place I held in their gratitude and confidence.

When I first lectured in Wilkes-Barre, the court was in session and there was a very great excitement caused by an indictment of the grand jury. A gentleman by the name of W. C. Gildersleeve of that place was an ultra abolitionist. He had invited an abolitionist lecturer to

address the public and obtained the use of the court house for that purpose. The Muggletonians, one of the most remarkable institutions for wit and unmeasured sensuality ever known on earth, determined that the lecture should not be given. They forcibly entered Mr. G's house and took the lecturer to the hotel, and without offering him any violence, paid his passage and sent him away. They wrote a note to Mr. G., requesting him to visit the lecturer before his departure. When Mr. G. arrived at the hotel, he was seized, threatened to be painted and drenched with whiskey, and was actually rode upon a rail, amidst the jeers of the crowd. The grand jury had indicted the offenders. The sympathies of the larger portion of the community were with the rioters, as against abolitionism. There was a wooden horse with tar and feathers on his back, in the court house yard. A *nolle prosequi* was entered and the case was dismissed. Some of the Muggletonians wrote me a note, saying, that if I noticed in my temperance lecture, their threat to drench Mr. G. with whiskey, a horse would be ready for my use. I was advised to say nothing about it. I made no promise. On Sunday night I delivered my lecture. The Muggletonian friends came in a body and seated themselves in the front of the gallery. I took for my text, Rev. 6: 16. "And said to the rocks and mountains: Fall on us and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne and from the wrath of the Lamb." After showing that this was the language of unutterable despair, I showed why it was so. Parents, Christian friends, God, all to whom sinners now usually call upon in distress, will be witnesses in the day of wrath against them. No man willingly calls for

witnesses against himself. Now when sinners are dying, they send for Christians to pray for them. But in the day of wrath, that dreadful day, they will remember how they reviled, scoffed, scorned and persecuted them, When pausing awhile, and looking the mob in the face, I said, "Ye wicked men, who rode a man of God on a rail, and threatened to make him drunk, because he claimed the constitutional right of thinking and acting for himself, would sooner call upon the rocks and mountains than meet him at the bar of God." For a moment the effect was indescribable. But soon all was deep silence, and I finished my discourse. As some of the rail bearers left the gallery, they said loud enough for me to hear it, "If he dare say that again he will catch it." I did not feel much fear of it. I heard a man once say, "If he calls me a liar again, I will knock him down." "How often has he called you a liar?" "Three times, sir, and I will not stand it again." "I reckon you will, if you have stood it so many times already." Generally threats of future revenge do not amount to much, and so I found it now. I was never interrupted by any of them. The fear of offending sinners, that I thought existed in the valley, was one reason why I settled in it. It also had a great influence on my subjects and method of treating them when I first settled there. I was determined to prove that God was with His truth and the wicked were cowards. There is some change now, and to some extent, men are not so afraid of them as they used to be.

I had several old acquaintances who made no profession of religion and took no active part in reforming the world. I determined to try a little personality with them. I knew they would hear of it, and that a little tougher

than I laid it down, though they would not be in church. I took for my text, I Sam. 20: 18; "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty." I stated that there were two classes in the world. The one would be missed, because their seat would be empty when they died. The other would not be missed, because they had no seat that was ever filled by them. I mentioned one among us was always present at prayer-meetings, temperance, benevolent societies, preaching, communions, taking part and contributing liberally according to his means, to all. How old Deacon Henry Hice will be missed when he vacates his seat here, to sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and Jesus at the table and feast in Heaven. How we miss him now if sometimes he is detained from our meetings! And we not only miss him, but know that some serious, important reason has kept him away. But then we have neighbor —— and —— and ——, good neighbors, industrious, honest, hospitable men. But who ever missed them because their seats were empty, at any meeting ever held for God's glory? The only cause of astonishment would be to see any of them anywhere, where God was worshiped, except at a funeral, and then to hear them say a word about any interest of the departed, unless it be how much they had left of this world's goods behind them. Not a word that would remind us that there were any such things as souls, or God, or Heaven, worth seeking. No one misses them now; no one will miss them in Heaven. They have never filled seats in God's earthly courts. They make no effort to have a seat in glory. None expect them here; none expect them there. They are not, they will not be missed. Their seats will not be

empty. They have none to fill. Of course there were some who repeated these remarks to Mr. —— and —— etc. They were angry at first. But two of them could not get rid of the truth. They sought seats and filled them. They have both, I trust, gone to higher and holier seats above.

On another occasion two murders, or deaths of drunkards by violence and liquor had happened in a town not far off, on Sabbath Days. Nothing was being done to enforce the law against this desecration of the Lord's Day. I was invited to preach there. I took for my text II Sam. 12:7: "Thou art the man." I stated that every man's judgment and conscience saw and approved the truth, when it approved or condemned other men's actions. But that sin blinded both judgment and conscience in reference to the sinner's own conduct. Hence the necessity of plain-dealing, "Thou art the man" preachers. God held good men responsible for evils which they could, but did not try, to prevent. Good men, not wicked men, were the salt of the earth. It mattered not how good are the laws. If it is left to wicked men to execute them, they will be powerless for good. Good men know this. Do they do their duty, and refuse to have any agency in putting wicked men in office? Do they remain at home enjoying their sermons and dinners, and prayers and reading and napping on Sundays, and leave the churchless, Christless, liquor drinking, selling, swearing, Sabbath-breaking portion of the community to enforce the laws? Have the church members, the moral portion of the community, done their duty? Could it be possible that the outrageous, constant public exhibition of evil should be heard, seen and felt every

day, and on the Lord's Day, if they did? In the day when God shall make inquisition for the profanity, lewdness, drunkenness and murders occurring in taverns, houses of ill fame and other places by night and by day, if Christians have not done their duty, He will visit their sins on them, and say "Thou art the man!" I then entered into an investigation of facts and charged that they proved that Christians of the congregation, to which I was preaching, had failed in commission or omission to do their duty. And God said that they were responsible for the results of their neglect. "Thou art the man!"

I was not invited to preach in that church for a long time after. But when I did again preach there, God blessed His word by an ingathering of souls. Without wishing to be censorious, or hypocritical, I must say that too much of our preaching is against sin, and not sinners. Some ministers seem afraid to preach against sin, so as to make men feel that they are *the men*. Every doctrine is rounded, padded, oiled, that if it strike the heart, instead of the head, for which it was prepared, or the conscience, instead of the ear for which it was modulated in accents sweet and soft, it shall not hurt much. When will men preach as Paul and Peter did, when they so pressed the personal unholiness and guilt of their hearers upon them, as to compel them to exclaim, "What shall we do to be saved?" When ministers shall leave their books and studies and go about among the people, searching for the truth they need and then preach as they know their people need it and make them feel that there is a personality in the promises and threatenings of God's word; that they come home to the trembling, broken-hearted and mourning soul, and to those who cry "peace"

where no peace is, and to the hardened neglecter of the great salvation, and open violators of duty, saying, "Thou art the man," preaching will be both profitable and pleasant work.

I was employed to labor in some of the counties of Pennsylvania, famous as the seat of the old Whiskey Rebellion. I performed my duty, but when pay-day came, it was found impossible to raise the money for me. When I was engaged, there was ease and abundance in the money market. But now a heavy financial crisis pressed upon everything. I found this out before I had been long in the field. But determined to fulfill my engagement. I did not feel that the people were to blame. Beef did not pay the cost even of driving, and but few had any money. So I worked through, receiving only twenty dollars in money, for two months services. In this time a member of a church was at one of my meetings, who kept a hotel. I was bearing hard upon liquor sellers as a class. He told me that he was of good standing and was a good man who did not sell liquor to drunkards. I had some knowledge of things in that region and asked him if he was acquainted with ——? "Yes, sir, I have known him ever since he first came to live in this county." "Was he a drunkard when you first knew him?" "No, sir, he drank nothing at first. After a while he drank occasionally." "Did you sell liquor to him then?" "Not at first, but when he drank more frequently and begun to treat others, I did sell to him." "When did you stop selling to him?" "Not until he became a"——. Here he found he was caught in his own trap. He was about saying, "Not until he became a drunkard." But the confession would be too glaring, that he had made him

so. He arose in a violent passion, saying as he left the house, "I will not stay here to be abused." No liquor seller looks upon his own finished work with complacency; they are all ashamed of it and disown it. I never saw one of them that agreed that they sold to drunkards. I wonder where the poor fellows get it?

On one occasion, a drunkard was found frozen to death in the snow. Here was a fine opportunity of finding out where he got his liquor and who had any agency in his death. From his house to the place of his death were only single tracks in the snow. He had made them. Also there were double tracks from the place where he died, to and from the liquor seller's. He had made them also. But there were double tracks to the distiller's and double tracks to the farmer's barn, all ending at his cold, dead body. Who made them? Had they not been made by somebody, would he have perished as he did? The retailer, distiller and farmer did some of this death's last walk. He had a marked piece of money when he left home. It was found in the farmer's pocket. It had been in the distiller's purse and in the retailer's till. In a murder of any other kind would not the circumstantial evidence of the tracks and money, traced home as these were, bring all these agents in as parties to his death? There is a time coming when all the tracks made to drunkard's graves will be traced out, and woe to him, who, for money, made them! A man was hung in New Jersey for murder. The proof was, that his tracks were found near the dead body, and an instrument, a club proven to be his, was left on the ground near by; and money known to have belonged to the murdered man was found in his possession. Here were the tracks from that

man's house, made from the farmer's, the distiller's, the retailer's, and made by them. The liquor that caused his death was theirs and they had his money in possession. How could men license the one and hang the other? Will God make the difference when he makes inquisition for blood?

I have always believed that wherever the Common Law is recognized, that liquor sellers could be tried and convicted of homicide in multitudes of instances. I have debated the question again and again with some very able lawyers, and do not know a case in which they did not finally admit that I was right. The same is true in relation to the comparative evils of robbery, gambling, incautious selling of poisonous drugs, horse thieving and other felony, now severely punished by the laws of the land. All admit that the injuries resulting from liquor selling equal and excel them all in injuries done to the dearest interest of man, both for time and for eternity. Yet this work of death is done in open daylight, under the seal of the Commonwealth, by laws made by men, elected by Christians, fathers, brothers, men! When will it cease? Not until men shall feel that God has made them their brother's keeper, and holds them to a strict account for all laws made by their consent, and by men elected again and again by their votes. The sin of drunkenness furnishes one of the strongest illustrations of the declaration, that he who breaks one, breaks all the Commandments.

1. 2. The strong affection, desire, and the unwavering service that the drunkard gives to his appetite is Idolatry. It transfers to his lusts all that God intended

for Himself. The same disposition manifested towards God, would furnish a nearer perfect model of a Christian than is usually seen.

3. If you search for a violation of the Third Commandment, where would you be most sure to find it? Among Drunkards.

4. If you hate Sabbath breaking, from what places would you flee? From haunts of liquor sellers.

5. If you wish to see parents dishonored, look at drunkards. What drunkard honors his parents?

6. If you desire a man to kill, to murder, make a drunkard of him and waste your time. This commandment is like the rest, exceeding broad. It forbids all unnecessary things that lead to its violation and enjoins all that leads to its observance. "Thou shalt not kill" thyself. "Thou shalt not kill" anyone. Self destruction of health by intemperance, suicide, destruction of mind and moral strength, inflaming the passions dethroning reason, unbalancing judgment, blunting conscience is done by drinking, and makes drinkers murderers. The testimony of the judges of our criminal courts and the graves of many, fifty thousand every year, prove this.

7. From the time of Lot's daughters, from the times of Solomon and Anacreon down to the present day, the connection of wine and women with adultery has been known. Every adulterer knows it. Every keeper of houses whose paths lead to Hell, knows it and relies upon it.

8. Thou shalt not steal, anything, any right. Stealing is the taking away any right of another, without their knowledge or consent, and withholding a just equivalent from those thus robbed. We have different terms for

stealing. But God has but the one. The drunkard steals the rights of parents, family and of society, without consent and returns no equivalent. Has the drinker a right thus to sin, to steal, to murder? Certainly not. Has he the right to demand of society, that it furnish, legalize the aid, the facility required in order that he may fit himself for these sins? By no means. Has anyone the right, under protection of law, to be hired, paid, induced to facilities without which, the moderate drinker could not be made at all, much less a drunkard? By no means. What are liquor sellers, but the hired, paid, induced, seduced agents of moderate apprentices, candidates for drunkenness? Have they the right of being so? Has society the right to license them to do it? Is it not bound to restrain them from doing so? We pretend to pray for God's kingdom to come. And then go and vote for men who pass laws that authorize this enormous, iniquitous abomination, or who refuse to repeal such laws enacted by others. Liquor selling and moderate drinking are covered and protected by law. Drunkenness, with all its woes and sins and crimes fill the land. God dishonored! Man dishonored? Suicide, murder, robbery, house burning, government defrauding, family ruin, rage and reign. The land sins, and the land mourns, by reason of the protection that liquor sellers and moderate drinkers receive by the consent of Christians who neglect to do their duty, if they do not cease to vote for men who will not do all that men can do to break up the facilities now afforded, under cover of the law, to enable men to become drunkards. If the interests and rights of liquor sellers and moderate drinkers require such aid and protection; if for their benefit and theirs alone, all the rights

of God, of men, of families are to be thus endangered, surely they should be held responsible for crimes and wrongs known to be connected with (and which could not otherwise exist) their accommodation. The existence of other known dangers in perils to mankind are forbidden and prevented. And he who dares inflict them is held to be a felon and compelled to repair the damage that is caused by his pleasure. And shall these who know that, for instance, the sin and woe of Delirium Tremens, *Mania a Potu*, never was known, never can be known, where there are no liquor sellers, nor moderate drinkers; that the same is true of the greater part of the evils of profanity, disobedience of parents, Sabbath breaking, lying, murdering, adultery and stealing, be permitted to aid and abet a traffic which is necessary to these evils and yet claim that it is lawful and that they should not be held responsible for evils which would not occur without their aid and which would forever disappear, many of them, if all moderate drinkers and liquor sellers were treated as gamblers now are? "God is no respecter of persons."

My mother paid me a visit at Wyoming Valley. I was greatly delighted to have her under my roof. I had not enjoyed that privilege for a long time. I knew that she would prove a blessing to us; and she did. But I soon discovered that she longed for the familiar scenes of her past associations. Everything except myself and wife was strange to her. There were several old ladies in the neighborhood, who were very kind and attentive to her. But she was ignorant of their early lives and the friends and incidents in memory, of which the aged find much of their enjoyment and without which, closing life has but few charms. They knew nothing of her favorite preach-

ers, and what was as bad, of her favorite theological writers, nor of those whose intercourse with her, made up most of life's joys. She was a lone stranger. She was not conscious of any dissatisfaction and tried to enjoy all the blessings around us. Cheerful and active, she was ever busy in something useful. The sunset scenery, long twilight and bright stars, as seen in our loveliest of valleys, greatly interested her. But as the novelty wore off, I could see that she felt the want of something, she knew not what. I did; and determined to take her to the home where she could find the graves of her dear ones, to which she was accustomed, and the faces of the living who had grown old with her, and the sports and joys of the young, whose parents were her playmates. If I found I was mistaken in my views of what would make her happy, I intended to bring her back with me. As we neared her home and reached roads and places she had visited with my father and Dr. Hoge, she seemed to grow young again. She knew every place and had some pleasant reminiscence connected with many of them. She inquired of the young who their parents were and knew them well. The old trees and houses along the road were like old familiar friends, and I thought that even the dogs and all the animals seemed to have some charm about them to make her happy. She met with an old negro, who, when she told him she had been to his house on a certain occasion when they were both young, said, "Is this Miss Sukey?" This sobriquet for Susan, seemed to be as the silver soundings of voices sweet indeed, for it was the term used by all of her friends in early life. I almost envied the old darkey's privilege to make my mother as happy as she really was made by this little inci-

dent. By the time we reached her old walks and homes and friends she was young again. I determined to leave her, where she would not be dead to life's joys before her time. I remembered her advice, "Son, do not marry anyone a stranger to your early and dear friends and you a stranger to hers. If you grow old together your last days will have much to do, if you are happy, in living your younger days over again. This you and your wife cannot do, if you know nothing of each other's friends." Often, often, I have wondered at the folly of old people breaking up and tearing themselves away from pursuits and scenes and friends of early life. They often die the sooner and are seldom the happier for doing so.

My mother lived to the good old age of upwards of eighty years, bringing forth fruits to the last. The last words I ever heard her utter, were, "God bless you, my son." I have no doubt that the same words were spoken from her heart, the first time she saw me. She had been an invalid all the life she lived after she was about thirty years old. Bleeding at the lungs was her first disease. Then for years she had a cancer in the breast, a polypus in the nose, and a diseased liver. But her purely temperate diet, regular out-door exercise and indoor habits enabled her to enjoy much of life, while the constant cracking of the clay tabernacle, kept her always on the watch for its dissolution. She read the Bible through, in course, every year of her life from the time she was fourteen years old. Besides this, she studied it every day with the help of commentators. Scott, Henry, Doddridge and Guise were her favorites. The old Puritan divines, especially Flavel and Baxter, Henry's Communicant's Companions, or Henry on Prayer, were one or the other always

near her. The whole circle of divinity was well understood by her. She kept herself well established in the Catechism and Confession of Faith, and greatly prized both, as coming next to the Bible. She started early in life to speak as she had opportunity, to all she met with about their personal knowledge of Jesus crucified for sin. If a day passed by without her doing so, it was because she met with none to speak to on that subject. She disliked exceedingly the idea that women must become conspicuous and teachers in public, mixed assemblies. While a widow, she prayed regularly, morning and evening with her family, but if gentlemen were visiting her who could not conduct the services, family prayers were made in the chamber. She retired as a habit, at sunset, always to pray for her children, in private. I do not know how we found out that she was doing so; but we knew that that hour was sacred, and we went softly, for fear of disturbing her. She not only prayed for us then, but often in the night, she would bow over our sleeping pillows and pray for us there. My two brothers and my only sister went home before her, and waited to receive her around that throne where prayer gives place to praise. I am still a stranger and a pilgrim; but I hope to join her in her praise. She had a remarkable ear for music and could sing the most difficult tunes correctly. She had never been taught to read music. Indeed her whole schooling did not exceed six months in her youth. Yet she could sing all the different parts of any tune with which she was familiar. Her voice was strong, of great compass, yet very soft and melodious. She could be heard above the voices of the hundreds who in olden times always regarded singing as much a service of God as

praying, and felt bound to serve God with all their strength in this service. How I do long to hear that voice, singing in Heaven, as I heard it on earth,

“Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
For he was slain for us.”

Mother was distinguished in her habits of order and regularity. Hence she accomplished a great deal more than did many others by whom she was excelled in strength. Her precarious state of health kept her on the watch and she kept her house in order, feeling that she might die any day. Her religious experience was generally one of great doubt and fear and trembling, as regarded herself. Sometimes hers was a joy full of rejoicing in the fulness of Christ and faithfulness of a covenant God.

The Saturday before she died, she visited a niece, Mrs. Elizabeth Marshall, at Charlotte Court House, Va. She left all of her wardrobe, library, papers, everything in the nicest, most complete order, as though she never expected to return. But this she always did. She never allowed dust to accumulate, nor confusion to be confounded. Cleanliness and system were a part of her religion. She used to repeat Father Eastborne's remark with great approbation, “The man of God must be clean both inside and out.” She attended divine service twice the Sunday before she died. She was taken suddenly and severely ill that night and died the next Wednesday. She seemed conscious of her end and ready for it. She had finished her work and now had no more to do here. When asked if she had any message for me, she said, “No. He has heard all I have to say to him in my walk and conversation. He knows that my living advice would not be dif-

ferent from that I would give on a dying bed. I have nothing to say to him now, different from what I have always tried to teach him." Two physicians attended her. One was a skeptic, but a warm friend of my mother's and had attended her for years. The other was her nephew and a Christian. The first returning from a visit to my mother met the second going to see her. He said, "How is Aunt Hoge this morning?" "Your Aunt will die. I have seen her suffering much more acutely and with more alarming symptoms, but I never thought she would die before." "Why do you think so now?" "Were you ever with her ten minutes in your life and did not hear her speak about Jesus and His salvation?" "I think not. It was a part of her nature, out of the fulness of heart to speak of Him whom unseen she loved, and to urge all to love Him. But what of that?" "She is silent on that subject now, though fully in the exercise of her mental powers, and loving and thankful for attentions she receives. She knows her work on earth is done. Clem, your aunt will die! and I am going to be a Christian. That woman's faith and resignation in the deep and sore troubles through which she has passed, her constant, consistent conduct and faithful defense and teachings of the truth cannot be accounted for on any other principle than that of the divinity of the faith she has." He did become a Christian.

Mrs. Marshall asked her if she wished for anything. She replied, "Nothing but to get rid of sin and nerves." She had been a great sufferer from both and was waiting for complete redemption from them. The day before she died, she asked to have read to her the 71st and 73d Psalms, the 16th chapter of John's Gospel and the 8th

of Romans. After hearing these read, although perfectly in the possession of all her mental powers, she said nothing more on earth. She let the Holy Spirit, in its own words, utter for her, her dying testimony; thus bearing witness with His spirit, that she was born of God and the spirit of adoption crying, Abba, Father.

At the time of her death, April 8, 1848, I was confined to my bed with a dangerous illness. I was just recovering. My wife ventured to read me a letter giving an account of her illness, but stating that her symptoms were more favorable that morning. My wife returned after a little and as cheerful as she could seem to be, asked me, "How would you feel, if mother dies?" I told her I could not tell; for I had never lost a mother. I had often felt how little I could understand the feelings and soothe the sorrows of the bereaved, having no experience of what they were called upon to endure. This made Jesus most lovely. He became a man and suffered as a man; was in all points tempted as we are yet without sin, that He might know how to sympathize with us. "But wife! why do you ask me that question? You have not read me all that letter." With tears, she handed me the letter. A postscript to it, informed us that mother was not dead, but sleeping in Jesus. I do not know how I felt then. After many long years of separation, I cannot even now tell how I feel. It seems to me like a dream. I do not realize that mother is dead. When I went to her grave to weep there, she seemed to be present wiping away my tears. She paid great attention to the graves of her friends and delighted in a plain, neat graveyard. Her body was buried in the family graveyard at Woodford, where sleep her parents, brothers and sisters,

her husband and sons. Her grandson, Dr. Joel Watkins, with his lovely wife had seen to it that her grave was neatly made. Before I thought of what I was doing, I had started into the house to tell her how sweetly her grave looked, knowing that she loved such graves. Often, I have found myself dictating letters to her, conveying information that I knew would please her, if she were living. How do I feel? God knows I desire to feel proud of such a mother, faithful to such a mother, thankful for such a mother, and to follow such a mother as she followed Christ. But how alone one as I am, the last of his line, without a mother to pray for him, and to fly to in every time of need of advice, feels, cannot be told. I feel a desire to thank God, and do, for giving me such a mother, and for permitting me to believe that though He has taken her away from earth, He has not taken her away from me. She lives and is my mother still.

Her love for the Theological School and the Church was strong. Her labors and sacrifices for the Union Theological School at Hampden Sidney were great, and she greatly aided in its establishment and sustentation. But like my stepfather, Dr. Hoge, she did not wish a record to be made of her doings. Both looked for their record on high. They have both received it though new names and new labors may have given such newness to the whole, that old names and old labors may be undesignedly forgotten. When the corner stone of that institution shall be opened at the Last Day, Dr. Hoge's name and that of my Mother will be found in it, written in their tears and life's blood, their faith and labor, though in coming earthly ages the names be forgotten, and not a stone tells where they are laid. Reader ! Pardon an only

son for saying this much in memory of a mother, who for years was his only counselor and through whose faith and prayers and precepts and example, under God and with His blessing, he is what he is. If not as good as he ought to be, certainly not as evil as he would have been.



CHAPTER X.

PREACHING AND LECTURES IN HUNTINGDON PRESBY- TERY. REVIVALS.

THE Presbytery of Huntingdon employed me to lecture on Temperance within its bounds. I commenced in Huntingdon Town. I observed an unusual interest among the young men on Sunday night. Several of them came to my lodgings after preaching, apparently to converse on Temperance. I told them that I had become much interested in the appearance of one or two young men who sat near them, and very much wished to know how they felt about their souls. Would they be kind enough to ascertain and to inform me how it was? They consented and soon returned with the young men and confessed that they were not only astonished but pleased; that they were anxious; and that their own object in visiting me was to know how they could be delivered from all sin. I found many in the same state of mind. Brother Peebles, since gone from his labors, his works following him, was Pastor of the Presbyterian Church there. He entered at once into the work. I had to leave to fill other appointments. At Williamsburg, Petersburg, Alexandria, Holidaysburg, Manor Hill, Lewistown, deep religious influence was apparent. I had to remain and aid the brethren. When I left Williamsburg a gentleman followed me to Alexandria to solicit my return, to give

one more lecture. I knew that this was not what he really desired. I said to him, "What would become of you if you were to die as you are?" He replied with great feeling, "To me instant death would be eternal destruction." I told him to go home. I would come in a few days to his town. The work there did not end until he found salvation, with many others.

The temperance meeting at Manor Hill was a remarkable one. At my first lecture, the liquor men stole the lynchpins out of my wheels, broke off the footboard of my buggy and slightly tacked it on again, and cut my reins nearly in two. The object evidently, was to have me killed. But I was watched over, and my purpose to leave that place that night, changed. So I escaped the designs of those wicked men. Shortly after, I was challenged to a debate by four leading rummies, men of some education and standing. I was advised to keep away from that place. But I determined to go. The liquor party at that time was very strong in that region. It had been so, since the Whiskey Rebellion Farmers sold their grain to distillers. Distillers grew rich from the patronage of the laboring classes. I found the meeting very large, and its whole management under the control of the jug suckers. I let them have it all their own way. They had four speakers who were to speak thirty minutes; then I had thirty minutes. They calculated that they could break me down by sheer exhaustion, and then claim the credit of driving me from the field. So, at first, one spoke thirty minutes. I replied for the same length of time. Then the second spoke. By the time I had replied to the four, I had spoken two hours, they only thirty minutes each in the same time. The meeting had

been in, for four hours. I determined to hold on a while longer. Some of the speakers took a nap, intending to rise refreshed like Samson. But I found I had shorn them of their locks. The audience was evidently turning in my favor. At first I bore ridicule and sarcasm and abuse in silence. But now I ventured a little to deal out some of the two first mentioned kinds of change. Instantly movements of a threatening character were made. I laughed at them. Told them I knew they were expert in stealing lynchpins and forming plans to take men's lives. That, seeing they could not kill me with their poisons, they would do it in some other way. But I was not afraid of them nor to trust myself with the audience around me. If I had been, I would have kept out of their way. I always felt safe with the lovers of liberty, free speech and free thought. The liquor sellers were compelled to take what I gave and I gave freely. They soon began to go over the same ground and arguments and abuse. I told them their old horse was blind and did not know where he was going, thinking he was going straight to the stable, but he was walking in a circle all the time. Their principal reliance for argument was Bishop Hopkins and a few clergymen whose holy zeal for the drunkard's poison at the communion, had led them to oppose total abstinence. I was sorry to see anything that claimed to be in the livery of Heaven, thus worn by men who were avowedly no friends of temperance. But being familiar with such works, I occasionally helped them to start afresh. The meeting was kept up nearly all night, and was finally adjourned, on the liquor sellers' motion. When they went to their room (as one who agreed with them at first, but was convinced of his error by the

debate, told me) they said, "Did you ever see such a man? He dug a hole for us, and kept driving us around and around, until he got us into it. We can beat any other man of the temperance men here." Publicly they claimed the victory. They are welcome to as many such triumphs as they can gain. They had often before, by sophistry and the arguments of those who called themselves wise divines, deemed to triumph over their opponents.

I went from the debate to Huntingdon. I remained there seventeen days, preaching usually three times a day except on Mondays and Saturdays leaving those two days for domestic duties. Deep and lasting impressions were made on many. A lawyer who had been sceptical, was impressed by the manner of baptising, as I performed it. The candidates were all seated. After making a confession of their faith in the Son of God, I then read the account of Paul's baptism in Acts 22:16 and 9:18 "And now why tarriest thou? Arise and be baptised." "And he arose (stood upon his feet) and was baptised." As I took the candidate by the hand, I said, "As Ananias said unto Paul, so say I unto you 'Arise and be baptised.'" As he arose and was baptised the lawyer said aloud, "I see it! I see it! The Bible is true. I believe in Jesus."

I could fill pages with thoughts and things that occurred during my labors in this Presbytery. But I must not. The Report to Synod showed large additions made in Brothers McKinley's, Sterrit's, Peeble's, Gibson's, and other churches. Some who were converted then, are preachers now. And some who were preachers then, are with some converted then, now in Heaven.

CHAPTER XI.

ITHACA. REVIVAL IN TOWANDA. MODE OF BAPTISM.
R. M. JOHNSON. VISIT TO KENTUCKY. REVIVAL
IN LOUISVILLE AND OTHER PLACES. SLAVERY
IN KENTUCKY AT THAT PERIOD.

THE evening I arrived at Ithaca, N. Y., a theatrical troupe also came. The manager was disposed to be facetious. He said that we were running opposition lines and proposed that I should buy him off. I concluded that I would feel him awhile before I made him an offer, but suggested that it might possibly turn out to his advantage to *buy me* off. He thought I would make a good bargain to get off with my expenses paid. I told him that I did not trade in that way. After the second night he came to me seriously inquiring how long I expected to remain and in what direction I intended to go. He promised to avoid my path and stated that he had not made his expenses and could not, while I was lecturing. On my return home, I stayed over night in a place in which he was playing. He seemed amazed when he saw me and asked "Have you come here to lecture? If you have I must be off again." After proposing to be bought off, and laughing at him awhile, I made him easy by informing him that I expected to leave in the morning for home. What a pity it is that the theatre, and all the other flying, light artillery of Satan's moral reform society should be in the hands of men, who, if they preach morals, do not practice them as they should do. I suppose the

reason is, that good, moral men cannot keep their conscience down low enough to work in peace in amusements, that to be made palatable to those who need reformation must deal in fictitious morals and make sin the means of reforming sinners. The great powers of our best actors seem to be excited in vain. The larger part of their audience go back to scenes of drinking, gambling and adultery. And but few pray before they go there, and fewer after they come away. Amusements must be provided for the working, weary mind and body. But in the wide domain of God's goodness, are there not wisdom, virtue and means sufficient to devise, execute and sustain such as good men can join in and carry on? The people of Ithaca were never better pleased than with the temperance lectures. They cost the audience nothing. And the few generous friends who paid the expense, did not miss the change. It is time for the church and public generally, to look to the subject of amusement, and not to leave it to the care and management of wicked, selfish men. The public will take what is provided for it.

I acted as agent for Lafayette College, in collecting one hundred thousand dollars in scholarships and donations. It was the hardest work I ever was engaged in. The college was adopted by the Synod of Philadelphia, and wasted and wasting funds more than abundant to endow two such institutions were heaped for the last days, rusting, cankering, moth-eating, burning the flesh as fire and crying out against the unjust stewards who were wasting their Lord's money. Yet all manner of excuses that could be conceived of, of poverty, encumbrances, family claims, and I know not what, were constantly met. Never was there a people so near the almshouse as were the Pres-

byterian folks, if half of what I heard was true. The truth will be known some of these days. I obtained one hundred dollars most unexpectedly one day. I was preaching to a people who would sing nothing but Inspired Psalms. And as they were satisfied that the spirit of inspiration rested on certain translators of David's Psalms, they used such and only such in God's service. I had never attempted to read one of them in public. Of all the most difficult things to read well, I found them to be the hardest. I determined to put on steam and put them through. I did so. After sermon, a gentleman devoted to inspired psalmody, came to me and gave me one hundred dollars for the college, saying he had determined not to give anything, but that he would give one hundred dollars any time to hear the Psalms read, as I read them. I was thankful for the subscription and that I pleased the gentleman. But if money was as plenty with me as with somebody, I am sure I would pay largely to be relieved from reading some of them, on any occasion in which my reputation for good reading, poor as it is, would be endangered. This Psalm reading and obtaining subscriptions for the college was hard labor. But I am told that collecting what was subscribed was hardest of all. A large sum thus subscribed, has never been collected. I rejoice that God has given to men the means and the heart of amply endowing that college, and that it now needs nothing but faithful officers and a praying, believing church to make it a pure fountain, sending forth living streams to make glad the City of our Lord. When all our institutions shall become schools for Christ, and at home, and in all our schools, the educational period shall be fully improved in raising up children, in the nurture and

admonition of the Lord, our land will be fresh and green with the vigorous laboring, and the grey-headed, bringing forth fruit in old age. Early conversions will then take the place of the scattering heads, now compassing the sheaves brought into the threshing floor; and the garner of the Lord be filled to overflowing.

I had a series of Temperance meetings in Towanda, Pa. When I left there, there was a growing interest on the subject of religion. I was shortly after invited to return and aid in directing sinners into the Way of Life. On my way I met a stranger who knew me and knew that I was on my way to Towanda. We exchanged salutations. He began to wonder what it meant that men of my age and infirmity should be going about preaching. He began to feel that perhaps it was for his good as well as that of others. A desire to hear me sprang up. He could not shake it off. He started back to Towanda that night, walking all the way. When he reached there, my meetings were under way, but he had lost his desire to hear me. On Sunday morning, however, he came as many others do, without any special object in view. The sermon was blessed to him, and when he returned home it was to tell what God had done for him.

Whenever I can do so, I prefer preaching first the sovereignty and claims of God, His plan and means of salvation. Then to show the sinner's pollution, guilt and helplessness, yet duty to accept and obey in all things. By this course I can furnish instruction on subjects that almost always disturb inquirers and cause diversion from the great question, "What must I do to be saved?" I had preached on the Decrees of God, the perfection and claims of His law, the only terms of reconciliation,

repentance, faith, obedience in holiness, all the unmerited, undeserved gifts of a sovereign God, the covenant of salvation and the doctrines of their symbols and seals. I had reached doctrines and seals of baptism. Had got through the question of mode, and on Sunday morning was to finish on the design and seal of Parental Baptism. I always found it profitable to discuss these questions, not only to prevent strife, but also because the marrow of the Gospel is in them. We had no trouble on these subjects. Not one of our audience left us on account of these things and only one of our converts joined another church. He did not do it on account of any difference of views on the main questions. He had been intemperate, had reformed under my lectures and trusted that he had been led to Christ under my instruction. But his zeal to preach led him to join another church, in which he labors with honor and usefulness. The other denominations had their usual contests for new members. One of them requested me to preach to his people on the Mode of Baptism.

On the Saturday before I preached on Parental Baptism, Richard M. Johnson, known in political circles at one time as a front leader of one of the political parties and celebrated as a brave soldier and reputed slayer of the mighty Indian Chief Tecumseh, by request of his political friends, visited Towanda. Great preparations had been made for a grand reception. His coming, and the uproar and distraction of the parade in consequence of it, was much dreaded by the friends of religion. The other churches in town advised all to keep away and to attend religious services instead. I counseled differently. Col. Johnson was a distinguished man, his name was historical. He had done service to his country. I did not belong to

his party and differed from him on many points. But yet it was a privilege to see and hear him. I advised all to go and render honor as far as it was deserving, to a man whose blood had been shed for his country. Some one informed him of my advice. He repaid the compliment by coming to hear me preach on the Lord's Day. My subject was the design of the Seals and Symbols of the New Testament Covenant. One was to secure the memory of the living love of the dying Lord, in the hearts of those for whom he died. It was natural to any one to wish to be remembered. Turning to Col. J., I said, "We here have a man scarred from head to foot in defending mothers and children from the tomahawk and scalping knife of the savage Indian. I appeal to him if he would not be delighted to know that he lived in the hearts of such parents and friends as loved him and bound themselves in solemn vows to teach their children to honor him. Would he not feel hurt and mortified if no such evidence could be found in the land?" The Colonel bowed his head in assent. I then appealed to him. "There is One who laid aside his crown and sceptre, left His throne and glory and became poor, despised, a man of sorrows, braced Himself, and received the Sword of Justice and bled and died an ignominious death for sinners, the friendless, His enemies, that they might live and be His friends and heirs of glory. Jesus, who delivers and saves His people from their sins, the Son of God, the sinner's friend, your friend, my friend! Have you given Him you heart? Does He live in your affections? Do you delight to remember Him? Have you sealed yourself, and yours to know Him, love Him, obey Him, because you love Him?" The tears rolled down to the floor

over his scarred cheeks. He bowed his head and sobbed audibly. After sermon, he came to me and said, "Sir, you would make a brave soldier. You are not afraid to do your duty."

One of the most pleasant tours I ever took was that in which I was engaged in raising funds for the Metropolitan Church proposed to be built in Washington City. Mrs. Crittenden, wife of the celebrated Kentuckian of that name, was among the earliest and warm friends of that undertaking. Multitudes of strangers reside for a limited and uncertain period in Washington, who, of course, do not feel interested and have not the ability to build houses of worship in that city. Many visitors go to the seat of Government, who would gladly go to the house of God, if they could feel that it was their right to occupy its seat, but who do not like to feel as strangers in that place of all others in which all desire to feel at home. To meet this want was the object of the projected church. It ought to have been built long ago. It could be built without any burden to the whole church, if the church north felt a proper interest in it. It is not yet built. The lot and some funds are useless now. Will the Church ever do its duty? The inhabitants of Washington City have done all they could to provide churches for themselves. But most of them are in limited circumstances and cannot provide for the multitudes who are coming and going all the time.

At Wheeling, W. Va., there was a cheering impulse given to the cause of temperance and religion while I was there. At Louisville, Mulberry, Shelbyville and other places, there were seasons of precious revivals. At Mulberry I met with the widow of a family, whose heads had been

converted through labors of the Rev. Mr. Nettleton in Virginia. The father had gone home to rest in God and to die no more. The widow still lived rejoicing in a covenant God and thanking Him that her children were following Christ, some, ministers in His name. Who can tell how far down the stream of time or how deep in eternity the work of men follow them for weal or for woe? What a gathering there will be with Brother Nettleton in heaven! I also met with my old Preceptor in Hampden Sidney College, the Rev. J. D. Paxton, young yet in his affections, active in body and mind, still bringing forth fruits. His first wife was a niece of Thomas Jefferson. She and Dr. Paxton emancipated their slaves and sent them to Liberia, while the Doctor was Pastor of the College Church in Prince Edward County, Va. Owing to some faithful teaching in reference to the duties and dangers of masters, he found it best to leave his charge. He visited, after the death of his first wife, Palestine and brought home as his wife the widow of one of our missionaries, who had died in that land given to Abraham by covenant. I was glad to see him and to labor with him especially as God was working there by His Spirit.

When I reached Louisville, Ky., I found that I would have to remain some days before I could present the claims of the Washington Church to the people. Rev. Dr. W. S. Breckinridge invited me to his house and pulpit. Without consulting me, he gave notice at the end of each sermon that I would preach again the next night in the session room. We soon had to change for the church. The congregation continued to increase. A deep seriousness was evident. On Tuesday night Dr. B. announced that I would preach every night that week. It

was news to me, but I saw that I ought to remain. On Monday night, I presented my cause to the people. Dr. B. had made arrangements for such subscriptions and collections as could be obtained through working members of his church. He would not allow me to visit nor to labor, except at preaching. He wished my mind to be freed from all diversion from the great work of saving souls. I preached in all the Presbyterian churches in that place. The ministers of the evangelical churches there held a union meeting on Mondays to report on the state of religion and to consult about its general interests.

I could fill pages of interest in connection with this revival in Louisville. But my limits forbid. There was a very accomplished, gay lady, the leader of all fashionable amusements living in Louisville. Her mother was a devoted Christian, living in a nothern city. She had recently visited her daughter, for the express purpose of persuading her to embrace Christ offered in the Gospel. She had returned home with a sad heart, leaving that daughter in full pursuit with a merry spirit, of the world, and regardless of the unseen eternal glories of Heaven. She had made an engagement to visit the North with a friend who had arrived on Saturday night at Louisville. She called on her on Sabbath afternoon to make arrangements for their journey on Monday. The young lady was at Dr. Breckinridge's church. She determined to go there and wait in the vestibule until after service to see her friend. The door was ajar. She heard enough of what was said to excite her curiosity to come and hear me at night. She and her husband both came. Early next morning I was sent for to see them. They had both spent

a cheerless night in great distress. I have seldom met with deeper convictions, nor more determined resistance. I prayed with them and invited them to attend the meeting in Dr. H's church that evening. She came; he did not. Both were afraid that a warm, zealous Christian friend Mrs. L. would be so glad to see them that she would say something to them and rejoice over them. Sure enough Mrs. L. was there and she did not go away without manifesting the interest and joy she felt in seeing her there. But then there was joy on both sides. I have a splendid Bible as a token of affection from this lady. She visited her mother, and had rejoicings with her, that Jesus was the faithful Head that made and kept the Covenant, "Unto you and to your seed."

There were two young lovers of pleasure and sin, sitting near me one night in the gallery, while I was preaching from the text, "I will go, but went not!" In urging my hearers to arise and go as their Heavenly Father bade them, one of them said to the other, "I will go, if you will." She replied, "I will go even if you will not." They both came to Him who casts out none, but receives all that come unto Him whom His Father draws. One of them for a long time labored under false views of the New Birth, change of heart. She said though she was wealthy and unaccustomed to drudgery she would sweep the streets, scrub the doorsteps, go begging for cold victuals, do anything, that she could see and know she did do, after it was done. But this simply believing on Jesus, resting on Him alone, was hard work; and she could not know certainly that she had done it aright, or had done it at all. I told her that it was the motive from which she acted and not the act which gave the evidence

of her real condition and that it would be as difficult to determine the nature of the motive in the one case as the other. We could give our goods to the poor and our bodies to be burned and yet not have the right motive. We know that until the evil heart of unbelief, the heart of stone, is taken away and a believing heart, a heart of flesh, a new heart is given, the motive will not be right. Indeed the unrenewed cannot think a good thought and the carnal mind is at enmity with God. The first business is to ascertain that this change of heart has been made. There certainly were great changes made in the bodies of the blind, the deaf, the lame, the sick, by our Savior. She said that these were outward manifestations; and she often longed for proof like them as plain and satisfactory, that the work was done. I told her the proof was just as plain and convincing that the heart is changed as that the blind could see and was no more uncertainty about the one than there was about the other. "If you will take the fifth chapter of Matthew, 3 : 12. verses, and read them, you must be as fully convinced of a change, and that this change is the work of God, as the blind and dumb and lepers were that they were healed. No power on earth can, so long as you are conscious of the truth of your statement, make you believe that God has not changed you from darkness to light, from death to life. Is it not so? Now then, go in peace. Do what Jesus has commanded you. Show forth his death and your faith in it, and its effect upon you until He come again." She went away heartily resolving to follow the Lord, bearing his cross, not in her strength, but in His. One of her remarks was, "I have been blind, but now I can see; I have been dumb, but now I will speak His

praise who has been merciful to my unrighteousness." She desired no condition now, no sweeping of streets, nor scrubbing of doorsteps. She believed in Jesus, believed Him in His simple word and determined to trust in that simple word, not only for the forgiveness of sins but also for grace and strength to go in peace and sin no more. I would rather rely on one, thus saith the Lord, "Blessed are ye," than on all the feelings of joy and rejoicing and confidence, felt and expressed by man. The flower may bloom and fade away. But the word of the Lord is a sure foundation. It abideth forever.

I found the condition of slavery in Kentucky remarkable. A very large proportion of the pious, intelligent inhabitants of that state were in favor of Emancipation in some form. And were it not for the chattel, property aspect of slavery, the condition of the blacks was far from being insupportable. They had their own colored preachers and houses of worship and graveyards. Many of them could read and some of them were rich. I saw a procession of a Benevolent Society entirely composed of blacks. I never saw a finer looking nor better dressed company anywhere. I was invited to the supper. No feast that I ever saw at Delmonico's was more sumptuous nor better prepared. The masters had furnished the means. The darkies knew how to cook. Give me *Aunt Dinah* yet, if you will only give her enough and let her have her own way with it. The numerous colored ladies and gentlemen who attended, came so near repeating high life in all its polish and elegancies, that if the masters themselves had been repeating in masks, with a little musk, the scene, it could not have been better done, nor more unexceptionable. Not an act of rudeness nor

awkwardness, no omission of attention, no pretended effort to make you feel at home, was there. The young flesh colored ladies were dressed in silks and satins, cambrics, jewels, veils and gloves, the gifts of their young mistresses in many instances. And I left the meeting with a heavy heart. I have never known a race thus elevated in slavery that could be always kept in it. When ideas of rights begin to spring up and their enjoyment becomes sweet, slavery will meet with its death warrant. While these remarks, in reference to this party, apply mainly to what are called house servants, yet in truth they may be applied with limitations to the growing condition of the slaves as a body, especially in Kentucky and Tennessee. Unless this progressive elevation and march to rights can be stopped, the slave-holders ought to hurry up some plan by which the contest that will certainly come, if not prevented by just and wise legislation, will have to be met. I can see no way except one of two, in which it can be done. Rivers of christian love flowing through the land setting the captives free, or, rivers of blood filling the land with mourning. And though the result may be the destruction of the weaker power, it will not make it any safer for those on the top of the temple, when its pillars shall be tumbled down by the blindness that finds strength in its despair. Love or blood? What terms? Will my countrymen and church believe and take warning? (These words were recorded at the time. Since then the fearful, awful flooding of blood has swept through the land. And slavery is gone. But how different from what I ever dreamed of was its overthrow. Brothers' hands are bloody. The slaves' hands clean !)

CHAPTER XII.

PENNSYLVANIA FARM SCHOOL. THOUGHTS ON "CHRON-
OLOGY OF WYOMING VALLEY." THE LATE WAR.
CHAPLAINCY IN THE UNION ARMY. CONCLUSION.

I SPENT some time in an agency for the Pennsylvania Farm School in Centre County. As a general thing the people of the State were not awake to this important interest. One grand want in Pennsylvania is Pennsylvaniaism, a State pride and union, oneness of interest and community of feeling. There are causes operating against the supply of this want, that cannot be at once removed. A part of the State was settled and moulded by Friends. Another part by Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. Another by New Englanders. Another by Germans and Swedes. There is no point of grand central commercial attraction. A part looks to Philadelphia. Another to New York. Another to Baltimore. Another to Pittsburg and through Pittsburg down the Ohio river. Its agricultural and mining and manufacturing interests are separate and distinct in localities, coal, iron, oil, call for capital and labor in different places. Local legislation is demanded. Log-rolling has been too much resorted to ; and each part has been left to depend for general interests on the resources of the few who feel interested in them. Things are slowly changing, interests and population amalgamating. Railroads and telephones are bringing distant neighborhoods into nearer contact. The Keystone State is becoming more consolidated every day. It

has within it all that can make a man proud in saying "I am a Pennsylvanian." It only needs to be made to feel that all are so, to make the State as great in its institutions, as it is in its resources. When all of its powers shall be developed and its people become one, it will be a mighty empire of itself, making the earth glad.

A little work, under the title of "The Chronology of the Wyoming Valley," was one day left at my door. I am fond of chronology. Its title arrested my attention. I read it and was interested in some of its details, but surprised at its defects. It seems that some gentlemen were induced to insert cards of business with the compiler, who sought in this way to gain introduction into the families who deal with them, returning to them the advantage of sending their cards with his, into places where neither they, nor decent families would be willing to be seen. Thus, whatever may be the effect on them, his business as a seller of liquor, would be in respectable company, inducing our children to drink "pure liquors." If the object of the compiler was to make money, he succeeded. If it was reputation as a reliable chronologist, or to have his business of selling "pure liquors" considered respectable, he failed. No certificates of men, however respectable, no gilded monograms, however costly, can make liquor selling respectable unless it is so in itself.

The "respectable citizens" who patronized the "Chronology" added but little to their financial shrewdness. They might have been their own advertisers without appearing in any way as patrons of liquor selling. Nor did those of them who belong to different churches, do any credit to their churches which require of all their members to "abstain from all appearance of evil." I am

happy in saying that some of them utterly repudiate any intention of patronizing liquor selling in any way. They and others who rent their buildings to evil-doers for evil purposes, do it thoughtlessly. They are only looking at the shillings and not at the sin. Like the thoughtless boy who built a fire in his father's barn to roast a squash, when asked why he wished to burn down the barn, replied with indignant surprise, "burn the barn! I never intended it. Burn the barn indeed! I only wanted to roast my squash." Such squash roasters may sometime or other feel that they are responsible for burning the barn. But neither "license" nor "patronage of respectable citizens" can make such roasting more respectable than it now is. It, with liquor selling, must stand on its own merits of avarice and idolatry.

He gives the date of different Court Houses and the cost of building of one of them, but gives no account of the Court for which the constantly increasing taxes must be paid by the people, and makes no mention of the increase of the number of judges and criminal jurisdiction not only in Wilkes-Barre, but in Scranton and Carbondale. Judge Harding says that much of the time of the Court (sometimes whole weeks) is taken up with the trial of cases, not one of which would have occurred if there had been no liquor in the county. Why this omission is made may be accounted for on the supposition that the bare allusion to such things might produce the impression that pure liquor did not always "end well," or of it did, somebody must sell a great deal of impure liquor. The first execution for murder is not mentioned so as to show the ending of such as buy pure liquor. Judges inform me that every one of the cases brought before them for

murder in the first degree had their connection with liquor. Is the gallows one of the "well" endings of men who would never have been murderers if there had been no liquor sold. The number of assaults and battery, since the first one in the valley tried by the Court are *legion*. With scarcely an exception, they show the "ending" of pure liquor. For not one of the doggeries, in which many of the cases occur, will plead guilty to the charge of selling mean liquor.

I never would have been shot at, and my companion sitting by me wounded and the poor fellow who attempted murder, sent to State Prison if there had been no liquor seller. It is not reasonable to expect that a liquor seller would second such acts; but it is well enough for those who wish to know the truth to be informed.*

He omits the names of many of the Judges, their time of service and their end. Judge Jessup is unheard of in his chronology. And that noblest Judge of them all, the pure Conyngham, is unnoticed, whose last act in life was to aid with Maxwell and others in preparing a Bill for the Legislature, that would place liquor selling on its own merits, and make liquor sellers responsible for the injuries resulting from their business. Was it because if the list of Judges had been complete, an opportunity would have been presented of showing the end of even Judges who patronized "pure liquors," and that it was not "well" and might alarm some living Judges?

There is another omission passing strange, if the chronologist or advertiser believed pure "Wines and Liquors" would cause all to end well. He gives the date

*This occurred one Sabbath morning as he was returning in a carriage to Pittston, Pa., from Pleasant Valley, after preaching there.

of the first and last Steamboat (the H. B. Wright) built in the valley. But there was another steamboat not even mentioned, once steaming there. Capt. Converse, its builder and owner, was consistent with himself, when he told me that he was no hypocrite and did not pretend to serve God and Mammon ; and therefore did not even *go* to church much less *join* one. He had a great aversion to mean liquor, and never drank it to the day of his death, provided he could get that which he called good. He (and many of his associates) did not leave their old headquarters, the Phoenix, because they could not get good "wines and liquors" there, but because they had been induced to believe that better could be found in another place. The old Captain has ended. Many of his associates have ended. Why was this opportunity of showing how all things ended to those who drank pure "wines and liquors" neglected?

He records the Massacre at Wyoming , gives some of its history. But he is silent about the disputed two barrels of whiskey that is said by many of the old settlers to have fired the brains of those brave men and to have caused them to scorn the advice of the noble Butler, and to rush into the Indian ambushade, incapable of understanding and obeying a command.

He records the march of the Wyoming Artillerists to Mexico and the return of most of them home, crowned with honor and glory. That was no company of bummers nor of bounty jumpers, nor forced men. It was composed of noble men, whose intelligence and integrity made them soldiers to win glory, and return home with honor. Not thirty years have passed away and not a corporal's guard remains to bury the survivors.

Let General Dana who loved them with a stronger than a father's love, even as soldiers alone can love, tell the end of many of them. He knew all by name and has wept at all of their graves. Ask him which was the most intelligent, genial, social mess companion, and best non-commissioned officer of them all. And when he tells the name, let the liquor seller say that he was not their "patron" and that none of them ever thanked me for prohibiting their letting him have "pure liquor." Why should I do it, if that liquor was making all end well? Was the end of many of these brave boys, honored in battle, such an end as they would have had if their had been no liquor selling?

He chronicles the war of 1861 and tells of the troops raised in Luzerne and the Valley. But he does not the remarkable skedaddle to Canada and the claiming of British protection, rather than fight for the Union, in which they were thriving, when it was gasping, exhausting in a struggle that threatened its very existence. Nor is there any record of the stringent efforts of the Government to keep "liquor sellers" out of the army, because they did more harm, destroyed more lives and led to more defeats than any other cause. The Government dreaded liquor sellers more than Rebel shells and bayonets, or yellow fever.

But these soldiers many of them returned with honor. But how has the end been, and what is the *coming* end of some of them? Is it well, as well as it would have been, if there had been no liquor selling?

I spent a good deal of my time at home in supplying, mainly at my own cost, destitute places near me, with preaching. Desiring to be more at home with my family,

as well as to secure some certain compensation for my labor, I had made preparation to remove to Squan Village, N. J. I had the pleasure of seeing at Scranton, church buildings (some of them very fine) and organizations, where there were none, when I first commenced preaching at the most of them. And where there were but two settled Pastors, there were thirteen, within Luzerne County, and could leave the Valley and State without being debtor to any. While I was at Squan Village, or rather on the evening of my reaching New York City, on my way home, I was amazed and distressed beyond measure, at seeing the crowds marching up and down the streets, compelling editors and all to throw to the breeze, the Stars and Stripes and hurrah for the Union. The editor of the Herald was receiving solicitations to do that thing and he did it quickly. On inquiring into the cause of this uproar, I learned that the Star of the West and Fort Sumpter had been fired into by a Foreign Government and Americans were determined to protect their flag and avenge its wrongs. Many thought there would be no war, but I knew the parties better. The people for the Union at the North were neither cravens nor cowards. The extreme Anti-Union and Union-Hating party at the North were glad that threatened destruction awaited a Constitution that recognized the rights of slave-holders and would listen to no terms of a restoration of the insulted Union as it was. The Southern firebrands had been patiently watching their time and were more fully prepared to follow out their schemes than they could ever hope to be again. They had almost the whole Cabinet in their interest and the President's view of his Constitutional powers and of the Constitution, such that there was no

danger of his compelling them to return to their allegiance. The effective Navy was under the control of one who had scattered the most of it to the ends of the earth and cooped up the balance of it in a Southern port where it would fall an easy prey to the South. The main part of the Army was far away from where it could afford assistance and under command of officers who did surrender it, without firing a gun, to the Confederate authority. A majority, if not opposed to their views, were at least opposed to opposing them in Congress. The rebel leaders had tasted blood and the sweets of ambition. Cotton was king. England and France, and tyrants everywhere, needed cotton, and dreaded the growing power of the United States. The yellow fever was more powerful than bulwarks of defence. And what was better, Southern Chivalry was up and needed only to be led to victory. Time would be required for the United States to prepare for offensive operations, or even for defence. The South wished to strike, I mean the leaders, and strike they would, and that both valiantly as well as desperately. Ambitious men, who had rather rule in terror than serve in humility were never known to give up a cause they had thus longed for, panted for, and now was committed to their hands. They meant fight. And when the Proclamation was made by the President of the United States for seventy-five thousand men to conquer or quell the revolution, one loud derisive laugh of scorn and contempt greeted it at the South. They thought that mudsills and grease spots and money makers could not, would not, dare not, fight. They looked upon this volunteer force as men, the most of whom had never mounted a horse, nor seen a cannon, nor fired a musket. And their officers as

those who could not distinguish between right shoulder shift and shoulder arms ! Their volunteers had been long drilled and their officers well trained in their own Military Schools and at West Point. They rushed to the *first* Bull Run with more confidence of an easy victory than they ever had since. The die was cast, the battle begun at the firing on Fort Sumpter. Every man was called upon to take sides. There would be no neutrality at hand in this war. Honor, manly pride, duty demanded of every man to do and die, on one side or the other. Whichever side was worth living in, was worth dying for. Where the right was, there was the burying place ! I had tried in vain to dissuade the South from its course and made enemies of them by it. I had always opposed the extreme Anti-Unionist at the North. I had opposed the new Republicans from the time they ceased to be Old Line Whigs. I had always been opposed to the Democrats and loathed now their policy more than ever. But now the question was "A United States" or none ? I was for the United States. I was born in it, raised in it, owed it allegiance, as my father did before me. In none of its laws nor in one article of the Constitution had it done wrong to the South. There was not a law in its statute books affecting the South, that was not found and put there just when and where, and as the South desired, so far as the rights of the South in their States required. True, there were individuals in the North who had made underground railroads, and in various ways did not stand up to their constitutional covenant and duty. But all that law could do to prevent and punish such doings had been done. And there was evil that could happen that could be better prevented and redressed by the Union and

in it, than could be out of it. The whole territory, boundary of the United States, belonged to the whole people of the Union. No new power at home or abroad had any right to it. If any were dissatisfied, they had the right of expatriation and could leave. But no man had the right to take my mother's grave out of the United States in which she lived and died, and put it under a foreign flag. Nor had any one a right to make me beg for a passport to that grave, nor ask leave to think and speak as I pleased on all subjects connected with the rights of citizens of the United States. I counted the cost as well as examined the claims. I felt bound to defend the South against the suicide she would commit in the vain efforts she was blinded to make. Ruin if she failed, more fearful ruin if she succeeded, certainly awaited her. I hated to see Virginia, my proud old state, kicked into the war and made to play not only second fiddle to South Carolina, but cat's-paw to her own ruin. I determined to stand in my lot. No one can tell how I mourned and wept for the friends I loved and the land I loved at the South. But I must give them up, for they had left me; or I must overtake them by giving up my common sense, my conscience and my country. The sacrifice was too great. The country needed the influence and service of every man. Such as I had, I offered, and went as Chaplain to the 8th Penn'a Infantry, which was among the first to volunteer. When I reached Chambersburg, where my regiment was stationed, I was directed by the Colonel to take my quarters with certain of his staff. As I approached the room I heard my messmates denouncing the Colonel in no measured terms for sending the Chaplain to mess with them. I told them that I had

heard them and it was best for us to understand each other from the beginning. I did not seek their mess; I was ordered to it. I did not come as a spy, nor censor, nor reprover. I came as an officer, a father and a minister. If I saw anything wrong in them, I should certainly give my advice. But I hoped they would never do or say anything behind my back that they ought not to do or say in my presence. I did not expect they would give up their rights to please me. I certainly should not give up mine to please them. They accepted these terms and made my abode with them as pleasant as a wild, generous set of men could make it. Friendships, deep and strong, were formed, and many thanks given me for my faithfulness to them. Some of the dear fellows sleep in death.

In a Temperance address that I gave to the Regiment, I took the ground that the officers ought not to be expected to risk their lives and reputation, by leading a set of drunken men into action. Nor ought the men to be required to follow drunken officers, under charge or fire. That the safety of both, on guards, marches, and in engagements, required perfect sobriety of all. More disasters, deaths, defeats and disgrace had followed from drunkenness, than from any one cause, or almost all the other causes, in our Revolutionary War. We were not far from Leetown, Virginia, where were buried three distinguished Generals of the Old War for Independence. Each of them lost important battles, Mammoth, White Plains and Ninety-Six, and were cashiered on account of intemperance. Some of our officers complained to the General that my address was calculated to give the men contempt for their officers and to create a spirit of insubor-

dination. In obedience to the General's compliments, I visited him and he told of the complaint that had been made about my lecture. I denied that I had made any personal allusions, and no officer could make any such application unless he were a drunkard. In which case, I would not much dread a court martial. I referred him to my commanding officers who had heard me. The General was satisfied that I had said nothing wrong or injurious to the discipline of the army. He kindly advised me, however, to be cautious of what I said publicly about officers, as I might get into trouble. In private he said I might be as plain and severe in my reproofs for immorality as I judged best. The next day, I met the General more than a mile from camp; we were cooling ourselves under the shade of a splendid oak tree. I asked him whether he considered that a private place. He said he did. I said, "Then General, I must be very plain and severe in the remarks I make to you about the wicked, vulgar habit you are in, of profane swearing. It is an outrage against good breeding, and against the law of God, and the rules and regulations of the army. God will not hold you guiltless for it. "Why Chaplain, I do not swear very hard, do I?" "Yes, sir, very hard and very often. What is the penalty for an officer swearing?" "One dollar for each occasion." "Then you owe sixty dollars." "Not as much as that surely." "Shall I remind you of the times you have sworn at the head of your command? In your tent? At your subordinates? At the men? With your associates? One day you swore publicly, by all the patriarchs, prophets and kings and all the apostles in the Bible. Then by all the heathen gods, and then by the Lord Jehovah. Do you remember it?"

“Chaplain, blot out that record. I am ashamed of it.”
“I will blot it out; and I will pray to God that He may blot it out, too.” The next day I was invited to the General’s tent. He informed the officers present of what had taken place. Said that he did not intend to swear, nor to allow swearing where he was; and thanked me for doing my duty. I never heard him swear afterwards. Whenever he has met with me since he has treated me as a friend and a gentleman. Many interesting incidents occurred during our three months’ campaign under General Patterson. I do not mean to attempt to write a history of the military operations of the army. But I must be permitted to say, that so far as I had an opportunity of knowing, and I think I had a good one, Gen. Patterson has not yet received the justice and honor which are fairly his due. The troops he needed, some of them never came. Others came too late and the time of many expired, just as their services were most needed. These facts I know personally. My name is on record with most of the officers of the old 8th, volunteering our services under the musket if required, as long as the General thought they would be needed. At the expiration of our term of service, three months, we were discharged. After remaining awhile at home, I was elected chaplain to the 7th Penn’a Reserves. I remained with the regiment until after McClellan’s change of base. I was with the regiment at the battles of Mechanicsville, Gaines’ Mills, White Oak Swamp, or Charles City Crossroads, and Malvern Hill, and a shelling the enemy gave us, shortly after we reached Harrison’s Landing. I never wept as I did on two of these occasions. At Glendale, or Charles City Crossroads, we certainly after a hard fight had driven the enemy.

About midnight, just as I had lain down to sleep, orders were given to march in silence to Malvern Hill, and leave all our wounded who could not march, in ignorance of our move, behind. I offered to remain, but was told I could be of no service ; and my orders were to march, not to remain. With a heavy heart, I left the bleeding boys to their fate. The same thing occurred at Malvern Hill. If ever a set of rebels were whipped those at Malvern Hill were. Cut up, worn out, demoralized, they certainly could offer no resistance, but surrendered the next day. I was told after Lee's surrender, that Lee's general officers so reported him. But instead of renewing the attack we were ordered again to leave our wounded and go to Harrison's Landing ! I felt on that march that the Rebellion could never be crushed under such management. Who was to blame is not for me to say. Our soldiers, many of the officers, did their duty, fought bravely and persistently and died rejoicing that the enemy was defeated. And yet, that defeated enemy captured our forsaken, abandoned boys, wounded, maimed, bleeding, dying all in vain. It was hard to bear then, and it is now. There was blame somewhere. Wearied, exhausted, weakened as we were, we would have preferred dying over the bodies of our comrades to leaving them to the tender mercies that awaited them.

At Harrison's Landing, I was taken with chronic diarrhoea and compelled to resign, or die there, for no furlough could be obtained unless under such circumstances as made it exceedingly unpleasant to the parties concerned. Many of our original officers of the regiment had been killed or wounded or taken prisoners. Some of them had resigned. The new officers were not

among my strong friends, because I was friendly to my former colonel. Feeling that my usefulness would be impeded, even if my health permitted me to return, I concluded to leave. I say in justice to the officers, however, that they always treated me with respect. I parted from them with regret.

I was confined to my house for a long time and months elapsed before that fearful disease, chronic diarrhoea, was removed. As soon as I was able to labor, I received an invitation to join, as Chaplain, the 178th Pennsylvania, at Yorktown. I knew only one officer in the regiment. I found a welcome reception and a great field for usefulness here. I claimed my rights as Chaplain to have control, to a certain extent, of the moral department of both men and officers. The colonel and general seconded my stand. In a little while the regiment had but little need of court martials, and its moral department became proverbial. In one of the departments there was a splendid, soldierly officer who, from what he considered to be partial and unjust treatment, was fast throwing himself away, and giving up to habits of intemperance. I called upon him and kindly, yet plainly pointed out the consequences that must result to his family, to the army, to his body and soul if he did not reform. I urged the right we all had to respect our officers and to have confidence in them in hours of peril to which we were then constantly exposed. I told him that if he did not love the honor and lives of his command better than he did liquor, he was unworthy of commanding, and that it was the duty of every officer to see to it that officers incompetent from any cause and especially from drunkenness, should be removed either by

resignation or court martial, and I was determined to do my duty. He took my remarks in kindness and promised to reform. He did so, breaking off from all of his evil ways and making one of the most watchful, skillful, brave officers in our division. How I would love to publish letters I received from him showing his love for the Friend of sinners and of those who minister in His name. His life, so far as I know, is just and upright.

There were two soldiers condemned to be hung for killing a citizen who they imagined had injured one of their comrades. They were Roman Catholics. There was no priest near and I was detailed to attend them. At first they were shy and reserved, but gradually they became willing listeners to my instruction, engaged in prayer and read the bible with earnestness. The officers of the gunboat on which they were confined, said they were constantly asking for me when I was absent. A Romish priest had been sent for. Instead of coming on immediately, he spent the time on his way in masses and confessions. He did not reach the prisoners until the evening before their execution. When asked why he did not come sooner, he said that he had come in time ; it did not take him long to prepare them for their end. On leaving the prisoners on Sunday they urged me to return early Monday morning, the day of the execution, and remain with them unto the end. The priest came Sunday evening after I left. He spent some hours with them in their cells doing what he told them was necessary. I did not know the priest had comè. So early on Monday I went to see them. Their countenances towards me were changed. They were distant and confused in their manner. At last they said they must speak out.

They felt very thankful to me for my attention to them, and would be glad to have me read and talk and pray with them as I had done, and go with them to the scene of execution. They hoped I was not hurt nor offended with them. The priest had fixed everything just as it ought to be. They were right and safe now. I might upset and spoil it all. It was in obedience to this advice and not to their wishes that they declined my further services. I told them I thanked the priest for excusing and relieving me from the painful task of seeing them hung, and bade them goodbye.

Our Regiment was ordered to Fort Magruder near Williamsburg, Va., which at first was without our lines. When we took possession of the town, we found the lunatics in the asylum there in a dreadful condition. Ten of them died in eight days from exhaustion for want of proper nourishment. They had been living on spoiled Indian meal and inferior army rations, sick, and no proper medicines. Our suffering boys at Andersonville and elsewhere are not the only ones whose graves contain witnesses of Secession folly in undertaking and persisting in a war without means of being victorious or even merciful. The state of Virginia appropriated fifty thousand dollars to the asylum at Williamsburg. But the Confederacy absorbed all the funds Virginia could raise. So the lunatics had not only been deprived of their support from this source ; but the friends of many who were there and paid for their board were stripped of all they had to spare, and the lunatics had to suffer and perish. Our officers did all they could to relieve the wants of the sufferers. But army rations did not meet the case. They, therefore, sent for delicacies and comforts more suitable for them. I

could write much about the inmates of this suffering place. The inhabitants remaining in Williamsburg did what they could to relieve the wants of the sufferers. But most of them were needy and suffering themselves. I witnessed scenes there that I never wish to see again.

When the Rebels invaded Pennsylvania, July, 1863, our Division was put in motion towards Richmond. We moved in two columns, the one up the Chickahominy, the other up the York, or Panumky River. I never understood why this was done. We could have taken Richmond easily enough, I think, if our whole force had marched against it. We had a fight or two at Baltimore Store or rather at Crump's Cross-roads. During the engagement our regiment and the 139th N. Y. supported a battery in position against the enemy. I was sent for by my Colonel from the hospital to encourage our men who had never been under fire before, and who were exposed to the sharpshooters. While walking up and down the lines encouraging the men the Commanding General called to me to know what I was doing there. I told him I was "encouraging the hearts of the brave and holding the heels of the cowards." He said "You had better use you own heels for you are in a very dangerous place." I confess that I would have preferred some other place. If I felt brave, this feeling so is a curious thing. I would not have mentioned this occurrence, if Governor Curtin had not told it to someone, who had it published in the papers.

After serving nine months, the 178th and another, a drafted regiment, were ordered to Washington to be mustered out. When we reached Washington City they were ordered to report again for service in Virginia. The

men refused to obey. Efforts were made by the officers to have the order rescinded, but without success. Some of the regiments laid down their arms. All were resolved to do so. I begged them to wait until the President could be seen. I told them he had never done nor ever would do injustice to any man. The President had given positive orders that day to admit no one, as he had devoted that day to court martial reports that had greatly accumulated and required his immediate attention. I wrote a letter to him, and his private secretary, seeing that the condition of the regiment required prompt attention to prevent a mutiny, agreed to take my letter directly to the President and inform him of its nature. Almost as soon as I got to camp the order came to march us to Harrisburg, Pa., for "mustering out." After our arms had been given up we were again required to do duty and "mustering out" was postponed. The men positively refused to do duty again. I went to see Governor Curtin. He telegraphed to Washington and demanded, not as a favor, but as a right, that we should be mustered out and paid for the time we had already been detained. Orders came so directing it to be done. The men of my regiment proposed to make me a present in testimony of their appreciation of my services. I thanked them but declined the gift. I was grateful for their expressions of their confidence and preferred it to money.

After remaining at home with the intention of resting in my old days, I was again and again invited to act as Chaplain by several regiments. Among these applications was one from the 2d Penn'a Heavy Artillery, (112th). I knew but one officer in it, but there was something so frank and gentlemanly in the colonel's

(A. A. Gibson) letter to me that I determined to accept the position. To my amazement I learned that the colonel, of all men in the army, had the least confidence in chaplains, and that I must expect rough times with him. But I knew that if I did my duty he would not injure me. So I determined to go on. Arriving at Fort Bunker Hill, or the defences of Washington, I found the colonel absent. He had left a note politely inviting me to make his headquarters my home until other arrangements could be made for me. He returned in the afternoon and received me cordially. But he had formed some habits too common for West Pointers, and I saw at once that they would cause us trouble. When we retired to his private room he expressed his gratification at my acceptance of the chaplaincy. I told him I was not mustered in yet and did not intend to be unless we could understand each other, so as to render our intercourse mutually agreeable. I wished to know what he expected of me as a gentleman and officer. He fairly and frankly gave me his views. I told him I thought I could comply with them, but he should know what I expected of him. I expected to be treated in all respects as a gentleman and Christian and to be sustained in all my official efforts to repress immorality and to enforce the rules of morals in the army. He said my position was a reasonable one and we would have no difficulty on that subject. I then asked him if he thought that it would be treating me as a gentleman and Christian to repeat such conversation in my presence as I had heard from him that afternoon. Would I be doing my duty to suffer it? If not abandoned did not my duty require that I should report it to the Adjutant General? I intended to do my duty. He said he had

never met with a Chaplain of my views, but he approved of them and would try to co-operate with me and would correct his own habits so as to give me no pain. I told him that I had no doubt of his sincerity in saying so, but how could he hope to succeed while his nature was unchanged? He must be converted; born again, before he could cease to do evil. This led to a long conversation that lasted until after midnight. The result was one of the most pleasant things that has ever fallen to my lot. The warmest, most sincere friend I have is this colonel, and I have great faith in the expectation that our friendship will be perpetual, reaching into that unending joy and love that makes the name of Jesus, who saves from sin, not only precious now but glorious forever. I would love to record the letters I receive from him if I could do it without seeming impropriety. I hesitated to write what I have already written about him, but hope I have not invaded the domains of strict delicacy in doing so.

When Gen. Grant commenced "fighting it out on that line," we were ordered to leave our guns and act as infantry to join the army at Cold Harbor or wherever we could find it. A part of our regiment called "The Provisional," consisting of new and undrilled men, had been sent off before. Probably no portion of any army was ever more shamefully treated than "The Provisional." But if a readiness to suffer and fight could be a remedy for the faults of others, "The Provisional" applied it. The bones of many of them are to be found in the front, where the battle waxed hottest. When the army swung round to the James, our division went on to the attack on Petersburg. For three months it was under constant fire

night and day from sharp-shooters, pickets and batteries. We were then removed to Bermuda Hundred and remained there until the 29th of September. Col. Gibson had rejoined the regular army, and placed in command of Fort Trumbull. The command of our regiment devolved on Maj. Anderson. He had been a leading member of a Christian church. But he had grown cold and lifeless and not only abandoned his hopes, but also his walk as a Christian. Three or more weeks before he was killed, he one day came into my tent, and thanked me for my faithfulness to him. He told me that he was determined not to rest until he was restored to the favor of God. I am satisfied that he was in earnest. The day before his death, I heard him praying, and repeating the hymn, "Just as I am without one plea." As he started to the fight near Chapman's Farm, I said to him, "God bless you, Major." He replied, "Thank you, Chaplain," in a voice that told that he prized the blessing. Reaching the field of battle, he headed his battalion, and when ordered to charge, he turned to his men and said, "Now boys, show your pluck." As he faced the enemy, a ball pierced his heart, and he fell dead. His body was never recovered. He was fearless and rashly brave. But all feel that if no intoxicating liquor had been allowed to men in high command, the brave boys who died in that attack would not have been killed, or died as they did. Major Anderson and many others saw and felt the danger of the liquor seller's doings. Had he lived a little longer, he intended to relieve our division from all such officers.

We removed from Chapin's Farm to Bermuda Hundred in December, and remained there until the 2d of April. We then removed to Petersburg, Va., and re-

mained there and in its vicinity until February, 1866, when we were honorably discharged and sent home. As so much, by so many persons, has been written about the war and its incidents, I concluded not to add to the number. The war is ended; the Union saved. Prudence, wisdom, firmness, justice, mercy now must do the needful to restore the country and make it happy. I believe that a prompt and just infliction of punishment for treason on a goodly number of the originators of the Rebellion would have been profitable and efficient. I always thought that the army of the Union was a *posse comitatus* to correct and subdue rebels, and that when arrested they ought to have been punished. When one of the officers of the old 8th Penn'a Regiment was captured and condemned to die in retaliation, if the pirates under trial at New York were executed, I offered to be exchanged and be hung in his stead, if our own government would carry out, what I believed to be the true policy. A country worth living in, is worth dying for; and I had as soon be hung as shot, if the good of my country demanded it. How far the extreme penalty of the law should now be demanded, I can not tell. But of one thing I am certain, that if the rebels had succeeded and got unconditional possession of the country, the conquered would have had to pay the expenses of the conquerors. But I try to leave all these things in the hands of God.

On my return home, I said, I will now take my rest. For five years, I had been looking death in the face. I expected to meet it by accident, by exposure, by malaria, by battle. I had been schooling myself to leave my family mourners. I had not once thought that I should be called upon to mourn for them. I had a daughter that

everybody loved. She died suddenly. Said no word of parting to us. The stroke was as severe as it was unexpected. I mourned then as I never mourned before. I mourn yet, but thank God for it. He has done well. He is still the God of love. Heaven is none the less attractive because our children and friends enter it before us, to enjoy and praise Him, who is the Light and Glory of the throne of God. I am now living, trying to have nothing to do but be reconciled to God's will and wait and submit to it with resignation and faith. It is said that if by reason of strength our lives reach beyond three score years and ten their strength will be labor and sorrow. I have not found it altogether so. I have sorrows; but they are good for me. I do not sorrow "without hope" that my mourning is turning, will be turned into joy. I have labor, but find it sweet. I have just returned from a precious work of grace, in which I was permitted to preach twenty-six sermons and work all day without exhaustion. Truly, goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life. They will follow me to its end. For I trust in a faithful God, the God and father of my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

APPENDIX.

In the autumn of 1875, my father was engaged on a lecturing tour in Western Pennsylvania. During his absence of a fortnight my mother, who was apparently in perfect health when he left, was taken suddenly ill, and after a few hours of suffering, sweetly and calmly, slept her life away. This sad event, so unexpected and heart-rending to us all, seemed to loosen his hold upon earth and he lost his anxiety to live. He prayed for patience to await God's time to call him home, though he said, "I am willing to live as long as God has anything for me to do, and longer if He sees fit." Gradually his health and strength failed, while faithfully and patiently he continued his labors, going about filling appointments where duty called. In the close of a letter from a neighboring town to his daughter at this time, he said, "I long to be back. I feel very lonely away from the place from which angels carried your dear mother to Jesus. The place where she died, when used as the mercy-seat of prayers and praising, is to me the sweetest place I can find. Though sad there, I do not feel lonely there. God sanctify and bless us all."

He duly appreciated the sympathy of friends in this sore bereavement. He remarked one day that even his friends among the poor people whom he met in the streets, seemed to sympathize with him. By permission, I copy some of the lines he received from his brethren in the ministry, who were far away.

FROM REV. C. R. LANE, CHAMBERSBURG, PA.

Since we have heard of the irreparable (as far as this world is concerned) loss you have sustained, you have not been absent from our minds for any long period of time. All we can do is to say, as you have said, it is the Lord. What he does is right and what is right is also good; and yet this does not make our present afflictions joyous. One present use of our sorrows I often think, is to develop in its highest form the Communion of Saints; for now as the tidings of Mrs. Hunt's departure spread over this land and many other lands, thousands will both sympathize with you and send up a prayer for you and for them to the common Savior of sinners and King of Saints. From the one Spirit, will spread into many, many hearts one common feeling of sorrow for your loss and their own and also a feeling of joy, in view of a glorious meeting in the General Assembly and Church of the first born.

A few more joys and sorrows here and then,
"Forever with the Lord."

FROM REV. F. B. HODGE, OUR FORMER PASTOR.

Geneva, Switzerland, Oct. 5, 1875,

Dear Father Hunt:

I have heard with great regret of the sore bereavement which has befallen you and your children, in the sudden death of your beloved and faithful Christian wife. With reference to a sorrow so sacred few words should be spoken. I have hesitated to speak any, lest I should intrude amid the tender and holy memories which I know are filling your soul. But I cannot forbear to express to you and your daughters my heartfelt sympathy in this day

of severe trial, and to assure you, that even from this distant place many prayers have ascended for you and for them. In our morning and evening social worship, this little band of your friends do not forget to ask unitedly for you the sustaining, comforting and sanctifying grace of the Holy Spirit. May that Savior you have so often preached to others, be your support and consolation now, my dear Father, and may that Gospel which in dark hours you have brought to mourning hearts, fill your soul with the peace of God which passes all understanding. Please give my earnest love to your daughters. Though no longer their pastor, I feel the same interest in them and trust I have still a place in their regard. I cannot realize that any change has taken place in our relations and the sorrow which has enveloped them, casts its shadow upon me also. I loved to preach the simple Gospel of the Savior she loved so much, to the sweet face which was always upturned in the front pew of the old church, intently listening, lest she should miss any of its preciousness, and during the years it was my privilege to minister to your family, it was a great comfort to me to watch that face beaming with the joy of the Lord. But now she sees face to face and not a note of all the music of Heaven falls unheeded on the ear. And dear Father Hunt, it won't be long before you shall stand with her and together, as thro' so many, many years of your earthly pilgrimage, you shall commune concerning the things of the Kingdom and worship and adore the Lamb who has bought you both, with all your children with His precious blood. Between this and that I fear there will be many weary hours of loneliness, and I can only pray that Jesus may be with you and upon His arm you may lean, through all the wilderness. * * *

His health failed gradually during the summer, though he continued to preach frequently on the Sabbath, when he appeared scarcely able to do so. He preached his last sermon in Wilkes-Barre the twentieth of August. It was one of great earnestness and solemnity, delivered in Memorial Church, from the words, "And so shall we ever be with the Lord." Early in October, he went to Philadelphia, to visit one of my sisters and also to attend the meeting of Synod. He was present at the opening session and the next day went to the unveiling of the Witherspoon statue. The fatigue and exposure from which he suffered on this occasion rendered him unable to go again to Synod. But he accepted an invitation from the pastor of the Tabor Church to preach for him the following Sabbath evening. This proved to be his last visit to the House of God. His sermon was on temperance, from First Tim. IV: 4. Just four weeks before he exchanged earth for Heaven he told me to sit down by him and said, "You all must hold me as if you had to give me up. If I have another relapse, I cannot stand it. I am enough of a physician to know that. I do not see any indications that I will die right away, but you all must hold me as if you had to give me up. Your mother's death was a shock to me. I was not for a minute expecting it. If I had been prepared for it,—I was going to say, it would have been better — but it couldn't have been better," and he shook his head with a sad expression. He then spoke of our worldly plans and arrangements when we were orphans, and afterwards added, "I am perfectly indifferent as to when I die, or how I die. I am willing for it to be as God wills. He will work it out for good. I can't plan for myself. I

always fail when I try." A few days after this he said, "Would you be willing to give your father up? You ought to be prepared that way." He was confined to his bed for three weeks. His strength and voice failed and he conversed but little. The Rev. Dr. Breed was the last clergyman whom he saw, and to him I am indebted for the following :

" Dear Friend,

A short time before the death of your distinguished and beloved father, I learned that he was sick at the house of your sister and called on him and had a quite protracted interview. I was surprised to find him so feeble as he appeared to me at first sight, and not less so, when he roused, to find his mind working with all its old masculine earnestness and vigor. In it there was not a trace of feebleness. Its natural force was in no whit abated. He expatiated on his favorite theme, the fulfillment of prophecy, and as the Russo-Turkish conflict was then in prospect, he was full of expectation of the overthrow of Turkish tyranny and misrule, and a large advance of the Redeemer's kingdom. One of the most marked traits of his mental and spiritual frame, was his satisfaction and even delight in the doctrine of the divine decrees. He expressed his joy in the thought that infinite wisdom, combined with infinite power, held the helm of the Universe and guided the great ship along her predestined course. Nor less strong was his hope and confidence in his acceptance with God through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Upon his hope there was not a shadow so big as a man's finger. He seemed to lie there in Paul's straight, betwixt two, willing to remain, desirous

to depart. No one could see him as I saw him and not glory in a religion that gives so complete a mastery over all fear of death; such a triumph in advance over the King of terrors,

Yours very truly,

W. P. BREED.

His physician at first hoped from his strong constitution and naturally brave temperament, that he would rally; but the remedies employed and the tender care of loved ones, proved of no avail. On Tuesday evening, December 5th, 1876, God called him to the mansions prepared for those who love Him.

Wednesday evening, private funeral services were held at the residence of his son-in-law, (E. B. Twaddell), Philadelphia. Very interesting and appropriate addresses were made by Rev. Robert Adair, Rev. Dr. W. P. Breed and Rev. Henry McCook.

On Thursday the precious remains were borne to his late home in Wilkes-Barre, accompanied by several members of the family. The last sad rites were performed on the afternoon of the following day.

The Wilkes-Barre *Daily Record of the Times* on Saturday, December 9th, 1876, published the following:

“FUNERAL OF FATHER HUNT.

“Blessed are the Dead who die in the Lord.”

Yesterday afternoon the funeral services of the late Rev. Thomas P. Hunt, generally known as “Father Hunt,” took place at the First Presbyterian Church of this city. Long before the bell had ceased tolling a large

number of the friends of the venerable servant of God had gathered in the building to pay the last tribute of affection to him who had so recently passed away. The pulpit stand and gas fixtures and the pew occupied by the family of the deceased for so many years, were appropriately draped with heavy black cloth. At the appointed hour the sad procession entered the church and passed up the main aisle, the choir meanwhile rendering a sacred piece of great beauty. The beautiful casket was preceded by Reverends H. H. Welles, F. B. Hodge, S. C. Logan, D. D., and N. G. Parke. The pall bearers were the Reverends R. Webster, W. J. Day, W. P. White, W. S. Stites, J. B. Fisher and Andrew Brydie. The casket was deposited upon stands in front of the pulpit. Following the remains were the mourners, who occupied the front seats, and members of the Lackawanna Presbytery and the clergy of the various city churches, who were seated in the pews at the sides of the pulpit.

Rev. W. H. Swift read a selection from the Bible, commencing "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place," etc. Hymn No. 735, "How blest the righteous when he dies," was sung by the congregation. Rev. Dr. Logan of Scranton, read the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians. Rev. H. H. Welles of Kingston, followed with a very impressive prayer. Rev. C. R. Lane, who had been selected to deliver the funeral sermon of his late fellow-worker, announced Heb. XI: 4, as his text: "By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts: and by it he being dead yet speaketh."

Rev. N. G. Parke, who had been a friend of Father Hunt for over thirty years, followed with an address upon his life, showing the strong sympathy Mr. Hunt always entertained towards his co-laborers, and in the various departments of church work. "He was not ashamed of the cause of Christ as it was the power of God unto salvation." Rev. F. B. Hodge, pastor of the church, made a very feeling prayer. The 334th Hymn was sung and the benediction offered by Rev. N. G. Parke. The casket was opened to give those present an opportunity to view the remains of the deceased, and the entire congregation passed up one aisle and down another, in order to obtain a last look at the face and form of the man of God, who had "entered into rest" and whom they had known and loved so long. A solo, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," was sung by a member of the choir. During the services a great deal of emotion was shown throughout the audience. The remains were taken to Hollenback cemetery and deposited in the family lot, the final services being conducted by Rev. H. H. Welles.

FROM A FORMER FRIEND AND CO-PRESBYTER.

Russell, Iowa, 12-17-1876.

Dear Friend:

* * * Your father was to me so dear a friend, so valued as a counselor, I feel so sensible of my obligations to him, so favored in having known him and enjoyed his friendship that I feel prompted to say to you and your sisters that I deeply sympathize with you in your earthly loss, while I thank God that you have had such a father and I have had such a friend, who has now rest from his

labors, while his works follow him. Blessed such dead in the Lord! Dead only in the lowest sense. Oh! he still lives. His influence will continue not only in his immediate family, but far and wide, throughout his country, which he loved so well; and his beloved church for which he has done so much. May his mantle rest on others. * * *

Yours truly in Christian sympathy.

J. OSMOND.

In a letter to the *New York Evangelist*, Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler says, "I cannot conclude this cold water epistle without a word of loving tribute to that brave old hero of temperance, the late Thomas P. Hunt, of Wyoming, Pa. When Father Hunt went up to his reward, he took a true man's life along with him. His uncouth form and rich voice have been familiar to the American people for half a century. He was the boldest utterer of truth I ever heard, unless it were Charles G. Finny. * * * We shall not soon see his like for fearless fidelity to God's truth."

The last time he was permitted to represent the Church in its highest court was in 1874. Although then in his 80th year, he in no wise hesitated about taking so long a journey as to St. Louis. Rev. W. P. White who accompanied him at that time, says,

"Mr. Hunt was so accustomed to the inconveniences of earlier methods of travel, that the least comfortable phase of modern railroading was a luxury in comparison. We had hoped to obtain room in a sleeping car at Harrisburg, but found every berth of that traveling palace

engaged by brethren from farther East, and so the nights were passed in the ordinary cars. They were much crowded and hot, but the old man seemed to soldier it with as little ill effect and less complaint than the youngest. We occupied the parlor car by invitation during one day. While sweeping swiftly across the charming landscapes and by the pleasant meadows of Ohio, Mr. Hunt entertained a group of younger divines with a discussion of prophetic questions. To this subject he had lately given much thought. All seemed much interested and the hours passed rapidly. As evening approached, the conductor came claiming pay for the day's occupancy of the car. Mr. Hunt remonstrated, saying, after he had indignantly left the car, that he had often gone lecturing and been obliged to bear his own expenses, but never before had he been asked to help pay the rent of the hall."

EXTRACTS FROM A PAPER WRITTEN BY HIS COLONEL IN THE
ARMY IN VIRGINIA.

In the fall of 1863 there came to the Headquarters of my brigade in the defenses of Washington, *a stranger*, whose aspect and demeanor so vividly impressed me that I shall never forget the moment. It was the Rev. Thomas P. Hunt, to make an official report for duty as Chaplain of the 2d Penn'a Heavy Artillery,—the 112th in the consecutive order of registration. His predecessor, a quiet, unobtrusive, good man, was dissatisfied with the office, in which, to repeat his words, "he could find so little to do," and therefore conscientiously, resigned it. A meeting of the officers was held to nominate his successor, which the Governor duly confirmed. All that I

knew of the appointee was through the officers, and this only in their assurance that I would be pleased with him. But when I first saw him I could hardly believe that there was not some mistake. Not that vigor and determination were lacking in the expression of his countenance, whose physiognomy was apostolical; but the whiteness of his hair and flowing beard, and apparently feeble body created misgivings of his ability to be equal to the activities and exposure of service in the field. The line of his duties extended about five miles from Fort Slemmer on the West to Fort Jameson upon the Eastern Branch in the vicinity of Bladensburgh. The regiment was crude, but every man was a *Pennsylvanian*, willing to obey and ready to receive instruction; but its elements were heterogeneous. Lifted from the reach of social influence and civil law, and not yet reduced to subjectiveness by military discipline, there were, more or less, acts of lawlessness induced more by the novelty of change and freedom from accustomed restraints, than by inherent disposition to do wrong. Here was an urgent demand for the right kind of a Chaplain; one of tact, common sense, and knowledge of human nature; of shrewdness, quick perception, genial sympathies, consistency and love of purpose; for when men are massed and moved by arbitrary will, they soon learn to read character, to discuss it, and to dissect it. They distinguish their superiors by unerring conclusions, and for the reason that their thoughts and vision are irresistibly directed to the central influence of their welfare. He believed that he was called to his work; that in accepting this appointment he was responding to God's behest; for in no other way, said he, could he account for his sudden departure from the resolve in

obedience to the wishes of his family, not to take the field again. After being settled in office, he approached me upon both personal and official relations. First, he requested to be called "Father Hunt," as heretofore the boys had been accustomed to call him; and then he desired an understanding between us of our distinctive spheres of duty, which he defined in clear concise words that could not be missapprehended; to which I gave a ready assent, with gratification that he knew his place so well, and inferentially, the duties attending it. From that moment began a mutual confidence that continued unbroken with never a shadow upon it, save that which was cast by our final separation from official relations. He commenced with the Colonel, as he ought to have done. Not many days afterwards, as I was about to mount my horse, an orderly delivered a message — something irritating — for my words were emphasized with oaths. Swearing had been habitual with me more than thirty years, and this was a period of anxiety and annoyance that vastly promoted it. Father Hunt, unobserved, was near by, and as I mounted, he made some remark upon the matter in question, and then added, "But what is the *use* of swearing?" I looked him straight in the eye, and his eye was as fixed on mine. His look was pleasant, his voice soft, there was nothing indicative of reproof, but a calm, complacent appeal to the understanding. I continued my gaze upon him perhaps half of a minute, but my thoughts were far within me; then I said "There's *no* use! I'll *stop* it!" and added, "But the habit is so strong that I fear my tongue may sometimes slip." "Never mind that," he said, "but hold to the resolution." At another time he entered my quarters,

chuckling in a quizzical way, and exclaimed, "What do you think? The boys want to know what can have happened to the Colonel. They say they haven't heard him swear in two months." I speak of this to illustrate his tact. His religious sentiments did truly generate his fervid patriotism, and conversely, his country's cause offered a new field of opportunity which sanctified his ministry. His haunts were alike the barracks, the hospital and the trenches. Men shoveled with more alacrity when he was about, they consociated more fraternally in their quarters, and he was a visible relief to the languid sufferer on the sick-bed. He "could be all things to all men." Jocund or serious as the occasion prescribed. Every anecdote was made subservient to the purpose as a Biblical text. His example of willing devotion, enhanced by the veneration of years was a potent aid to his instilling powers. Youth lent freshness to age and duty kept constant watch of the fleeting hours. There was no moment unimproved and utility was the spur of his activity. Even his amusements were objective and his curiosity distilled from observation some truth to be sought. Restless in inquiry, his philosophic mind clothed his researches with thought as original as solid. Evidently the man of such parts must die with the harness on. What wonder then the Regiment became a model? The propensity to forage wholly disappeared insomuch that gardens intersected by trenches and common pass ways were in undisturbed security without guard or patrol. Drunkenness was a rare occurrence. Passes freely given were seldom violated; and the officers abstained altogether from the exercise of arbitrary punishment. Justice demands the admission that all this was brought about largely by the influence of

its Chaplain in supporting and impressing corrective orders. His pulpit was improvised of anything he could stand upon, and the place was anywhere of convenient assemblage. He preached in the open air with his hat on, as often as under the shelter of a roof, and always in the appropriate manner and practical direction to do the most good. It was his intention to have a Chapel built, but before arrangements could be completed, the Regiment was moved to another part of the defenses across the Potomac. But not in the preacher did the works of the Chaplain most abound. The volunteer looks back to his home whether as sentinel on the night watch, or on the weary march, or engaged in the detail of garrison life. His domestic interests ever dear to him, hang upon his thoughts, and he cherishes them the more tenderly, and desires to return to them more eagerly, because his absence is temporary, and his pursuit, so opposed to his habits is not professional, but an enforced duty. Here the confident adviser finds intimate use and need of his office to inspire and encourage the despondent; for the soldier needs heart in his duty as well as pluck to perform it. For this our Chaplain was abundantly fitted by his extended experience, observation and profound study of the human heart. His power of facile adaptation to any situation, his quick perception of requirements, together with the advantages derived from previous service of three months at the outset of the Rebellion, enabled him to accept the responsibilities of his office in the confidence of helping the cause. "I can promote it, though I may not fight," he said; promote it by infusing the soldier with his own spirit, elevating sense of duty, strengthening resolution and

animating courage ; all which makes men more manly, and without doubt when they turned over their arms and resumed their wonted places and work as civilians, they *were* better men for these lessons of discipline in the field, and few who understand it will fail to yield the grateful acknowledgement of due credit to the Chaplain. * * *

I do not recall an instance of his being unable to attend to his duty, and he was always doing something,—perhaps the most when he appeared to be doing least. He grew more and more anxious for the termination of the war, hoping ardently that he might live to see its successful close. “You can’t tell,” he said, “how I long to visit my father’s grave in Charlotte County, under the old flag flying free again, that he loved so much.” Of the issue of the contest he had no more doubted than the justness of the cause he espoused, nor did the regret of its existence excite the least perceptible rancor. He saw Providence in it, and that the abrogation of slavery which had made the Republic a paradox, would institute a glorious era for the South. Emancipation could not make him an abolitionist, nor politics a partisan, nor war an enemy. He saw two sides to every question, and he spared no effort to reconcile differences where amity was requisite. I do not believe he could have been made to commit himself wholly to man or party, — nor was I ever sure of the extent to which he would go in my behalf in controversies forced upon me. His manner always conveyed that his convictions would be his rule. The champion of principle, he could never be the tool of man. He seemed to stand above the subject he handled, and was both skillful and original in its manipulation. I have turned over to him difficult and delicate matters that fell

to my province, which I was sure I could not manage myself,—but somehow, always to me inconceivable, he produced the best and most unexpected results. * * *

And now approaches the moment when I must speak of relinquishing the charge of the Regiment, which God be witness, I tried to keep well, and of which I can truly say that nothing in the experiences of my profession gave me greater interest, or more painful pleasure to put away. Father Hunt knows all about it. In addition, a more selfish sorrow aggravated this regret, the loss of the companionship of one whom I had learned to respect and to love, and to lean upon as a pillar of wisdom. * * *

I parted finally with Father Hunt, July 20th, 1864,—if that can be called *parting* which separates the body, but leaves the spirit distinct in Truth's perpetual relief, and the drapery of his works.

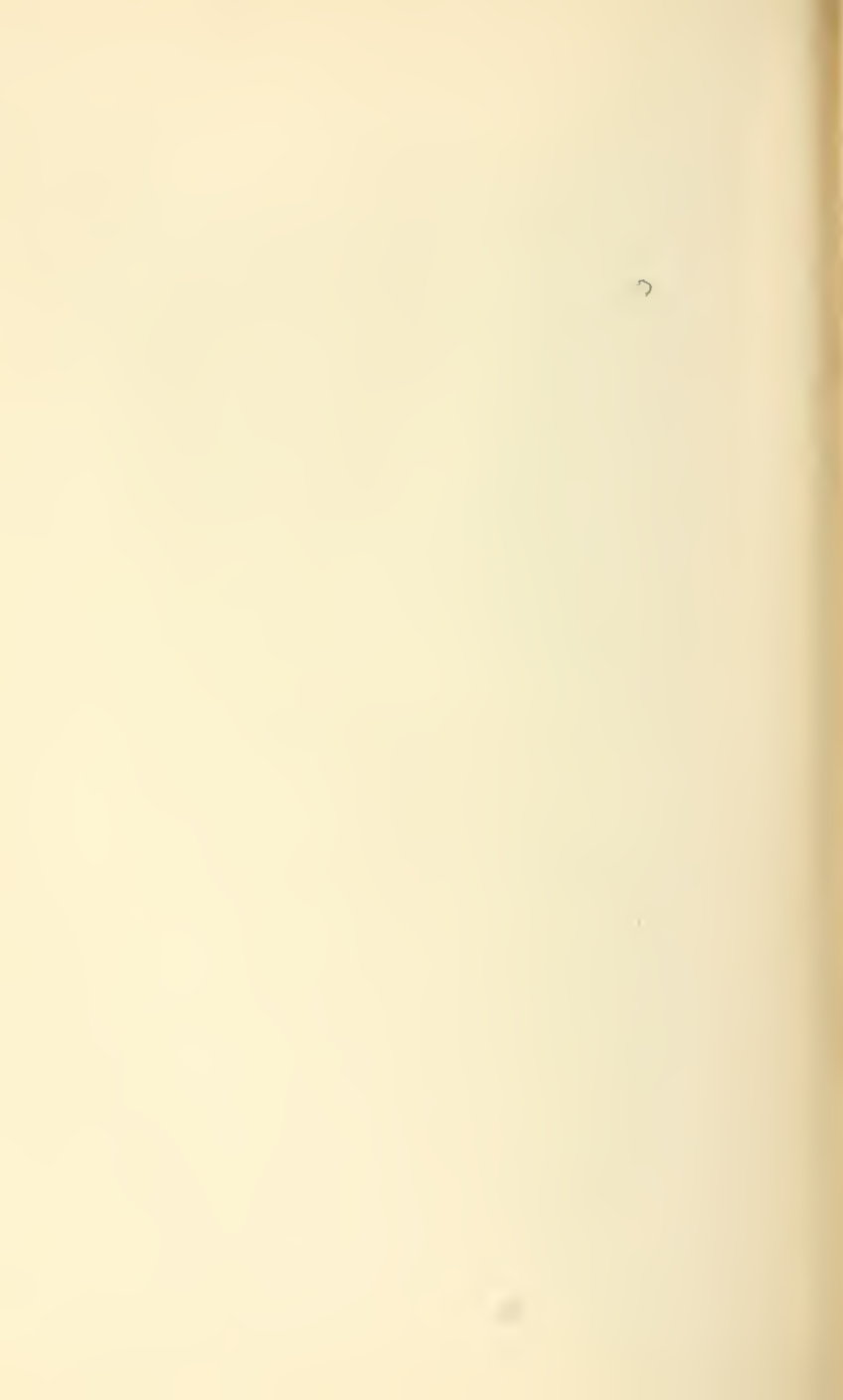
One quiet afternoon of a sunny Sabbath, we walked over to Fort Saratoga to attend divine service. The text of his discourse was then prophetic of the fulfillment of his life :

“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord ; from henceforth, saith the Spirit. Yea,—that they may rest from their labors and *their works do follow them.*”

A. A. GIBSON,

Lieut. Col. U. S. Army. Late Col. of the 2d Pa. Artillery.

Fryeburg, Maine, Nov. 6th, 1877.



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